

# COUNTRY LIFE

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SIGNORA ELEONORA DUSE.

# COUNTRY LIFE

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## THE CHARM OF WICKEN FEN

**A**FTER Whitsuntide an increased interest in fields, lanes, animal; and the rest of country life occurs naturally. Rude as the winds have been and heavy the rain this year, the exception only proves the rule, and our English spring, much as has been said, half in jest and half in earnest, about its wintry character, is, as often as not, the beautiful season which the old "makkers," Chaucer and his contemporaries particularly, loved to dwell upon. Wicken Fen is not a large space, just some four hundred acres or so of marsh and heather. If it is not large, it has a peculiar power of winning the affection of those who visit it. Over and over again we have come across men who, from the needs of their profession or from other causes, have not seen it for twenty or twenty-five years, and yet go back to it with all the

enthusiasm which they felt as students—and no wonder, for it is part of ancient England. The drainage dates, as everything modern seems to do, from the time of the Romans, and its history is fascinating; but anyone who wishes to study it from this point of view must take more than an occasional holiday to familiarise himself with it. What is really interesting is not the references to it in Domesday Book; it is not highly thrilling to read in an account dated 1279 that "the community of Wykis has a marsh 2 leagues in length and 1 in breadth, which extends from Alwoldingwere to Stremlake." The never-ending source of pleasure is a study of the wild life as it exists to-day and as it existed in times quite historical. It is not one of the places of the highest interest in regard to its primitive life, although it is true that from the remains we know that when the climate was very different from what it is now the bison, urus, Irish elk, straight-tusked elephant, mammoth, horse, cave lion, cave hyæna and cave bear, along with other animals common in prehistoric times, inhabited it. Those we have mentioned have left remains in the paleolithic gravels, while in the peat have been found remains of the wolf, brown bear, pine marten, beaver and boar and other animals. In that excellent book, the first number of which has been published, "The Natural History of Wicken" (Bowes and Bowes, 3s. 6d. net), will be found a plain and useful account of the mammals that inhabit or once inhabited the Fen. The otter is common, it is to be found in the watercourses, but is easily hunted on account of the absence of stumps, tree roots and broken banks, such as are found by most rivers. Rats, mice, moles and hares form a large majority of the mammalia.

The birds are more numerous and, indeed, more charming than the mammals. It is interesting to know that the bittern, which was banished by drainage about the year 1868—the drainage being seconded by the collector for private and museum purposes—returned to the district about the year 1914, that is, after it had been discovered in the Broad. Ruffs and reeves used to be plentiful and were in demand by the cook; but, although there is plenty of suitable marshland in Norfolk, East Anglia is now deserted by those amusing birds. It is said that they are not altogether extinct, as an occasional pair may nest in the Broad. Savi's warbler, between the years 1845 and 1856, nested as near Cambridge as Milton and was a summer migrant to Burwell Fen. It disappeared from causes that are not rightly known, though its cousin, the grasshopper warbler, still nests in Fenland. The little bittern and Baillon's crane, formerly bred in the district, but they occur very rarely now. The bearded titmouse, as frequently has been shown in our pages, still builds its beautiful nest in the Broadland reeds, but it does not now occur in Wicken Fen. These are species now rarely to be met with. Whinchats, sedge warblers, Ray's wagtails, meadow pipits and reed buntings are still not unknown. On the whole, then, the history of the Fens has been adverse to the increase of bird life.

Generally speaking, the botanist and the entomologist will find more than other students of natural history to interest them. An excellent account of the lepidoptera of Cambridgeshire is given by Mr. W. Farren and the flora is equally well described. We are far from wishing that now or at any time the collector should be encouraged to do his hunting for specimens in the Fen. The purpose it serves is not that of ministering to the wants of the specialist, who can easily find more productive hunting ground. It is the air and the aspect of the place that will charm those whose genealogical roots are in the country, though they are compelled to expend their energies in the town. Here is a little space of land where is preserved the aspect that it wore before Ely Cathedral was built. It has enough of wild life to entertain and amuse the visitor, but those will gain most from it who are content to let the eye rest on the peaceful marsh and the sedges. There is refreshment alike to body and mind in letting thought and fancy roam over this perfect relic of ancient England.

\* \* It is particularly requested that no permission to photograph houses, gardens and livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.





## COUNTRY NOTES

FROM the country point of view the advent of Mr. Stanley Baldwin to the Premiership is an event which ought to be of good omen. He is known, like many other great men of business, to derive a very great part of his pleasure from the life of the open air and to be keenly interested in country pursuits. That happens very fortunately, as never before did the country afford such an opportunity for wise statesmanship. Already he shares responsibility for two measures designed to lighten the anxieties of the farmer, one being the scheme for providing means of credit, the other a Bill for reducing the farmer's local taxation. Other schemes that would gain enormously by his support are the cheapening of railway rates for farm produce and the rearrangement of the Post Office charges for the transmission of parcels of such produce as comes from those modest but most useful of men among agriculturalists, the small farmer and the peasant proprietor. The new Prime Minister is familiar with the classes to be affected by these measures, and, as he comes fresh to other problems as well as these he has a splendid opportunity of doing some good work.

IT is, perhaps, not a matter to be too elated over, but, nevertheless, it shows that things are moving in the right direction when the official announcement is made that the number of unemployed at the present moment is less by 317,000 than it was at the beginning of the year. It is also good to hear that the reduction seems to increase in momentum as it goes on. Last week it amounted to over 35,000. Of course, these facts are not to be accepted complacently. They only show grounds for believing that trade is improving. To be contented is impossible as long as the figures show that the number of unemployed is still well over the one million line—"well over" in this instance being translatable as 168,000. It is also a great drag on the business of the country, for by one means or another every individual who goes to make this total is a cost to the country and, therefore, a burden on business. The more that the latter improves and, the more men in consequence employed, the sooner will this fearful handicap be lessened. That there should be a turn for the better is, however, a very great tribute to the energy and determination of the British race. They never had more to contend with than they have at the present moment, and that they are conquering the difficulties in front of them shows that the national tenacity is as unflinching as ever it was.

IT is not altogether pleasant reading that a number of fitters and boilermakers have left Crewe for France, where they have been guaranteed employment. It is, in fact, rather an ominous sign of the times. We have over a million unemployed: France has practically none. The burden of taxation imposed not only on the individual taxpayer, but, incidentally, on the works of our manufacturers, is a heavy handicap placed on the backs of those who have to compete for trade with the countries of Europe. It may be, theoretically speaking, very bad finance for a country

such as France to be deeply in debt, yet raising a minimum amount by taxation; but the tables will be turned on the professors who uphold the lofty ideal of meeting your indebtedness first if France should succeed in recovering prosperity by taking the opposite path. France itself as a country is losing in credit, but the individual Frenchman is probably making more money than the individual Englishman.

FOR some time past a little controversy has been cropping up here and there as to the effect of sport on the revolutionary spirit. It was brought to a head on Saturday when Sir Robert Hadfield, opening the new sports ground of Messrs. Hadfield's works at Sheffield, declared that sport was the best antidote to revolutionary ideas. We are not sure that this was a very tactful way of recommending sport to the working man, or that it has really much foundation in fact. The working man at the present moment shows his devotion to sport chiefly by assembling in ever-growing numbers at football matches. The other day the occurrence at Wembley appeared to show that love of sport had not an altogether good effect on revolutionary ideas, as it ended in a rebellion against law and order. Perhaps Sir Robert would have expressed his meaning better if he had said that the practice of sport had a more wholesome effect than the mere looking on at it. Sport does make a man or boy more careful of the rights of others, and it invests him with a knowledge that authority must be obeyed in all games wherein numbers are engaged. Yet it is a little too grandfatherly to recommend sport as an antidote to the revolutionary spirit. Its real recommendation is that it tends to produce in the young especially that *mens sana in corpore sano* which is the ideal of human equilibrium.

### THRUSH AT EVENING.

O bird, bird, bird,  
Sing not so sweetly  
Song only Eden heard  
Gladly, completely.  
Where should we find the word  
Matching all meetly  
Notes so serene, unslurred,  
Floating so featly?  
Paradise lost, long blurred,  
Shines—but how fleetly!  
Bird, O in pity, bird,  
Sing not so sweetly. . . .

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

IN the Annual Report of the Zoological Society of Scotland the part that most popularly interests is that which deals with the stock and particularly with the deaths and births during the period under review. The most notable among the animals that have died was the old lion Brutus, who seems to have met death by the commonest of all causes, that which is sometimes known under the name of Anno Domini. His age at death would appear to have been nineteen or twenty years, as he came to the Park on January 6th, 1914, and lived more than nine years in it. He had been for five years in the possession of his previous owner and is believed to have been forest-bred and to have been practically adult when captured. He leaves behind him a considerable progeny, some of which have been sold, but there remain in the Park two of his sons and two lionesses of which he was the sire. Among the other dead is one of the reindeer cows which arrived in June, 1913, a fox which arrived a month or two later, and an old female dingo which arrived in October, 1913. The oldest inhabitants remaining are Starboard, the Polar bear, two female brown bears and a spotted hyena, all of which are, at any rate, as old as the Park itself. The breeding records are almost equally interesting. They include two rhesus monkeys and a hybrid between a common macaque and a rhesus monkey, which hardly survived its birth. Baby, the brown bear, brought forth a cub, and followed in regard to it her established routine. She nursed it till it was nine weeks old, and then turned it out of the sleeping den and was endeavouring to kill it when it was rescued. A family of

three coatimundis were born and reared. The old female which produced them, though she had eaten all her previous young, left one alive of the three cubs born two years ago, and last year all three were reared.

"**LA DUSE**" is once more honouring London with her presence. It is many years since we last saw her, and a whole generation have yet—unless they have seen her in Paris—to behold the most tremendous and least definable actress in the world. "There is one serious drawback to my enjoyment of the art of Eleonora Duse," wrote William Archer twenty years ago—"to wit, the impossibility of translating it, or any faintest shadow of it, into words." In common with the greatest productions of art—and the acting of a great actress is great art—her acting is indescribable in terms of any other art. To conjure up an image, recourse must be had to things abstract, to the forces of nature. "She is always diverse, like a cloud that from instant to instant seems changed without your seeing it change. . . . Even across her immobility there passes a torrent of obscure forces, as thoughts pass in the eyes." There, perhaps, lies Duse's secret: "the look—that indefinable thing—infinately deep, yet instantaneous as a breath, swifter than a flash."

**MR. CHARLES B. COCHRAN** has arranged six matinées for Signora Duse at the New Oxford Theatre, viz., June 7th, 12th, 14th, 19th, 21st and 26th. The subjects of the first three are Ibsen's "The Lady from the Sea" (June 7th), his "Ghosts" (June 12th), and on the 14th "Cosi Sia" (The Vow), by Gallarati-Scotti, a new Italian play. It is with Ibsen that Duse has achieved her highest success, though she was magnificent in D'Annunzio's "Francesca da Rimini," and "La Giaconda" was, perhaps, her masterpiece. Signora Duse, however, is at her best in modern characters; her art is too vital quite to suffer that suspicion of make-believe which costume inculcates. Thus it is her Magda and La Dame aux Camélias are so superb, and hence her triumphs in Ibsen.

**IT** is to be hoped that a good response will be made to the appeal by Lady Raleigh to those who happen to have original letters from Sir Walter Raleigh in their possession that they will forward them with a view to their use in the forthcoming biography of her husband. Sir Walter Raleigh was an exceptionally good letter-writer. His peculiar humour was seen at its best when he was writing purely for an intimate friend or even an acquaintance in whom he had trust. If learning, humour and originality could make a good letter-writer, then the biography should prove that he was one of the best who ever lived.

**PUBLICATION** of the first batch of the little library of books written by Andrew Lang has redirected attention to an author not, and never-to-be, forgotten by his contemporaries, but already become *vox et præterea nihil* to the new generation. He died while the war was raging at its worst, and the public paid the event no more attention than was bestowed by Macbeth on the passing of his lady—"She should have died hereafter." Not in a generation still feeling the scars of war will Andrew come to his own. It will be when peace has long been established, and when the vexing and disturbing problems of the hour have lost their irritation and alarm, that the revival of his fame may be expected to take place. It is impossible to believe that his popularity will have no aftermath. His spirit reflected that of his age, no less in its trifling with elegant but rather empty forms of French verse than by the far-stretching glances that from time to time he cast over Time and Eternity. In a way he was the most accomplished writer of his age, and he did more than anyone else to prepare the way for the present school of poets.

**THE** American amateur golfers having departed, bearing the Walker Cup with them, our professionals have now to buckle on their armour to repel an equally formidable band of invaders at Troon. Hagen, Sarazen, Farrell, Barnes, Kirkwood and Macdonald Smith, the latter three

American golfers by adoption, are intensely dangerous, even though they be but six against some two hundred. The numbers of the defending army are, to all intents and purposes, not nearly so great as they appear. The four rounds of score play in the Open Championship make so fierce a test that many men, who are really fine players, can yet be ruled out at the beginning. They are not quite up to the strain. We have many professionals who seem one just as good as the other, and that is very good; but for defensive purposes we should like to see one or two more outstanding figures. Duncan is capable of anything; Mitchell's turn, we may say, must surely come; Ray has been playing very well; and after that we have not anyone whom we should be at all inclined to back against the Americans. Hagen has been more amazingly brilliant this year in his own country than ever before, and the most cheerful thing to say is that he has played his best too soon. To do that is a real danger, even for one so fit and so full of fight and confidence as our last year's conqueror.

**IF** anybody can be supposed to have enjoyed the cold, wet and miserable May that is just over, he must be a bowler. It is a long time since there has been such a harvest of wickets in first-class cricket. Almost every day has seen two or three county sides falling before the enemy bowlers like corn beneath the sickle, and the same sort of thing is likely to happen as long as the cricketers have to play in sweaters and the spectators sit in greatcoats. The weather suits the bowlers and it suits certain teams. Yorkshire, for example, have an old tradition of winning matches in cold and damp, whereas it seems to be an equally well established fact that Surrey like the sun to blaze. But cricket is not itself in this apology for a summer; and if we dislike it, what must be the sensations of our visitors from the West Indies? The only compensation is to be found in the fact that matches are finished, and some of the finishes have been very exciting. It is a good thing for the batsman to be made to feel humble now and then, but his discipline has lasted long enough.

#### DOWN AND OUT.

At night the lights are red and gold and silver, on the Seine.  
The water flows so dark and fast,  
I think it sweeps my dead selves past.  
I see them all again.  
So many selves are there, all dead; selves that the years have slain.  
Twenty full years, twenty wild years,  
Years full of life, of joy, then fears . . .  
Yes, fears—years of dark pain.

Gay harlequin in black and gold, the river passes by  
At nightfall, with her lure, her old refrain.  
But I hear Tweed, her sob, her constant sigh.  
Not Seine calls me; I hear Tweed once again—  
"Come home. Come home. Come home—*alane, my bairn, alane*  
The water leads to moors where the lone curlews cry—  
*Come home, come home. There lies the end of pain.*"

JEAN LANG.

**A MOVEMENT** has been started in France to protect famous or historic residences, called L'Association des Propriétaires des Maisons Historiques. It is curious in a country where excessive care is lavished on ancient monuments and cathedrals in active use and are scheduled by the State, that such a movement should be necessary so late in the day. The time, however, may not be far distant when a similar agitation will be made in this country. The Marquis de Castellane, the founder of the movement, has collected an influential body of members, including Princesse Murat, and the Ducs de Luynes and de Noailles. The object will be to arouse public interest and, when necessary to secure assistance in the upkeep of chateaux the owners of which have not the necessary capital. The organisation deserves every success, but we trust that, if restorations are undertaken, they will not be so elaborate as those which have spoilt so much that is beautiful on the Loire and at Carcassonne.

# THE WORLD BELOW THE SEA.—II

OF SEA-ANEMONES AND OTHER THINGS.

BY PROFESSOR D'ARCY WENTWORTH THOMPSON.

OF dredging in deep waters I have had no great experience, but I have had my share. My first chance was many years ago, when I watched the trawl come up from near a thousand fathoms deep in the North Pacific, hard by Behring Sea, bringing with it hundreds of strange fishes and many hundreds of queer, long-legged, spidery crabs. You might expect them to come up out of the nether darkness bleached and pale, like a starved plant growing in a cellar, or a poor grey newt dwelling in a cave; you might suppose them strangely exquisite in form, and yet wearing none of all the rainbow tints that are spread upon the palette of the sun. But these crabs and shrimps and deep-sea fishes were most of them arrayed in scarlet, or aflame with ruddy gold. That they should come, outmatching Solomon in all his glory, out of the pitchy darkness of the deep—that surely is a strange thing indeed.

Now let us look at the pictures. It is the month of May, and the east wind is sweeping through my garden and the sleet batters on the window-pane. Let us draw the curtains close and

make believe for a little while; let us pretend that the bitter Scotch spring is past and the English summer is come, and that we are walking by a kindly shore and peeping over the edge into a little corner of the Kingdom of the Sea. We come first to two great sea-anemones, with their hungry mouths open and their expectant tentacles spread out, waiting to be fed. Were we children, we should make haste to scrape a limpet from the rock, and bring it into the magic circle of those eager arms that should hold it firm and draw it in, till in a few moments it was gobbled up. Then we should see the tentacles withdrawn and the plump body of the creature swollen and replete, while the alchemy of digestion transmuted dead limpet into living sea-anemone.

This big kind of sea-anemone, by the way, is one we call "The Crass"; it is very common and very beautiful. Its body, hidden in our picture by the crown of tentacles, is covered with sticky spots which gather up sand and little stones and broken shells; so that when the mouth is shut and the horns drawn in there is nothing of the creature to be seen, so perfect



THE PLUMOSE ANEMONE (ACTINOLOBA DIANTHUS, ELLIS).



is its camouflage. The Fairy Godmother has thrown over it the Cloak of Invisibility. But, putting off that garment, it opens out like a flower. Every tentacle shows smooth and delicately rounded, like a trailing drop of molten glass; solid flesh seems half melted to a fluid, so soft and tender is every curving surface, so devoid of angle or straight line. Over all is a noble play of colour. The pellucid tentacles are banded with white and crimson; the mouth is tinged with crimson, and deep scarlet bands run outwards to the arms. Philip Gosse, who wrote on sea-anemones some sixty years ago—and who had as graceful a pen and as rich a gift of words as ever naturalist had (we have, many of us, by the way, read part of his story in a pathetic book called "Father and Son")—wrote of it with affection. He called it the "Dahlia," and he found down in Devonshire an exquisite orange-hued variety which he called the "Marigold."

He has many stories of it, for he knew the creature like a friend. He tells us that it is delicate, big and sturdy as it looks; it pines in the heat of summer, and a hard winter plays havoc with those dwelling in the little pools. In the great frost of 1855 the Devon shore was strewn with dead and dying Crass-anemones.

More frail and graceful than the stout thickset Crass are the anemones of a little group which the naturalist calls Sagartia, and to whose many kinds Gosse and others have given pretty names. There is the Daisy and the Cave-dweller, the Snowy and the Rosy anemones, the Sandalled anemone and the Gold-spangled, and this one which one of our pictures shows, the Snake-locked or the Widowed anemone. Hardly one of them (one, I think, at most, and that rarely) is to be found on this chill east coast of ours; but they are plentiful enough in Arran and in the west coast lochs, more so in the west of Ireland and down in Devon, wherever the warm waters of the Atlantic come and the Gulf Stream takes the chill out of our northern



THE CRASS-ANEMONE (*TEALIA CRASSICORNIS*, O.F.M.).

sea. This is a small kind, seldom over an inch long; but its tentacles are two hundred or more, long and trailing. Why it was called the Widow long ago, by old Otto Müller, the Dane, I do not know; perhaps, it was from its plain raiment of dark stripes (sometimes quite black) on a grey ground; perhaps, from its drooping tentacles which hang down from its bent body like a woman's loosened and dishevelled hair. They hang down at rest, for they are too long to be drawn in and hidden like those of ordinary anemones; and we see that the Snake-locked anemone is a good descriptive name. This is one of the easiest of anemones, or of all sea-beasts, to keep in captivity; and if you want to know how long it will live, you may do as the old Athenian did when they told him that a raven would live a hundred years. I told once before, and I hardly dare tell again, the story of a certain famous sea-anemone of the common kind which I used to know; which I used to feed when I was a boy, and which old Sir John Graham Dalyell had taken out of a rock



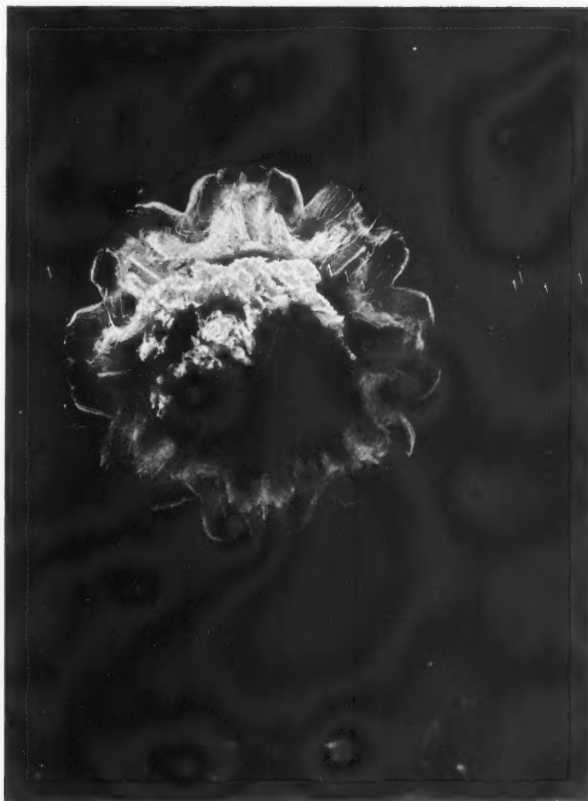
THE WIDOWED, OR SNAKE-LOCKED, ANEMONE (*SAGARTIA VIDUATA*, O.F.M.).

pool at North Berwick before my father was born. "Granny" was known to every naturalist of my early days; we sorrowed for her when she died, at sixty-six years old or thereabout, nearly fifty years ago, and the *Scotsman* newspaper gave her such an obituary notice as few old Scotch ladies have received. Some say she showed signs of age and frailty towards the end, and paid at last the debt which men and anemones alike owe; but some think that the worthy botanist who was her latest keeper had not done so well by her as the many naturalists who had had her in their keeping before, each until his own turn came to die. When I wrote my little article on "Granny" a few years ago I did not know that there were living in Edinburgh, and are living still, a whole family group of anemones, fresh and young to look upon, and as old or older now than Granny was when her end came. They are first cousins to the ones in our picture; they belong to the kind called *Sagartia troglodytes*, the cave-dwelling anemone. The date of their first captivity is lost in the mists of time; to be more precise, they



THE GREAT BLUE JELLY-FISH (*CYANEA LAMARCKII*, PER. ET LES.)

came into the hands of Miss Jessie Nelson, who has them still, in the year 1862, from a sister who had found them in a pool in Arran "several years before." They have been in kindly hands for sixty years and several more besides; and no man knoweth how old they were when they were taken from the pool. They have few wants and no anxieties; the sea-water in their jar is changed every six or eight weeks, and once a month they get a meal of raw lean beef. Occasionally they capture and devour some tiny shrimp, a fellow-inmate of their mimic pool; and they have been known, alas! to make an ungenerous and unneighbourly meal off a small sea-anemone of another kind. From time to time, as spring comes round, they bear many children; but most of these disappear, and as to what becomes of them the less said the better. I enquired after these old anemones the other day and was told they were in perfect health: age does not wither them, and Death is busy elsewhere and has passed them by



THE YELLOW CYANEA (*C. CAPILLATA*, ESCHSCHOLTZ).

We have one more picture of sea-anemones, this time of the Plumose anemone (*Actinoloba dianthus*). As Philip Gosse called our first kind the *Dahlia*, so long before, a couple of hundred years ago, this one got its name of *Dianthus* (that is to say, the pink or carnation) from a great old naturalist, Ellis. Ellis was a rich London merchant or merchant-adventurer of the early eighteenth century, who sent his ships to the whale fishery and on many another distant enterprise; he was one of the very first of the learned breed of amateur naturalists, and in this country we may call him the father of all those who study corals and zoophytes and sea-anemones. Where one thing in turn seems more beautiful than another, I am half afraid to speak of the Plumose anemone as the most beautiful



THE COMPASS JELLY-FISH (*CHRYSAORA HYOSCELLA*, L.).



A STONE COVERED WITH HYDRA TUBA OR SCYPHISTOMA-POLYPPES.

These are the offspring and, in turn, the parents of the large jelly-fishes.

of its kind. I should not be far wrong, I should be in good company in doing so, for Otto Müller spoke of it as "*Actinurium pulcherrima*," and Gosse called it "the noblest of our sea-anemones." It has tentacles like the rest, numerous and scattered; but they are overshadowed and concealed by the most delicate frilly lobes where the top of the tall column is folded in and out, and the edges of the folded lobes are folded and frilled again. The creature is of the most lovely and varied colouring. A common variety, not the least beautiful, is snowy white all over, and the light shines through its translucent body; others are brown or olive, and some are creamy, scarlet, orange or salmon-red. In these last the frills and body are like-coloured, but the frills are apt to be white or creamy when the body is brown. When at rest it is soft, flabby and unsightly, more, even, than the others; Gosse loses his temper over it, and calls it a repulsive object in this state. In the evening or after dark it expands to its full beauty; it seems to rise up and grow and swell, the clear sea-water entering in and distending every frill and tentacle till it forms a stately column with an arching crown like the crown of a tall palm tree. It is one of the largest of all its kind; four or five inches high is a common size, and in warmer waters, as at Heligoland, it may grow twice as tall. I used to see them long ago in Vancouver Island, snowy white and of still greater size, clustering over the submerged timbers of the rough landing-stages where our boat came in. Last summer I saw them very nearly as large and beautiful under the wooden pier at Loch Ranza. It is at home in many far-off seas.

We have in the same picture, by the way, a plain common sea-anemone (*Actinia mesembryanthemum*) sitting at the bottom of the pool among its prouder Plumose brethren. This is the plain red or olive kind (they are all red ones here) with which our St. Andrews pools are filled; it is the kind to which "Granny" belonged.

Another of our pictures is a wonderful photograph of a most lovely thing. It is one of the great jelly-fishes (*Chrysaora*)—they call it the Compass-Medusa in Heligoland, from the dark lines that run out to the thirty-two points of the compass, towards the thirty-two little lappets at the margin of the bell under which the little sense-organs are hid. We see it here, half floating, half sweeping by, as its pulsating bell beats in slow rhythm, forging through the water and trailing the long tentacles behind. We see the little delicate tentacles which fringe the bell, and the four long pleated ones which guard the mouth. These last may be a yard and a half, even a couple of yards long; and the bell itself in the largest of our North Sea specimens is a full foot across. It has its chief home on the warm Atlantic coasts, and is astray and out of its reckoning when we find it in autumn in the North Sea; it has brothers hardly to be distinguished from it down by the Cape of Good Hope and over on the Brazilian coast; and it has two or three cousins, as like it as two peas, away in the Pacific.

We came to see, or to imagine, that one of our sea-anemones was the loveliest of its lovely sisterhood, and here is a Medusa to which Haeckel (no bad judge) said he would give the prize of beauty. It is called *Cyanea*, and there are two kinds, the yellow and the blue: one of our photographs is of the yellow kind. Haeckel describes the blue one as having a bell a yard or even two yards in diameter, and trailing after it its bundle of tentacles twenty or thirty yards long. I remember when I was a boy, as it were yesterday, crossing the North Sea from Leith to Rotterdam, on a hot summer's day in a dead calm. Hard by the Dogger Bank we passed through a big fleet of brown-sailed fishing-boats, and just where they were fishing the sea was covered in huge patches with enormous jelly-fish of this very kind. They must have been, many of them, fully the two yards across of which Haeckel speaks, and the skipper and I gazed at them together. He set no store at all by those we saw, but he walked up and down the bridge to show me just how big were the largest that he, in his long experience, had elsewhere seen; and I am sure that the largest which that mariner recollected must have measured three if not four fathoms across.

The *Cyaneas* are not more graceful (that could not be) than the others, but they show a greater wealth of ornament. The bell is very handsomely lobed, and beneath its edge are delicately folded lobes or tassels; and again within these is a perfect labyrinth of folds, with coloured bands of eggs therein.

Here is a picture of the blue *Cyanea*. It looks very different from the other, but it is merely taken in another attitude. The other was at rest, and we saw the underside of its motionless expanded bell. Here we see it with the bell drawn firmly in, in one of the strong pulsations by which it is surging upwards from the depths, to bask, as it were, in the surface waters. The colour of this creature is of the deepest cornflower blue, like the blue water of the Atlantic far from shore, and the tangled maze of tentacles (as the picture shows it) is wonderful to see. The beauty of a jelly-fish, like that of many a flower, is of a peculiar sort which attracts me to the point of fascination. I should call it a mathematical or geometrical beauty. Some would tell us, and I should be the last to deny, that all the beauty of the world has its roots in the forms, gradations, differences, with which mathematics seeks to deal. But for the most part "living mathematics" baffle our comprehension; they soar and tower beyond our reach; we know that they are there, but we cannot catch nor follow them. In the jelly-fish, complicated though it be, we seem somehow to be within hail of pure geometrical regularity, even of mathematical simplicity. The bell is outlined by a perfect circle, evenly and symmetrically indented by notches, four, or eight, or sixteen, and so on; the dome of the bell itself is based on an architecture of the purest and simplest curves; by symmetrical repetition of a few simple parts or curves we can draw the whole complicated thing. I sometimes think—perhaps I only dream—that here is a case where we may some day catch Nature in the act, and see the play of forces by which



she evolves or creates one of her loveliest but simplest forms. There are certain scientific experiments so simple that we value them little, but yet beautiful and rich in meaning more than words can tell. The greatest of living English physicists wrote one of his early papers on such an experiment as this: You let a drop of ink fall off your pen into a glass of clear water, that is all. Were it a drop of oil, it would contract into a tiny sphere, or float in a little disc upon the surface; in either case the mathematician could tell you its shape to a nicety. But when the drop of ink falls into water the play of simple forces works out differently. You see the drop torn asunder; its parts shape themselves sometimes into little bells, more often into complete whorls or vortex-rings; long streamers stretch out from them whose ends curl into tiny vortices again. The whole thing looks curiously like a jelly-fish, or a group of jelly-fishes, with their streaming tentacles; and I, for my part, believe that there is more than random imagination in the comparison that there is a real, even though a remote, analogy of mathematical form. Let us try the experiment some day; it is too great a theme to tackle here. At least, it is good to know and safe to believe that it is with very simple means that Nature does her most wonderful things: she has but a few toys to play with in the beginning, but she juggles them from hand to hand till our eyes are dazzled; she shows us them through her magic glasses, and what we see is all the beauty of the world.

One picture more, and we are done for to-night. Unlike the robust and long-lived sea-anemone, the watery, all but fluid jelly-fishes are fragile and short-lived; even on the high seas their little life is doubtless rounded by a span. In captivity

we can keep them but for a few days or hours; but if we bring a jelly-fish into an aquarium, we may see some days or week after it is dead what our last picture shows us. The jelly-fish has laid her eggs, and these have grown, not into new jelly-fish, but into a tiny forest of little zoophytes, each with mouth and tentacles, and each sitting rooted to the rock as the sea-anemone and the freshwater polype do; it is what we call the Hydra tuba, the Trumpet-Hydra, and it is one of the many curious and beautiful things which old Sir John Graham Dalyell discovered nearly a hundred years ago. Wait a few months, perhaps till winter-time and each little hydra suffers a sea-change; its little body becomes ringed, or girdled, and then nipped in as though it were laced tight in more waists than one. And then, to make a long story short, with the approach of summer each of the many little waists is clean cut through, and the little pillared body of the polype falls apart like a pile of tiny saucers. These little saucers, mere pinheads for size, are now tiny jelly-fishes, whose little flattened bells begin at once to pulsate and quickly swim away. They have much to do and far to go before they match the beauty of their mother; but by the time summer comes they do so, growing in grace and in stature every day. Nature never plays a prettier conjuring trick before our eyes than when she lets us see that little pile of saucers tumbling to bits, and each bit swimming away. The first time I saw it, it carried me back to my very early boyhood; someone had sent me from China a most wonderful top—while spinning it all broke to bits, and you had a dozen tops instead of one all spinning on the floor. I should like to play with it now; but I lost it more than fifty years ago.

*Illustrations reproduced from "Tier und Pflanzenleben der Nordsee," issued by the Biological Institute in Heligoland, and published by Dr. Werner Klinkhardt, Leipzig.*

## SEA BIRDS AT HOME

IT would be difficult to imagine three finer pictures of the sea than those we are publishing with this article. The first place will be accorded, without question, to that of the single gull. There is only one bird in it, but it is caught at the moment of its fullest life. From the bright eye to the outspread wings, everything about it points to a great

enjoyment of the wild sea which the photographer has caught with extraordinary skill and vividness. We doubt whether there is another photograph in existence which reproduces without exaggeration, but with convincing veracity, the elements in which the gull delights. Japanese artists have been able to render something of the same effect with brush and colour,



J. D. Rattar.

AT HOME ON THE WILD WATERS.

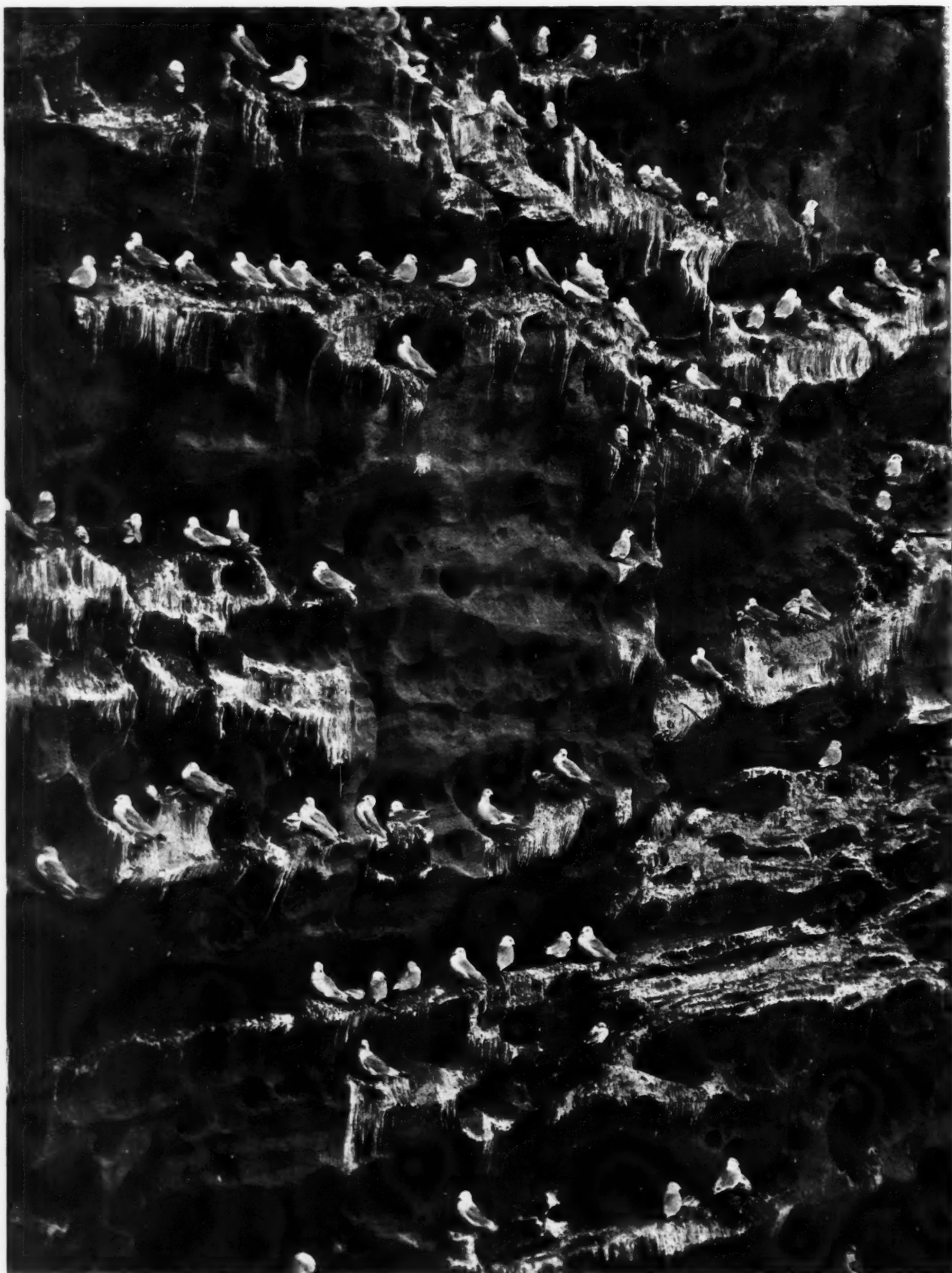
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but this is a notable triumph in black and white. It needs no commendation. Everyone who loves the sea and all its wild children will treasure this as a rendering that could scarcely be bettered.

In the second of the photographs we have a more comprehensive picture. It shows a vast number of birds resting and sheltering on a precipitous shelved cliff. Birds of the woodland go home to their sheltered perches in the trees. Flocks of starlings and rooks occasionally equal, if they do not outnumber those of the tribes of the sea, but the latter are a hardier race. They are accustomed to forage when the waves break like thunder on cliffs such as these; and at night, or when they have

fed and feel happy, they want no better house than the shelving rock. Their haunts are rough, but in their own way beautiful. The picture carries one's mind away to the wild, rocky shores and the paths at their feet that are only passable when the tide is back.

One cannot look at the picture without recalling the briny smell of the seaweeds that clambered over the stones which, remote as they were, held the record of many feet that had worn a path, traced very lightly when the tide was back, exposed at every ebb and washed with every flowing tide. They recall pools whose depth and clearness invited the wanderer to bathe amid their loneliness. On one's memory also are



J. D. Rattar.

THE CLIFF'S BIRD POPULATION.

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J. D. Rattar.

A FLIGHT OF HERRING GULLS.

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imprinted the crabs and other shell fish, the wrack and drift left behind after every high tide, and, above all, the clamorous sea birds that descended upon the little islands of sand or paddled among the shallow pools in search of what food had been sent them by their provider, the sea.

In addition to the solitary bird in its surrounding of waves, we show a photograph of one of those immense flocks that

every now and then are to be seen in flight, mostly on the great business of seeking a fresh area in which to gather food. It is always a splendid sight, especially when among the crowd; there are some that come down like balls as they dive for fish. It is a familiar and, yet, always a fresh delight to those who take pleasure in frequenting the lonely and remote shores of our islands.

## TRIALS OF FISH PHOTOGRAPHY

BY DR. FRANCIS WARD, F.Z.S.

FOR some years before the war I made observations and took photographs of fish, birds and animals from under-water observation chambers. On many an occasion after a lecture one of the audience has come up to me and said: "Oh, Dr. Ward, what lovely pictures! How do you get them?" I have often thought some of those present are more interested in how I have got my illustrations than in the subject matter itself. Taking a photograph under water is easier than taking a near photograph of a wild creature on land.



CHUB IN THE POND (AN UNDER-WATER PHOTOGRAPH).

To digress for a moment. How is a successful film made? The scenic portion is taken out of doors; a wooded glen, a West End house. The pictures of the villain as he stabs his rival in the back, or the weeping damsel as she sobs her soul out on the heaving breast of her lover are taken in a studio or on a stage specially adapted for cinematography. The various portions of film, judiciously joined, make a gruesome whole. This is just how my nature lecture is made up, only my studio and stage are an experimental pond with an under



water observation chamber. It is procuring the specimens that entails the work. Once I have got hold of a nice pike, a sea bird or a wild otter, they are turned into the pond or into the enclosure around. One specimen at a time is watched. Food is placed for, perhaps, a month within photographic reach of the observation chamber. When operations start, every bright morning I descend into the chamber with a dozen plates. When the "sitter" turns up I make twelve exposures. These are put in a stand developer and looked at in the evening. As a rule, there is nothing worth keeping, but every now and then I catch the picture of a movement, an attitude, or an expression, which compensates for the waste of dozens of plates.

As I have said, it is getting the specimens for the under-water studio that is the hard work. At first I started in a humble way and tackled the British freshwater fish. The town in which I lived had two active working-men's angling societies. I got myself elected a vice-president of both. At the annual dinners I met my friends. When dinner was over I let them know what I wanted—specimens of pike, perch, bream, roach, rudd, dace, and all the rest, alive and in good condition.

Soon after, the fishing season opened on the Gipping, and the two societies had a competition. The members had talked matters over and they decided to take some specimens up to "the Doctor."

I lived just outside, but my consulting rooms were in the town. These I rented from a friend who had his rooms above me and lived on the premises. It was too far for my angling acquaintances to take the specimens to my house, so fish started to roll in at the consulting room at six, and kept it up until ten.

There was nothing else for it. Two really nice pike were soon in my landlord's big bath. A hip bath and a big tin thing in which crockery is washed up were filled with bream, chub and other fish.

Fortunately, my landlord was a bachelor and had gone to a Masonic banquet. There was rather a mess, but the housekeeper, who was a good sort, soon made things ship-shape. I waited up for my landlord! The banquet had been a great success, and he was immensely amused. Next morning I removed



THE COMMON SEAL HUNTING (AN UNDER-WATER PHOTOGRAPH).

all the fish to my ponds. In case of another invasion, we decided to fix up a wooden tank in an empty room at the top of the house. To keep the water in the tank well aerated we fixed up two large drums which worked on pulleys. The tank was filled with water, as was also one of the drums, which was then hoisted up. The water from this drum squirted into the tank, and the overflow went into the empty drum below. When this was full it in turn was hoisted up. My friend was a bit of a mechanic, so he fixed up some wheels, cogs and what-not, with the idea of making the full drum go up of its own accord. It did once! Why, I cannot say. Both of us were in a fearful state of excitement, for we felt we were on the brink of discovering perpetual motion. Instead, the outlet pipe to the drum below used to block, and there was a flood. This we overcame by rigging up an overflow pipe which shot the water on to the pavement below. Kind passers-by rang the front door bell to let us know that a pipe had burst, so someone went to see to the tank.

One evening, when my friend and I came in, I do not know how it happened, but we were met by miniature cascades down the front stairs. This caused a little tension, but the event blew over.

At last the climax came. I had a great friend; his job was to clean out the ditches on the banks of the Orwell. One day



ALARMED!



BASKING IN THE SUN.

he saw a large fish moving in the mud; he jumped in and seized it. Orwell mud is black, sticky and odoriferous; my friend had evidently done himself well to keep the cold out, and there was quite a crowd of little boys standing outside when he presented himself at my consulting-rooms, dripping wet, covered with black mud, and carrying a small wooden bucket, in which he was endeavouring to keep a huge lamprey.

Our patients shared the same waiting-room. I was out; my friend the ditcher insisted on sitting down in one of the armchairs and waited for me. That did it. We said nothing to each other; but the housekeeper received orders when anyone arrived with a fish, to give him half a crown and tell him to take a cab up to my house. This turned out to be much less expense and trouble than almost discovering perpetual motion.

A good deal of my photography of specimens has been done while I have been away on a holiday. This entails carrying about a certain amount of apparatus.

I decided to avail myself of a long-standing invitation to stay at a quiet country rectory, and, as it was within easy reach of Fritton Decoy, I suggested doing a little fish photography. On my arrival at a wayside station I was met by the whole family and the gardener's boy, who had a wheelbarrow for my luggage. My friends had not realised that fish photography entailed a certain amount of paraphernalia. Certainly my kit did make somewhat of an imposing heap as it was turned out on the platform. Two glass tanks, a tank for storing fish, two wooden trestles, four 6ft. boards, two fish-cans, a rod-box, a trunk containing photographic material, a 12ft. canvas background, 60ft. of garden hose, and my ordinary luggage. It sounds a lot, but for successful fish photography you must have it. We soon got a cart and made for the rectory. My friends were all right and soon "tumbled" to the fun of the thing. A constant supply of running water was ensured by connecting the garden hose with the cistern, and the pantry was converted into an excellent dark-room. By 4 a.m. next morning half the family was helping me, and we got some good results before the day was over.

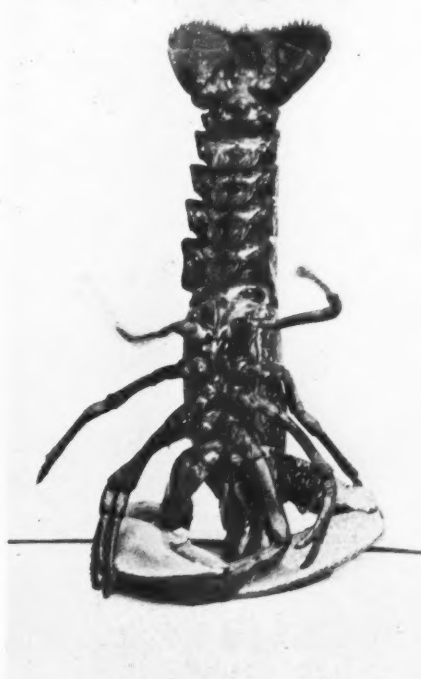
Occasionally these excursions took me further afield. Some years before the war I went with my brother to Rona, a deserted island some forty miles north of the Butt of Lewis. We went in a whaler and bagged a hump-backed whale on the way. Our stay was supposed to be for three days, but on

account of storms it was ten days before the whaler could take us off. Here we observed the feeding habits of the myriads of birds on the cliffs and got some excellent outdoor photographs of the common and grey seal in their natural habitats. These were put away. My opportunity for the studio work came when Captain Woodward arrived with his performing sea-lions. The clown at his performance was a common seal, and there was an understudy. Captain Woodward was just off to South Africa with his troop and left the understudy with me.

For some time this amusing beast lived in the pond, nearly ruined me in fish, afforded infinite pleasure to the children in the neighbourhood, and provided some good expression and underwater photographs. These, when blended with the Rona pictures, made excellent lecture material.

I show two illustrations from absolutely untouched negatives of seal expression. The beast was basking on a rock in the sun and was evidently disturbed. The expressions are really human. For six years I was a member of the Town Council, and I can never look at the basking seal without being reminded of a dear old alderman who lolled back in his chair with just the same expression on his face as this seal. He attended every meeting, he never heard anything, but he voted with his party. The "alarmed" expression is that of "Hodge" when a conjurer came to our village institute and brought numerous eggs, a live rabbit and yards of coloured ribbon out of a top hat.

Collecting specimens is made much easier by the assistance of local help. Sometimes backsheesh does it, at other times the flask is more useful; but in Cornwall I once succeeded with mesmerism: it was at Sennen Cove, near Land's End. I wanted to go out and dredge in the bay. The fishing boats had come in from a long night, and no fisherman would take me out. There had been a fine catch of lobsters, so, picking one up, I turned to a nice-looking old man and said: "If I mesmerise this lobster and make him stand on his head, will you take me out?" The fishermen lounging on the sea wall laughed. I bet the old man "five bob" I could do it; their curiosity was aroused. "Take him on, Tom." Tom took me on. I held the lobster, and rapidly ran the pulp of my fingers up and down the carapace for a minute, and then balanced him as shown in the illustration. In five minutes I blew him over; he rattled down, came to himself with a start, and made off as hard as he could go down the parapet of the sea wall. Tom took me out and we had a splendid day.



A MESMERISED LOBSTER BALANCED ON HIS HEAD.

Note the moving leg.



## A NEW ASPECT OF OXFORD

### PLANS AND PINNACLES.

**S**PIRES, scores of spires, and thousands of gables, pinnacles, crockets, gargoyles and statues sprouting like silver grass from every tower and roof. Any city gave that impression in the Middle Ages, but now the spires are decayed. Fingers no longer point up to God; rather, handfuls of smoking chimneys are lifted in vain protest. Even where, as at York or in London City, a great number of belfries remain, we cannot see them apart from a surrounding morass of ignoble roofs. Of course, there always were roofs, but not so many and not so ignoble.

It is not new to call Oxford the city of a thousand spires, for they are what most inspires (with your pardon) the wanderer among the quads. Moreover, an encircling ring of hills form an amphitheatre whence to view them. Whether from Hinksey, Headington, Boar's Hill, or from the road to Abingdon, the view over Oxford is unbelievably beautiful. It is some years since I last caught my breath beholding it; but I remember the stormy summer sky and a great gleam that came lighting up the city, turning it to silver and mauve amid dark green meadows. The Isis wound sparkling below, and beyond lay the forest of spires, infinitely more delicate than the finest filigree, like grass when the hoar frost has touched it.

But even from such places a great deal is lost. You are too far off to see very distinctly. The eye is amazed by the tininess of the pinnacles, and it is difficult to make out all but the more prominent buildings.

Looking at these photographs from the air, I, who gazed for the space of three years at Oxford from the ground, feel that I have never seen Oxford before, nor anything so lovely. Nor did one realise how closely Oxford is wrapped about with fields from the north round by east to south. The spires grow straight out of the water meadows. Mediaeval draughtsmen, one now remembers, used almost always to draw their buildings as though seen from the air—with the eye of faith, but now we justify their faith. From the air even the leading of their flat roofs becomes beautiful, like the skeleton of a fish.

The Radcliffe Camera with its dome is to groundlings a fine piece of architecture. A little out of harmony, though, with Brasenose, the Bodleian and St. Mary's, which hem it in; and a little heavy. But from the air we catch Jemmy Gibbs' intent, for it is the hub of the city. Massive and plain, the

pinnacles seem to whirl about it. As the aeroplane circles high above, though to the occupants seeming still, Oxford revolves around its hub.

Anybody who does not know Oxford cannot, unfortunately, be well introduced to its buildings in this way. He may see them, indeed, to their best advantage, but it is not easy to point them out by name. Even such an one, though, will descry the House with Tom Tower lording it at its gate, and the Cathedral lying to the right. From this direction Oxford seems an inextricable tangle of pinnacles, with the hedges and meadowlands coming to its very doors.

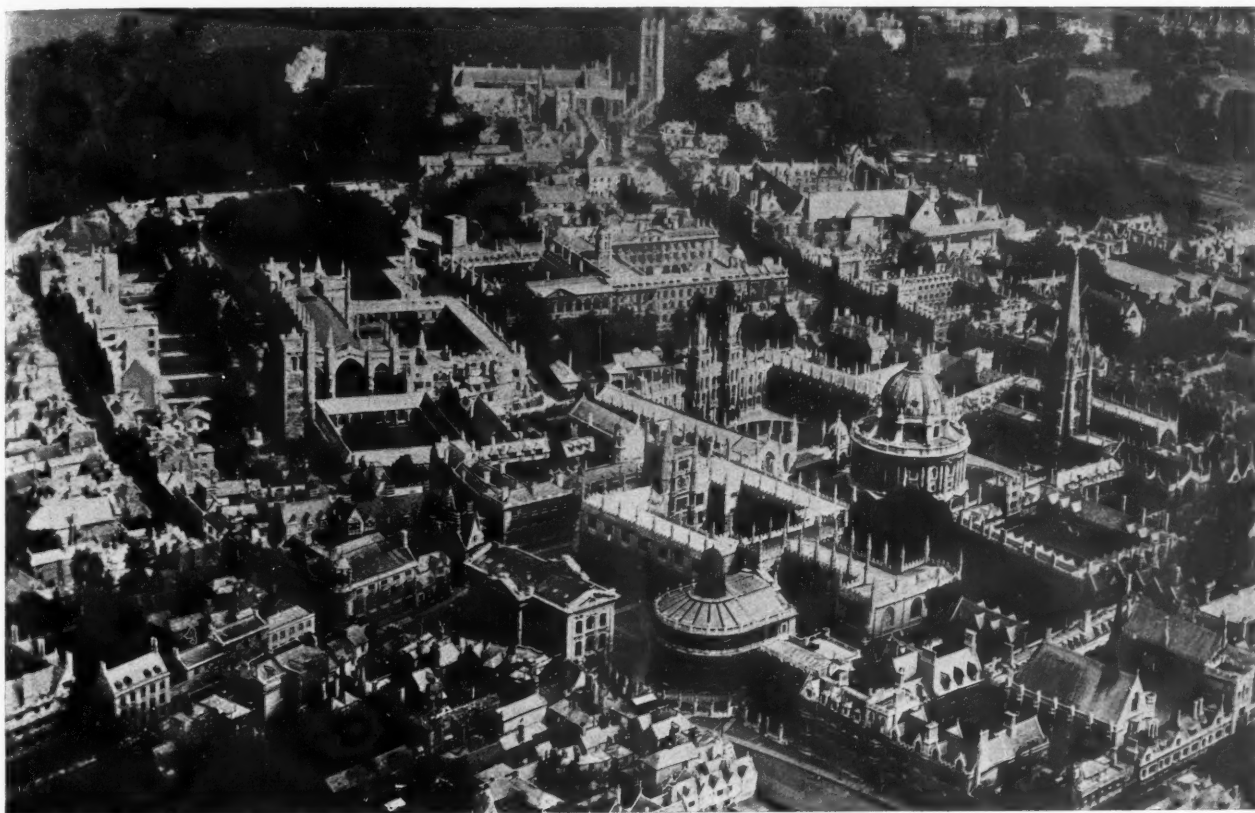
But flying northward till we are over Balliol and then looking south-east towards Magdalen, the puzzle straightens itself out into a lordly pattern of chequers contained between the two sweeps of the High and the Broad. We are suddenly astonished by the superb planning of the place. Everybody who has walked from Magdalen along the High when the sun was setting behind Carfax Tower knows that the High is the most beautiful street in the world. Its leisurely curve and great width make it like a river; the successive spires and towers along its northern concave face, continually arranging themselves into new inter-relations as you walk on, are like a range of pink and gold cliffs, or the proud rushes of a river bank.

When men on the ground argue about the respective beauty of Oxford and Cambridge, the Cantabs point to their backs, Oxonians to their fronts. I have seen Cambridge from the ground and from the air and am bound to confess it compares very ill. The much vaunted backs turn into back gardens, seen from above; and the rest of the town is chaotic. There is nothing like the splendid system of courts round the Radcliffe: the Bodleian to the north, All Souls' to the east, and B.N.C. westward, with the deep shade of Exeter Gardens bringing the colour and ramp of nature into this austere symmetry. Cambridge has rather the disordered charm of the photograph of Magdalen, embosomed in trees and lapped by the Cherwell. From the air, by the way, how fascinating become the Botanic Gardens—a spot which, in my earthbound days, I confess, rather lepressed me. There were too many labels and nursemaids.

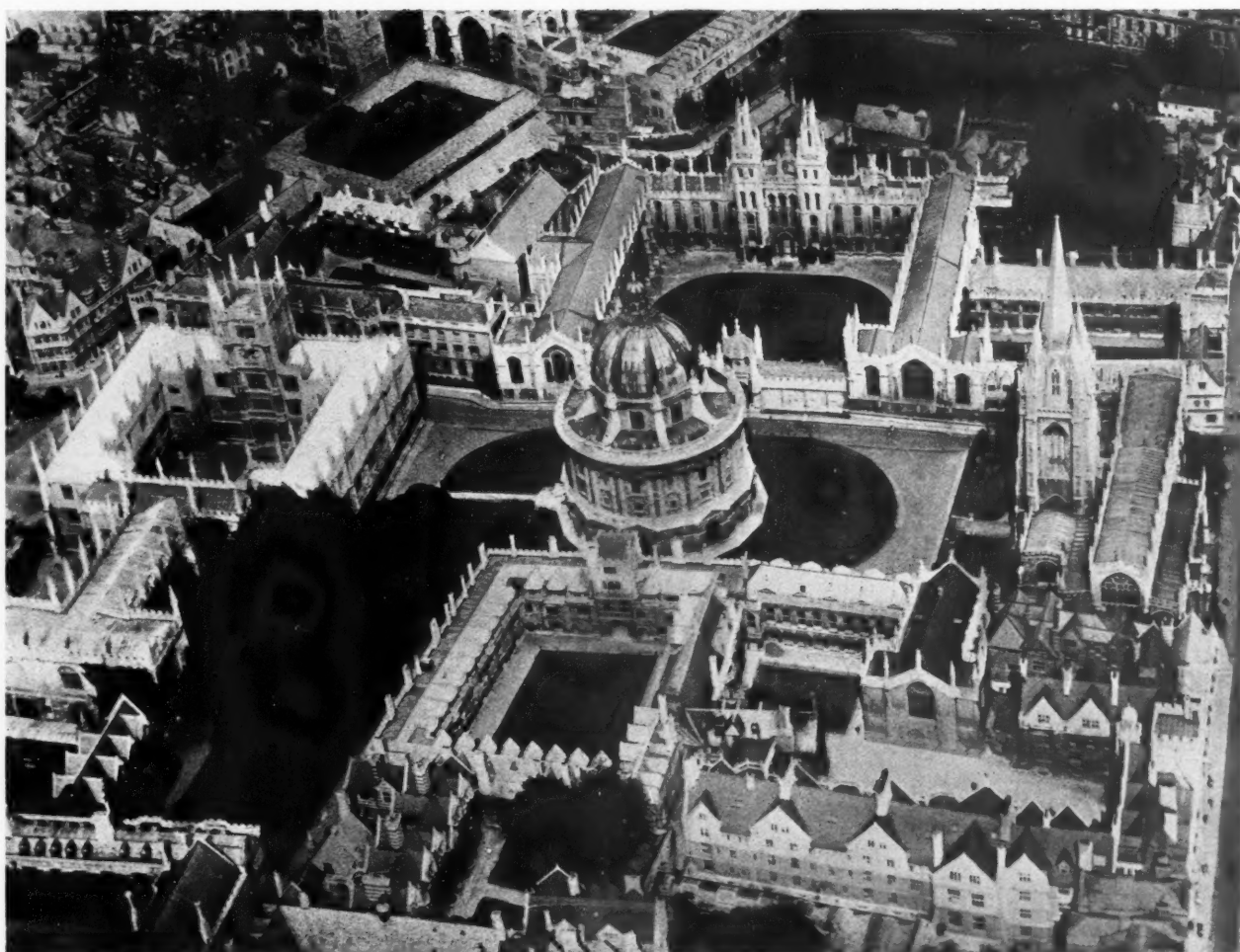
Though pinnacles are the most obvious manifestation of Oxford, when seen from above, the plan begins to usurp their place. Amid the profusion of the one is seen the admirable







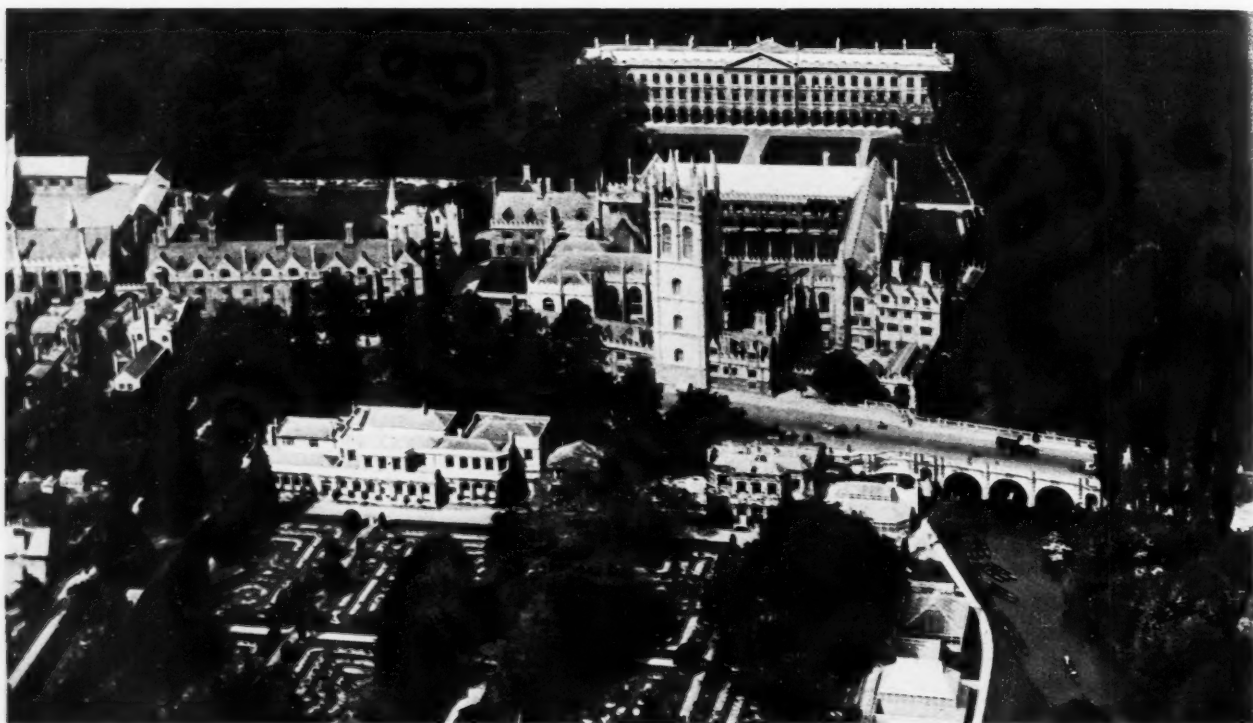
THE BROAD, WITH EXETER, THE BODLEIAN, THE SHELDONIAN, THE CAMERA, NEW COLLEGE AND ALL SOULS.



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THE HUB OF OXFORD: THE RADCLIFFE CAMERA, WITH B.N.C., THE BODLEIAN, ALL SOULS, ST. MARY'S.

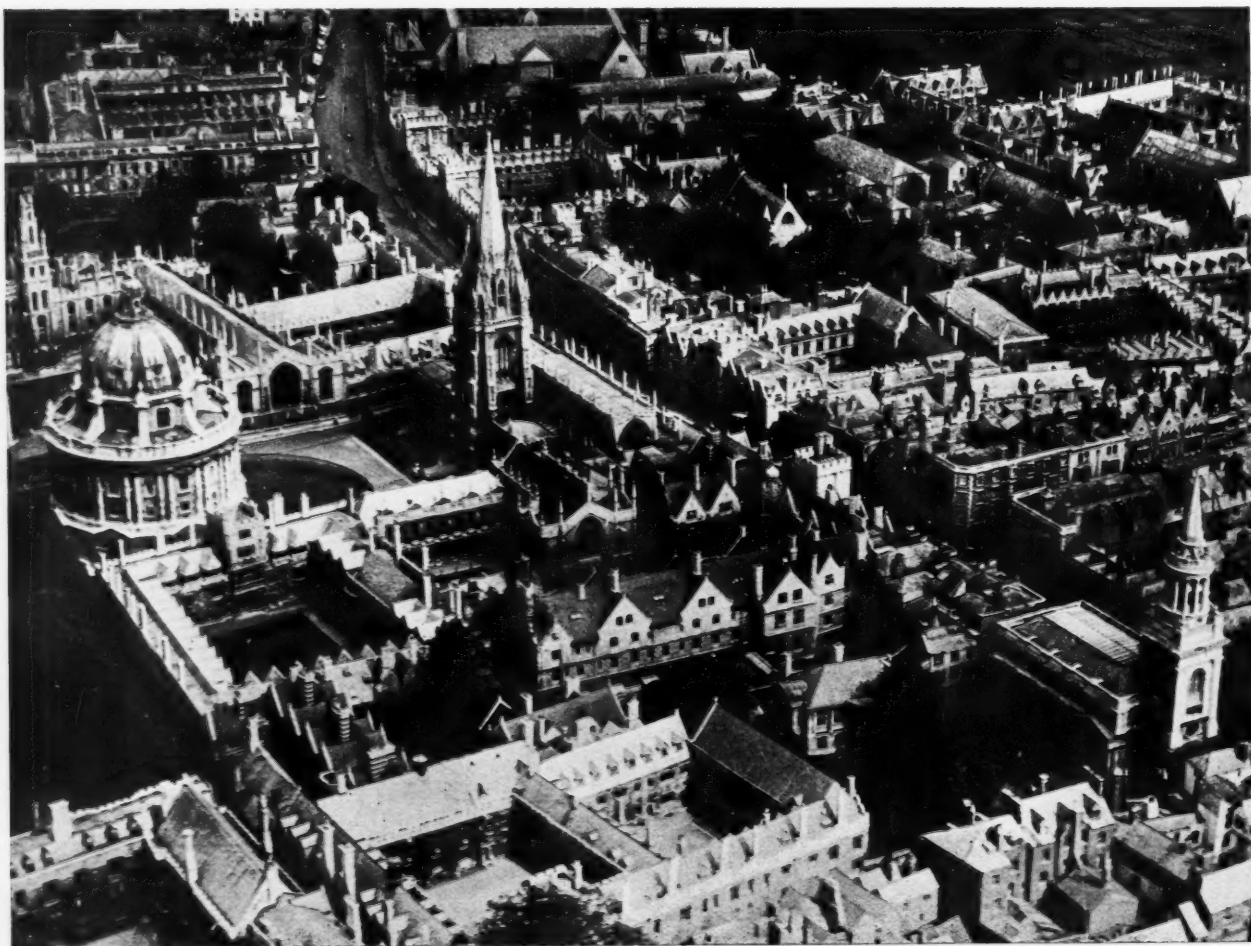


MAGDALEN, THE CHER AND THE BOTANICAL GARDENS.

harness of the latter. Oxford is a planned city: two parallel lines intersected by one at right angles. Probably it was laid out by the late Saxon king, Edward the Elder; but, whoever it was, the tradition has been implanted. Fortunately, too, he laid out Oxford four-square—north and south. Thus, all the chapels and churches fit conveniently, and quads, consequently, do not jostle one another at unbecoming angles or cause the streets to wander. Curve they do in the most gracious and

adorable manner; but with intent, strictly. In any piece of Gothic art—whether a window tracery or a cathedral—the detail, however luxuriant, is never loose nor disorderly, because its basic lines are firm and keen. So Oxford, laid out—subconsciously, perhaps—by centuries of artists, is a unity, exquisite in detail, bold in plan. It is the greatest work of art the Middle Ages have bequeathed to this kingdom—in some ways to any country of the globe.

C. H.



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THE STately SWEEP OF THE HIGH, FROM QUEEN'S TO ST. MARTIN'S CHURCH.



# BUSH LIFE IN AUSTRALIA.—I

By WILL H. OGILVIE.



IN A QUEENSLAND STOCKYARD.

YEAR by year the closer settlement of an ever increasing population changes the nature of the Australian country districts and drives the true Bush further and further outward. Waving wheatfields and fenced pastures of lucerne and clover take the place of the wide sheep and cattle runs, of the saltbush and the scrub. Yet as civilisation gradually moves outward the conditions beyond its furthest line remain as before, and for many a year yet parts of Western New South Wales and South Australia, and the greater part of Queensland, will still contain those huge, almost limitless, areas of sheep and cattle country on which is lived the rough, wholesome, large-hearted life of the pioneers.

Every cattle station has its extensive yards to hold the mobs of cattle and horses mustered from the wide pastures. The fences of these yards are of immense strength. They are built of gum, ironbark, or gidgee timber: massive rails, roughly shaped with adze or axe and let into powerful mortised posts sunk several feet in the ground. They require to be strong,

for a mob of frightened scrub steers or a draft of wild unbroken colts will often sweep against them in thundering waves till the stoutest posts jar and shiver. In our illustration, however, we see a mob of station horses standing in the yard. Good sorts they are, deep-bodied, short-legged and showing a considerable amount of breeding. These are the offspring of half-bred station mares picked for their stamina and hardiness and bred to thoroughbred Australian or imported English sires. These are the horses that carry the fame of the "Waler" all over the world. They can gallop fast, wheel like lightning after stock, and stay all day; and from such a mob as this will be picked those which represent the station at the great Queensland race meetings; with such blood and breeding the

fortunate owner may at any time find himself possessed of a real flyer, worth sending to Sydney or Brisbane to try conclusions with the best that Australia can produce. This is the material from which the Indian buyer from time to time makes his choice, and high prices are obtained for race-horses, hacks and Army



La Voy.

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A STATION OWNER WITH HIS SON AND DAUGHTER (RIGHT).





CATTLE ON A BOX FLAT IN A GOOD SEASON.

remounts. For the most part these will be quiet, well broken horses; but likely enough there is among them at least one vicious, uncontrollable brute—a genuine Queensland buck-jumper—a horse to be ridden only by the most skilful stockman or most daring blackfellow. It is customary on the back-country stations to run the station mob into the yards on Saturday afternoon and to pick out horses for the stockmen to ride during the following week, while the tired horses which have done six days' severe work are turned out to go back to the spelling paddock for a month or more. In our illustration the fresh horses are in the foreground, while those which have earned their rest are in the large outer yard preparatory to being turned out.

A familiar scene on a Western station is that of the owner with his son and daughter starting out for a ride across the run or to muster horses or cattle. The type of horse seen here is the old familiar one. Short-legged, clean-boned, well bred on galloping lines, these horses will stay for miles over the roughest bush country, however hot the pace, and will run down the wildest colts or steers by sheer stamina and courage.

Girls who have been born and bred on the Australian cattle stations ride as well as their brothers—mostly astride—and can steer a horse over rough country or through dense scrub with astonishing skill and pluck. Many of them will tackle the fiercest buck-jumper and handle and ride the most timid three year old. Of such a type is the girl on the right of this picture. They ask no favour on account of sex, and share the rough-and-tumble of camp and muster with the finest good humour, commanding universal popularity with the stockmen on account of their pluck and adaptability.

Another of our pictures shows a characteristic piece of Bush country in Western New South Wales or Southern Queensland—what is known as a gum or box flat. It is a good season; the cattle are knee-deep in barley grass, and there is plenty of water adjacent in creek, billabong or water-hole.

In such surroundings and circumstances an owner may contemplate his fat and contented herd with some measure of satisfaction. His horse is in good condition and good heart, and riding about the run is a pleasure. Far different are his feelings when this same box flat is as bare of grass as a billiard table, when his cattle are lean and lowing for water, when the

last drop in the creek has dried, when the expectant crows wait on the withered box trees or already tear at the rotted carcase of a bogged bullock, when his horse is a mere bundle of skin and bone and he himself is weary and saddle-sore. Yet such are the good times and bad which the squatter must face in their turn.

Still another picture shows a rider on the rich plains of Victoria—the garden colony—some of the best stock-fattening country in the world. The grass may look short and sparse compared with the rank growth of a Queensland box flat in a good season, but a little of it goes a long way, and one will find horses, cattle and sheep rolling fat upon what looks like a rather barren stretch of over-stocked ground. The very grass seeds here are full of sustenance; drought is almost unknown, water is plentiful, and the climate temperate. On plains such as this cattle and sheep are topped off for the Flemington markets; and here may be found fat horses all the year round.

Our last picture brings truthfully before us the midday camp of a Queensland drover taking his "plant" northward to take delivery of a mob of cattle. He has reached the station which is his objective, has left behind him the bare and trampled stock-route, and is camping in that paradise of the back-country, a well grassed flat in a timbered river-bend. Under the shade of a clump of box saplings he has stretched his "fly" or tent-cover, and under this he and his men will retire for a sleep as soon as



La Voy.

FATTENING GROUND IN VICTORIA.

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La Voy.

A DROVER'S CAMP IN A QUEENSLAND RIVER-BEND.

Copyright.

they have finished their simple meal of mutton and damper and tinned jam. This is a "pack-horse camp," since there is no sign of the wagonette so often used in transporting the drover's necessary paraphernalia. The hacks and pack-horses and spare mounts have been turned loose to feed; but one or two will certainly be hobbled and belled that they may easily and quickly

be caught when required. There is no pleasanter job in life than droving in a good season, when the grass is almost girth-deep on the flats and water is plentiful. Then to lie in drowsy abandon in some such camp as this and listen to the "tink-tink" of the horse-bells and contemplate a long journey safely negotiated is the very acme of human delight.

## CAMERA EXPERIENCES WITH RHINOCEROS BICORNIS.—I

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IT is common knowledge among sportsmen and keen observers of animal life in East Africa that it is at all times a most speculative matter to foretell the probable course of action the black rhinoceros will pursue on the approach of man at close quarters. He will, under such conditions, undoubtedly prove to be the most erratic of all the representatives of the larger game animals, whether he is met with on the turf-covered plains of the uplands of the Kenya Colony, in bush or scrub country, or in the arid and waterless regions of the Northern Frontier District of the colony. It is certainly a matter of regret to know that he will in all likelihood be the first among the representatives of the great African mammalia to disappear from the face of the earth.

His rather erratic actions at the sight of mankind and his habitually fidgety demeanour under such circumstances are, presumably, chiefly due to his extremely deficient eyesight, which is, moreover, hampered by the presence of the pair of median horns, which, when the head is held in certain attitudes, cause a blurred image of the object he regards. The animal is, besides, awkwardly stupid; his sense of hearing, on the contrary, is acute, and this fact is particularly noticeable and pronounced when the beast is met with in bush country.

He is easily provoked at times when, suddenly disturbed during his siesta or when, very thirsty, he has travelled some distance to a source of water and is unexpectedly startled by the appearance of moving objects in close proximity, while he is intently engaged in quenching his thirst or indulging in a bath.

I have on several occasions heard reports from transport riders in the Northern Frontier District of cases in which their oxen were driven away from the water holes; and on two occasions

a Dutch transport rider of the K. A. R. had one of his team of oxen gored by a rhinoceros when the animals were being led to water in the evening at a locality called Lasamis, on the track from Archer's Post to Marsabit. I heard reports of similar incidents from the Boran and Somali cattle owners at Abbas Wen and the Lorian concerning the aggressive behaviour of elephants during the very severe droughts when even the water of the Northern Guaso Nyiro fails them.

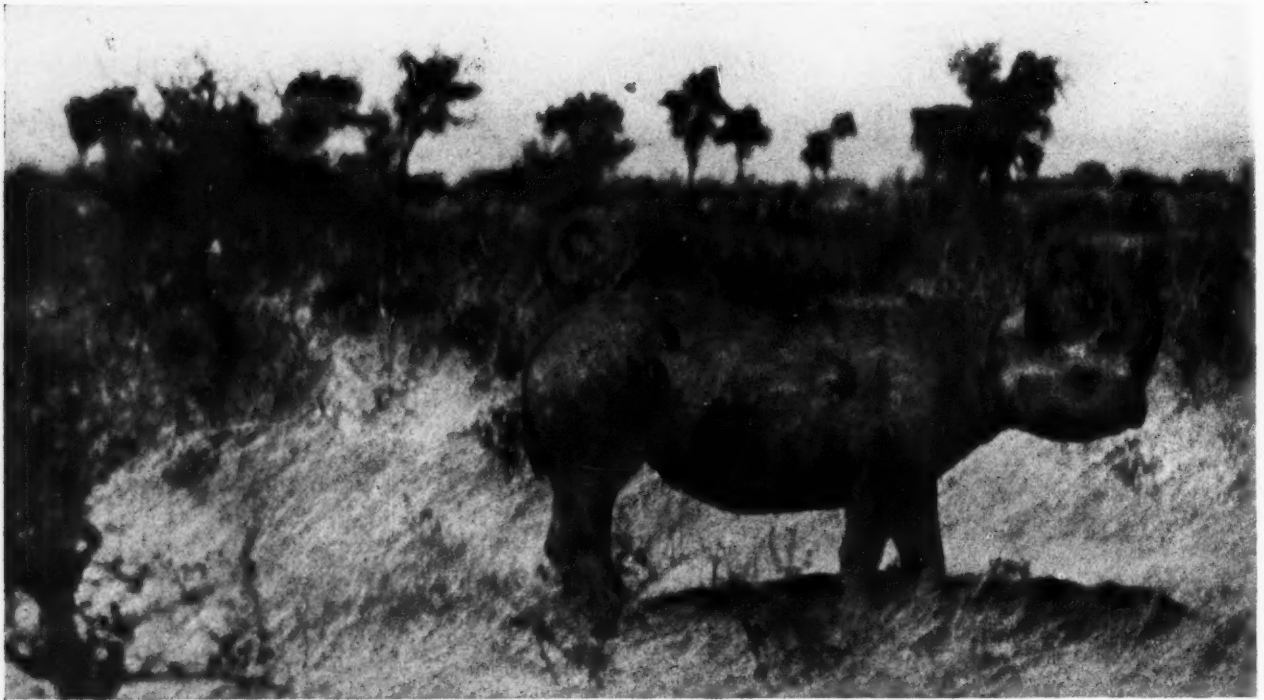
In the arid regions of the Northern Frontier District I noticed that rhinoceros would travel long distances from their water supply to their feeding ground, which may sometimes be a matter of ten to fifteen miles distant. They often come to drink in broad daylight, and the notion that they only drink in the evenings or at night is incorrect, unless they are frequently disturbed in populated localities. The photograph reproduced here was made just after noon, and my porters had often reported rhino coming to drink at the river side (Northern Guaso Nyiro) between sunrise and sunset.

While we were travelling in the N. F. D. our Boran guide informed us of a locality where rhino frequently came to drink in the heat of the day at some salt-water springs.

The locality possessed one of those typical dry, sandy, river beds, fringed here and there with so-called dome palms. Small hot springs welled up from under the outcrops of foliated rock and furnished crystal clear, but distinctly saline water, which formed a chain of small pools in the rocky parts of the otherwise dry and sandy watercourse.

Arrived at the spot after a hot and thirsty march through the parched thorn-scrub country, we kept a look-out at some distance from the water, and after a few hours of impatience, spied a rhino making its way towards the pools. It trotted for





*M. Maxwell.* RHINOCEROS BIRDS FLUTTERING ABOUT THE BULKY FLANKS OF THEIR HOST. *Copyright.*

a while along the edge of the distant strip of thorn-scrub and finally made its way direct across the open approaches to the springs, changing its gait to a walk as it neared its destination. It appeared most unwary and showed not the slightest hesitation in its actions. It had evidently travelled some distance and seemed very thirsty for, the moment it reached the first pool, it walked right into the shallow water and lowered its head promptly, drinking steadily for not less than a couple of minutes at a time. It was, fortunately, not accompanied by tick-birds, or otherwise the approach would undoubtedly have been a tedious business and the exposures, in all probability, less satisfactory.

Having made whatever exposures I desired, I withdrew a certain distance without the creature having the slightest suspicion of my presence. It was so intent on quenching its thirst.

Substituting the long-focus lens of my camera for a 5in. Zeis-Tessar, which I intended to use for close and rapid work with set focus, I moved towards my "sitter." I was then

accompanied by my friend Barnes, who carried his rifle in case of emergency.

Creeping up towards the pool and making use of every possible cover in the way of tufts of grass or a small boulder here and there, we reached the bare space round the pool and found our friend rhino lying comfortably in the shallow water. We had barely straightened our backs and moved quietly out into the open at about 30yds. of the beast, when it raised its head with twitching ears and stood up, turning with alacrity in our direction, where we now stood exposed and in full view. In less than a second the animal appeared to be in a gallop towards us, and I meanwhile pressed the release, securing a picture of him in motion bearing down on the intruders, with his ears pricked, but the head not as yet lowered for the attack.

The tearing off of a tab of my film pack was a matter of a second, and, jumping aside with what agility I could muster, I pointed the camera in the direction of the galloping beast, pressing the release of the shutter almost simultaneously. I heard my friend discharge his first barrel. This second exposure



*M. Maxwell* DRINKING FROM A POOL IN THE ARID REGIONS OF THE NORTHERN FRONTIER DISTRICT OF KENYA COLONY. *Copyright.*





*M. Maxwell.*

BEARING DOWN ON THE UNWELCOME INTRUDERS.

*Copyright.*



IN FULL GALLOP: HEAD LOWERED FOR THE ATTACK.



THE IMPACT OF THE BULLET MADE THE ANIMAL SWERVE.



*M. Maxwell.*

THE SECOND BALL MADE IT SPIN ROUND AND COLLAPSE ON ITS FORELEGS.  
THE CHARGING RHINOCEROS: A CAMERA RECORD TAKEN AT CLOSE QUARTERS.

*Copyright.*

has, fortunately, succeeded, and depicts the infuriated animal in full stride, with lowered head, rushing blindly at his would-be victim, who had managed to escape in the nick of time.

Wrenching another tab off my film pack I pressed the release for a third exposure and was barely in time to depict the creature a moment after it had received the bullet. From Barnes's account later, I discovered that, at the impact of the bullet, the animal slackened its gallop to almost a canter and swerved in his direction. The animal is depicted with lowered head, and was almost upon my companion when I made the exposure and he fired his second barrel. The effect of this second shot was curious, as the animal spun round and sank on his forelegs, as is shown in the fourth photograph.

The incident suggests that the black rhinoceros attacks from sight and rarely from scent, and I have had ample occasion to confirm this belief in the course of my experiences with this species of rhinoceros.

Like almost all animals, the rhinoceros prefers to take itself off on winding a human being, and particularly so when it scents a white man, unless, of course, it is persistently prevented from satisfying its natural wants, such as food and water, or its access to a water pool prevented by the constant presence of cattle and herdsmen in drought-stricken areas. It is well known that a cow-rhino with calf is at all times likely to be vicious, as she shows a great affection for her young offspring, and frequently

thorny scrub is typical of the "Nyika" of the Northern Frontier regions of the Kenya Colony.

In Muybridge's admirable work on "Animals in Motion," he mentions that "It is very desirable that some African traveller should succeed in obtaining photographs of the rhinoceros under full speed, as, like the hippopotamus, it will perhaps in a few more years be exterminated. A single lateral exposure will, under favourable conditions, be quite sufficient to determine the character of the movement."

The illustrations which are here given of the attacking rhinoceros give, by comparison with Muybridge's series of photographs of the galloping horse, the nature of the actions of this old-world beast—he was certainly travelling at full speed. No. 12 of his Series 50 gives the identical phase in the stride, with, apparently, identical foot impacts. The short, stumpy forelegs of the rhinoceros remain, during the animal's gallop, almost straight at the knees, and not as they are often fantastically represented in pictures.

I have often had the opportunity of observing the rhino's gallop, and found its actions similar to those of a horse with regard to the foot-falls. That is what Muybridge terms the "transverse gallop." It should be made quite clear, however, that the observations of the writer are all concerned with the black, or prehensile-lipped, rhinoceros of East Africa (rhinoceros bicornis) and have not extended to the so-called square-lipped,



M. Maxwell.

WITH LOWERED HEAD THE RHINOCEROS RUSHED AT THE MAN WITH THE GUN.

Copyright.

to such an extent that even the hapless male parent is not permitted to come too close to her small young without incurring the anger of the cow.

Stalking and photographing the rhinoceros as it occurs in the grass-covered, shadeless, undulating plains of the uplands of the Kenya Colony may hardly be called a difficult matter, as the animal is so very easy of approach under the conditions. It is, however, different in bush or scrub country, when the creature is at all times much more alert and wary in its movements. Generally, the sudden twitter of a few alarmed rhinoceros birds is heard in close proximity, and one may then expect the instant snort of their host, emerging suddenly from among the brushwood or scrub with elevated head, ears pricked and horns stuck aggressively in the air above the massive head to investigate what all the commotion is about.

A more embarrassing encounter, in the absence of tick-birds, is, perhaps, the unexpected crashing in the bush, followed by the instant appearance in close proximity of a rhino blundering past one in full gallop to the accompaniment of snorts.

A specimen, of which I obtained a picture in movement in the direction of the camera, offering an excellent frontal view, with its partly lowered head, had apparently been standing for quite a while, motionless, beside a scrub, and remained alert, listening intently, until it was discomfited and flurried by our close proximity, when it considered an immediate attack as the best means of warding off a possible danger. The surroundings give one, to some extent, an idea of the arid, lava-rock-strewn locality in which they may occur, with here and there a "kopje" bare and desolate. The dry brushwood and parched,

or white, rhinoceros of the Lado (rhinoceros simus). The latter is, however, from all accounts, a much larger and less active beast than the black species of East Africa.

Considering the vast bulk of even the black rhinoceros, it is astounding how active the beast may show itself in case of need, and, driven to its utmost speed, it can gallop at the rate of over twenty miles an hour once it is in full stride. It takes him little time to get into full stride, and it is then astonishing how spontaneously the animal can swerve at the impact of a bullet against its body.

It is curious to note from the photographs how thin the animal's legs appear in a lateral view of the limbs and compared to the large bulk of the body. The length of the thigh to the animal's hock has no doubt much to do with its capacity for rapid motion without the appearance of unwieldiness and excessive bulk.

The long front horn of the rhinoceros, which consists of a mass of closely packed fibres growing from the skin and resting with its slightly hollow base on a shallow prominence of the massive skull, is a formidable arm of offence. The head of the beast, which is supported by the powerful muscular neck, upon the vast bulk of the animal's body can, when needed, at times be lowered for the attack until the animal's nose nearly touches the ground, and the astonishing speed of the animal, considering its bulk and weight, adds immensely to the momentum with which the horn can be driven into the body of its antagonist. The following account illustrates to a certain extent the power with which this formidable means of aggression can be wielded when the rhinoceros is so minded.



In the country between the Amala and Mogor Rivers we were, one day, following the track of what appeared to be a very large rhino. The Ndorobo tracker led us finally into a strip of dense bush, which extended over a few hundred acres along the tortuous course of a partly dry rivulet bed, now a chain of pools that served as drinking places for the numerous herds of antelope inhabiting the adjacent undulating grass plains.

Cautious stalking brought us up close to our quarry, from its general attitude and the nervously twitching ears, appearing to stand on the alert. There can be no doubt that the hearing of these beasts, once they stand on the alert in thick cover, is most acute. Obtaining a momentary glimpse of the large base of the front horn, I was satisfied that this was the owner of the large foot-prints we had followed, and secured the beast with a shot behind the shoulder, which I much regretted afterwards, seeing that it was an old cow-rhino. The mistake in sex in the particular case may have been excusable, for the female African rhinoceros has almost invariably a much thinner horn than the male, though it may occasionally be longer than that of the male, while the base is generally proportionately smaller in circumference; this was not the case in this particular instance. She was, moreover, accompanied by a calf, no doubt, when I fired,

standing close by and effectively concealed among the tangle of vines and creeper-like stems of the dense bush. A second, or two afterwards the young one showed itself beside the body of its parent. I had moved a few steps towards my quarry when I was suddenly startled by a terrific crashing through his bush, and the male rhinoceros, which must have been browsing some distance apart from his mate and standing motionless and alert after the report of the rifle, appeared on the scene at a frantic gallop, giving me barely time to retreat a few paces and watch further developments. Standing quite still for a second or so beside the carcass of his mate, he lowered his massive head and prodded at the dead cow with a resounding thud. This was repeated several times with increasing vigour, until frenzy overcame the desperate beast and, retreating a pace or two, he charged the carcass wildly, rolling the heavy body over, and stepping over it by dint of the tremendous momentum of his rush. In the meanwhile, the orphaned calf, realising the frenzy of its male parent, had made itself scarce. This incident will give one an idea of the strength the rhinoceros can display when thoroughly roused and irritated to frenzy. The weight of the carcass of the cow must have been well over a ton, and it is worth recording that the skin was dented, but not pierced, in spite of the terrific blows to which it had been subjected.

M. MAXWELL.

## MIGHTY VOICES

THE voice of running water is one of the most wonderful sounds in the world. It has as many varieties of tone and power as the greatest orchestra; I would almost claim for it as many shades of expression. We may not know the score or guess the Conductor's purpose—after all, the waters are only some of the mighty voices of the whole creation—but the music is plain to hear. In the waterfalls, whether it chuckles in a gay *pizzicato* in some brook or chants the Magnificat of the little rivers or thunders in some gigantic torrent, the music is clear to the ear. There are many waterfalls, many singing louder or more softly, according to the season, some which sing only after rainy months or when the snows melt towards summer, and just in all the world a few which justify Byron's description:

The fall of waters! rapid as the light,  
The flashing mass foams shaking the abyss.

Niagara Falls, by some trick of popular appreciation, are the instance which comes readily to mind with most people, and

there is a popular impression that they, to add to their wonder, are, as well, the highest in the world. As a matter of fact, the Gersoppa Falls in the Western Ghats of South India are, speaking roughly, three times their height, and surpass also the famous Sutherland Falls in New Zealand, the great falls of Kaieteur in British Guiana and the famous Victoria Falls on the Zambesi River. They are on the Sharavati River in the North Kanava district of Bombay, and occur at a point about twenty miles from the river's mouth, where it plunges into a narrow gorge on its way to the Indian Ocean.

The cliff over which the Gersoppa or Jog Falls leap is 830ft. high. When there is only a moderate amount of water in the river it is broken into four distinct falls, and the largest, called the Rajah, has an unbroken drop of over 500ft. before it touches a rock. Straight from an overhanging ledge it leaps into the chasm in what may be called a gigantic spout, so far from the precipice behind it that the sun shines in between and the shadow of the water may be seen on the rock at some distance to the side of the fall. The pool beneath it is 132ft. deep.



R. H. Martin. "IT HATH A THOUSAND TONGUES OF MIRTH, OF GRANDEUR, OR DELIGHT."

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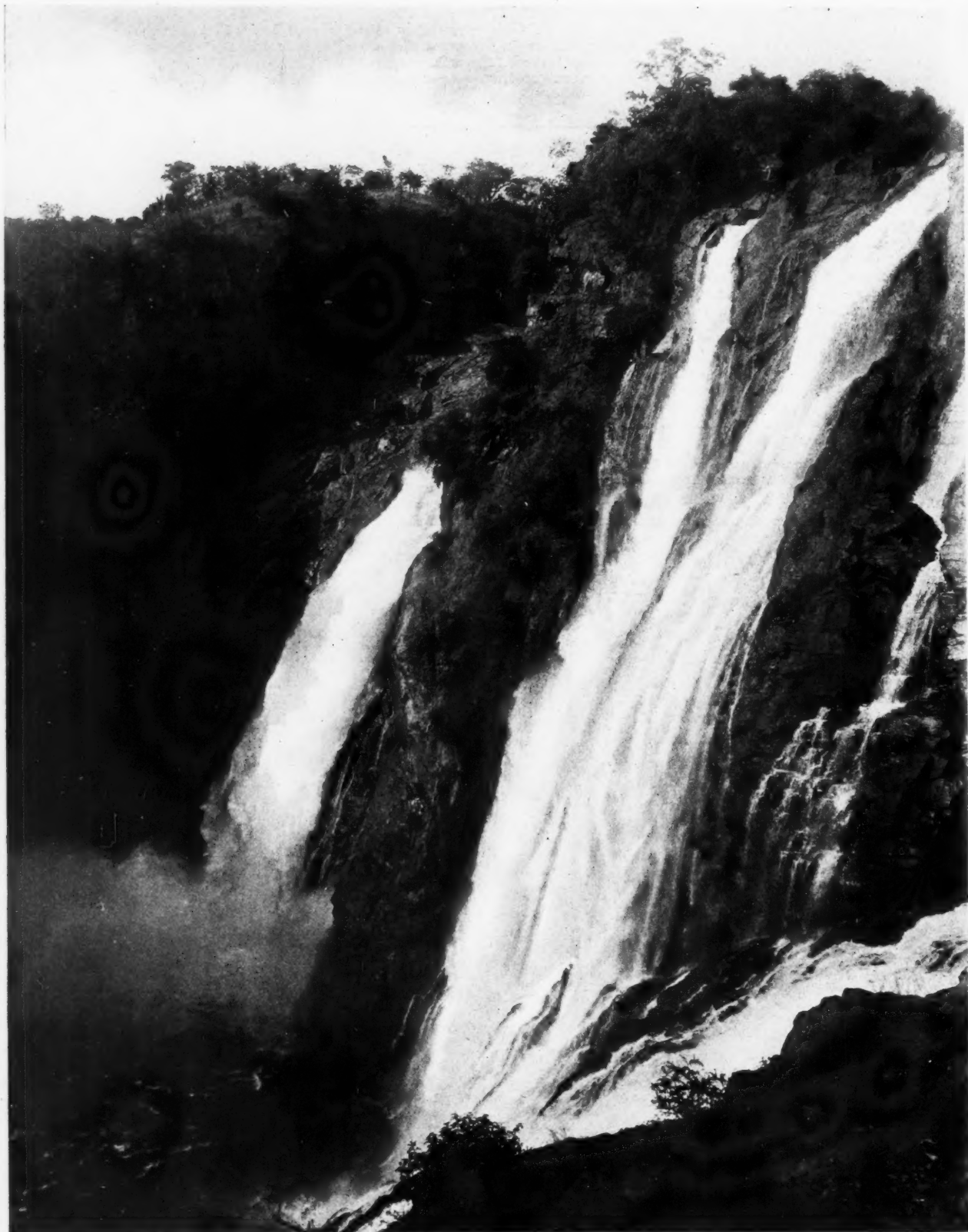


Like that of many rivers in India, the flow of the Sharavati River varies enormously during the year, being fed mainly by the south-west monsoon rains, which only last for three months—June, July and August. During this period the maximum volume of water is about ten thousand times as great as the minimum flow in April or May, the rainfall on the catchment area amounting in some parts to over two hundred inches per annum, most of which falls in the three months. The effect of the monsoon is to increase the volume of water to such an extent that it swirls over the precipice, and thunders down into the abyss below with such terrific force that it is like a gigantic boiling pot. The clouds which rise up are so dense as completely to eclipse the view of the falls, and for months together the water is veiled in cloud and mystery, and can be heard only and not seen. The photograph on the opposite page was taken in the first week of November, and the

four falls, the Rajah (or Horseshoe), the Roarer and the Rocket and the Dame Blanche, show clearly, though even then the spray, like a passing cloud, floats across them. People who came a week later found the falls invisible for three days behind their veil.

There is a Government rest house above the gorge facing the falls, and here at night we lay in our beds with our doors and windows thrown wide open and listened to the roar of the water in its descent, and gazed out on to the glistening falls which were clearly visible by starlight—that wonderfully brilliant starlight of the tropics.

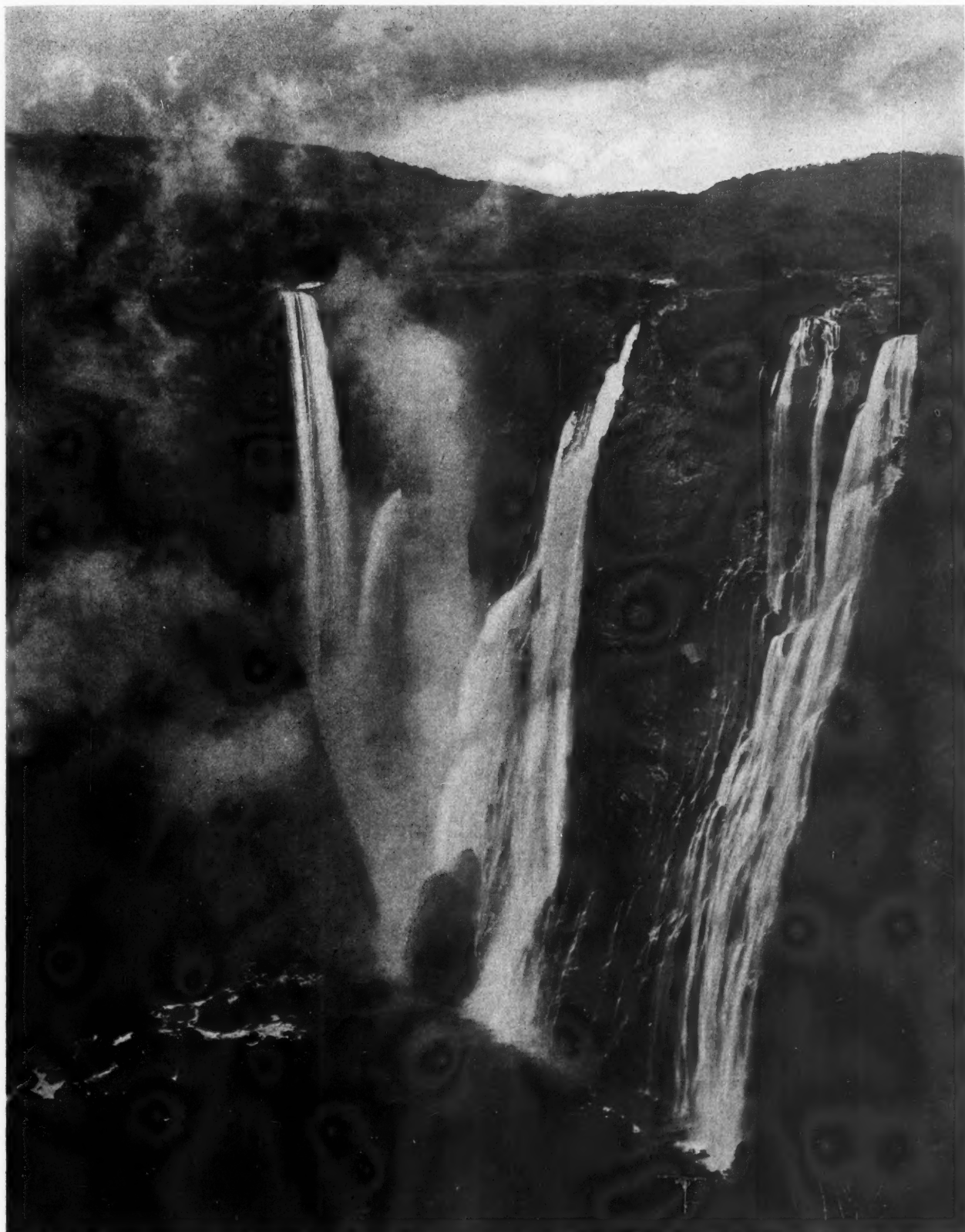
In the tropics "the sun comes up like thunder," as Kipling writes; but we were awake sufficiently early to witness some remarkable transformation scenes as the dawning day hurried up from the east. Clouds formed in the boiling abyss below, and then rose up, a soft pillar, to be caught in the outstretched



R. H. Martin.

THE CANVERY RIVER FALLS.

Copyright.



R. H. Martin.

## THE HIGHEST WATERFALL IN THE WORLD.

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The Gersoppa Falls, the Rajah Fall (left) leaps through over 500ft. of space before it touches the rocks.

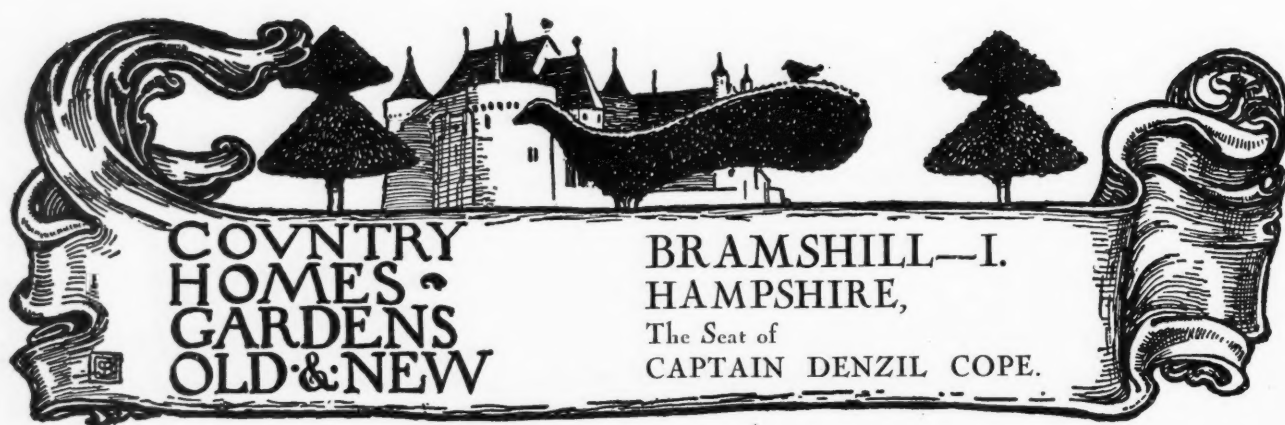
arms of the rising sun and blush a glorious rose pink. Then, as the sun climbed higher, the cloud gradually dissipated and glimpses of the falls could be had once more, growing clearer and ever clearer as the white clouds slowly faded. The illustration shows this stage very clearly. Finally, when the view had completely cleared, we watched the most beautiful rainbows which spanned each fall, ever shifting and changing as the hovering mist and spray was wafted by the breeze, now this way now that, so that one of the falls would appear through the rainbow at one moment red and at another moment blue. At midday a single rainbow spread right across the four falls and about half way up them, while towards evening soft clouds began to reappear.

In contrast to the changing scenes and lights was the never-ceasing, never-changing thunder of the falls. One had to raise one's voice considerably to make oneself heard. John Oxenham's phrase, "Praise in the great Fall's diapason roar," came constantly to memory.

The Canvery Falls cannot compete with the cataract on the Sharavati for height, falling for a mere two hundred and fifty feet—still nearly a hundred feet further than Niagara; but they equal it in their beauty, as these two illustrations prove, and have a special interest, because in all India, excepting a small plant at Darjeeling, they were the first water power to be harnessed for the service of man. The power is chiefly used on the Kolar Gold Fields, ninety miles away, but is also utilised for the house and public lighting in Bangalore and Mysore cities.

The beauty of the trees across which the spray is floating "an eternal April to the ground" comes out very clearly in both pictures, and gives some slight idea of the tremendous height and volume of the water, now swirling over the topmost edge, now breaking and falling, now foaming at the foot of the cliff, now rising softly as a silent mist, while the perpetual thunder of the falls, with the majesty of some great organ, fills the ear and shakes the heart with the reverberations of its mighty voice.





THE first quarter of the seventeenth century reaped the harvest of the Elizabethan age. It was a superb generation then in its fullness, nurtured in a vigorous school by men and women who had endured a series of revolutions, whose country had been menaced with extinction but by their efforts had emerged triumphant. During the youth and middle years of the Jacobean, England, from being part of a small island off the coast of Europe, had grown into a Power, whose ships were feared in all quarters of the globe, whose merchants penetrated to the courts of Czars, Sophies and Moguls. This at the cost of only one first-rate battle. The unfailing wisdom of the Queen and her Secretary of State had raised England to undreamt-of heights and at the same time made no demands on the increasing wealth of the people.

With the accession of James I the watchful cultivation of the harvest ceased. On every side England seemed entered upon a glorious autumn. The language had the luxuriant colour of an October forest, the people waxed prosperous on the fruits of their former toil. Colonies flourished, commerce increased, wealth was abundant. Jewels, the precious metals, learning and the arts all mellowed the opening years of this century to a fullness and flamboyancy of life to which later ages have ever since looked back and said, "That; that, was England!"

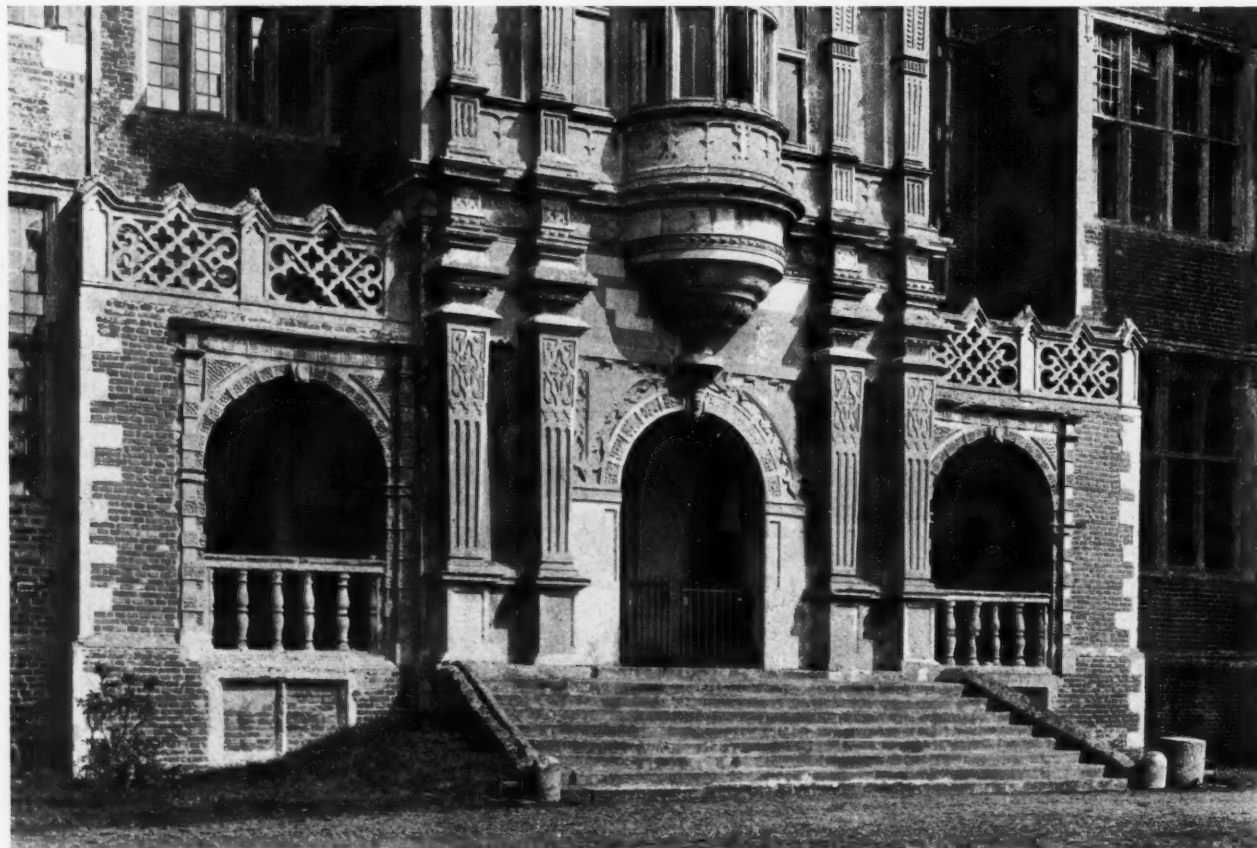
For, with all their finery, the first Jacobean still partook of the sturdiness and simplicity of the Elizabethans. They formed the culmination of the feudal system; they were the

feudal barons tamed and civilised; the poor man's lord, but also his brother.

The next generation was to have the wealth and pride of these men without their magnificent humanity. The broad, bushy beards would be clipped in the French manner and daintily pointed; the hair suffered to grow long and woman-like; the refinement and affectation of the French and the drawling boorishness of the Puritans soon were to unite in putting an end to Merry England.

Of Merry England, that age to which we look back as the Romans of the silver age did to that of Scipio and Cato, the mellow pink mass of Bramshill stands as a magnificent memorial. It is exactly contemporary with our Bible, with Shakespeare, with the Pilgrim Fathers and with the real beginnings of our Parliamentary system. That is, with the four greatest things our country has accomplished. Superb as it is, its importance as architecture, in view of the probability that little more than half of it remains, can only be fully appreciated in relation to the other buildings of the period. By tracing the beginnings of its style, therefore, we may accentuate Bramshill's loveliness.

From the time of Inigo Jones, architecture has gradually become a mystery—in the mediæval sense of a close profession. With the exception of a score or so of years round about 1700, when architecture was part of a well educated man's culture, the layman has from that time been content to leave the design and building of houses to an expert. Previous to that period, however, the very word architect was unknown, and the meaning







Copyright. 2.—THE PORTICO, SURMOUNTED BY THE BADGE OF HENRY PRINCE OF WALES. "COUNTRY LIFE."  
Though built between 1605 and 1612, the Gothic spirit is not absent from this magnificent Renaissance conception.

of "architecture" had to be explained by John Shute in 1563 as the *science* of building houses. This science was no more or less than the adapting of classic architecture to English conditions. So long as the vitality of this country was vigorous enough to supply its own ideas, architects were non-existent. Houses were built by a collaboration of client, surveyor and mason, with, in the later stages, the assistance of various craftsmen. The experience of these men was almost entirely traditional. England of the sixteenth century was scarcely affected by the Italian discovery of the Old World. It was too much preoccupied with that of the New. Thus its architecture, just as were its institutions, from the despotic sovereign to the non-existent but legally permitted serf, was the last phase of the mediæval. That is to say, it was a living architecture, as much part of a man's ideas as his social position or his language.

Foreign influences indeed there were. Henry VIII employed numerous Italians, the mysterious John of Padua, Giovanni da Majano, Toto da Faenza and Torregiano himself. With few exceptions, however, the influence of these men was

most affected the craftsmen, for many Dutchmen came over in person at the time of Alva's persecution. Kirby Hall, Sir Thomas Gresham's Royal Exchange and the earlier work at Hatfield, all executed in the 'seventies, are closely related to Dutch ideas. The French influence was restricted to the educated men, and was transmitted almost solely by Philibert de l'Orme's book. Many Englishmen, too, frequented the Upper Rhine. But till 1590 England was still a comparatively poor country, her nobles as a class possessed of little culture, and not very much given to building. Fine ideas were largely restricted to the brilliant circle round the Queen, the Hattons, Spencers and Cecils.

With the beginning of the new century, however, came a burst of magnificence. Mr. James E. Gillespie sums up the causes in an excellent book, "Influences of Oversea Expansion on England" (New York, 1920): "During Elizabeth's reign the English Privateering Expeditions proved that thriving business and profitable investments could be made. A bold venture in a privateering raid might easily make a very wealthy man out of one of little means. Voyages between 1590 and



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3.—THE RUSTICATED ARCADE OF THE ENTRANCE LOGGIA.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

With original panelling and folding garden tables. The door later.

restricted to ornament; the big exceptions are such as Sir John Sharrington's buildings at Laycock and the building, sometimes attributed to John of Padua, of Longleat. The Earl of Northumberland in 1550 sent John Shute to Italy expressly to study ancient architecture, and Sir Thomas Smith, who had himself studied law at Padua and subsequently became Provost of Eton and a Secretary of State, was apparently an authority on architecture and possessed books on the subject which Lord Burghley had seen in 1568. The only relic of his work, however—the screen in Election Hall at Eton—is just as much Gothic as Classic. The truth is that by the middle of the century England had drifted away again from Italian culture which earlier it seemed to be approaching. The grand ideas of Wolsey and Henry VIII were lost to sight in the troubles of Edward VI's and Mary's reigns. Moreover, France, Holland and Germany had meanwhile assimilated Italian culture and formed, so to speak, a barrier between England and the fountain head. So we find that the Italian influence is succeeded by a Teutonic and a French simultaneously. The relative effect of the two forces is not easy to estimate. The Dutch undoubtedly

1596 brought the Queen £200,000. In 1592 a Portuguese ship towed into Dartmouth had a cargo on board worth £150,000. . . . And holders of shares in trading companies made fortunes in some cases similar to those who held railway shares in the nineteenth century. . . . There was a speculation mania." And conceptions grew as rapidly as jewel chests and exchequers.

By rare good fortune we possess in the drawings of John Thorpe at the Soane Museum a large if tantalisingly vague collection representing the architecture of this period, 1570–1610. Experts disagree as to who or what John Thorpe was. He seems to have been two people, a father and a son. Probably he was a "surveyor," or furnisher of designs for houses, and his drawings are as much a pattern book as anything else, consisting of adaptations from Philibert de l'Orme, elevations and plans of new houses not necessarily by himself, suggestions of plans and houses of his own designing, and a few exercises never intended to be executed.

The character of his drawings are all closely similar. They are mainly of the H, E or U shaped plan, with the hall in the

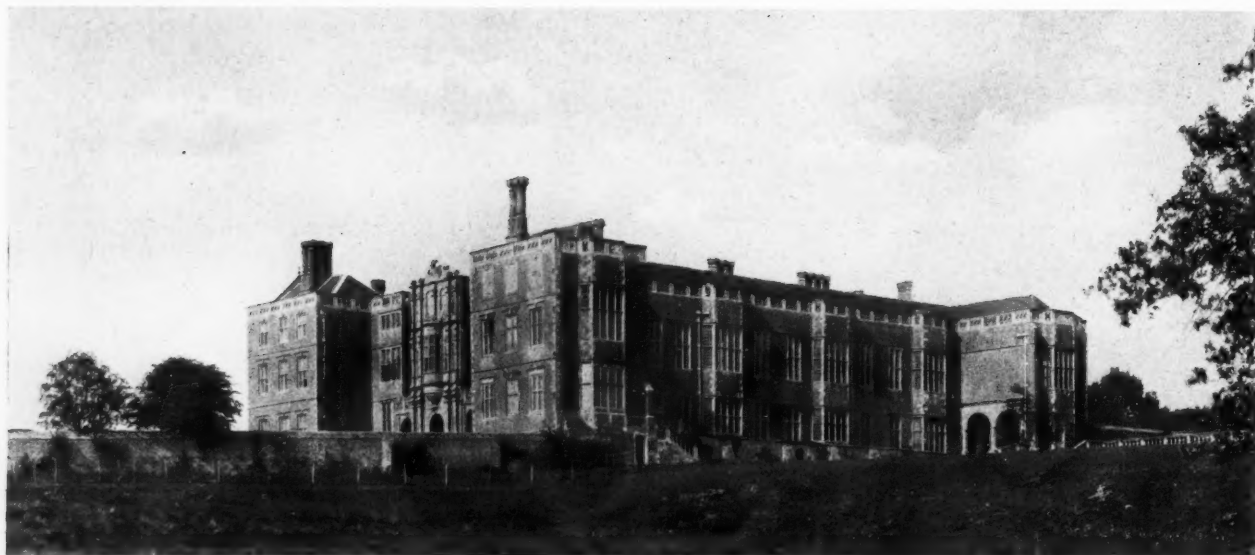




"COUNTRY LIFE."

4.—DETAIL OF THE PORTICO.  
Containing something of the Gothic beneath the Renaissance richness.

Copyright.



Copyright.

5.—LOOKING NORTH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

6.—THE TERRACE FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

7.—FROM THE WEST, SHOWING THE SIMPLY TREATED BACK ON THE LEFT.

"C.L."

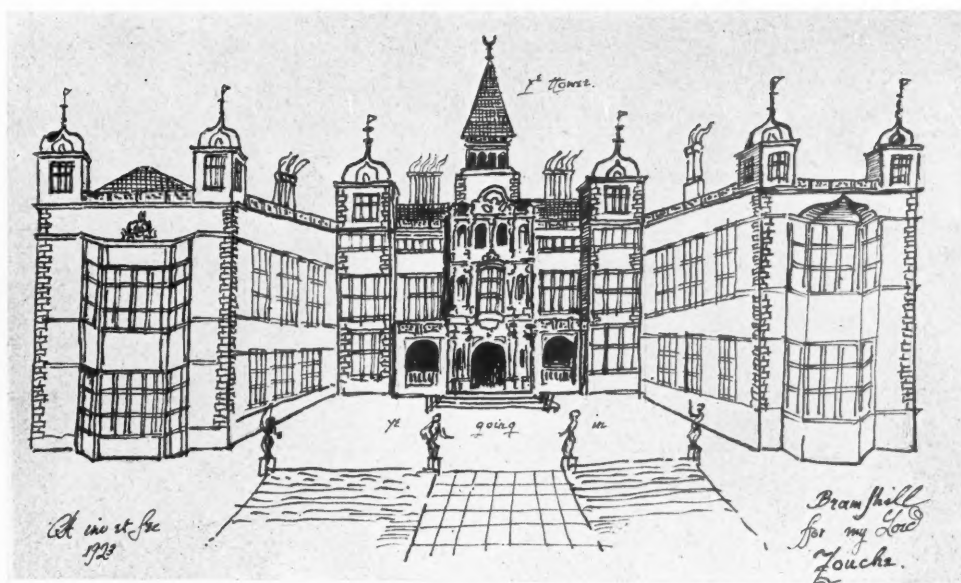


centre, the wings continued up into curly and pinnacled gables, the roof outline fantastically broken by tapering chimneys, elaborate lanterns and turrets. Of existing buildings there is, quite definitely, none exactly like his drawings. They are all simpler in detail. This simplification, no doubt, was the work of the mason, who received the drawings under no obligation to reproduce them exactly. Once a client had got his plans from the surveyor the surveyor ceased to have any function in the building of a house. By this haphazard method, moreover, a client was more than likely to find his funds running out by the time his walls reached the roof.

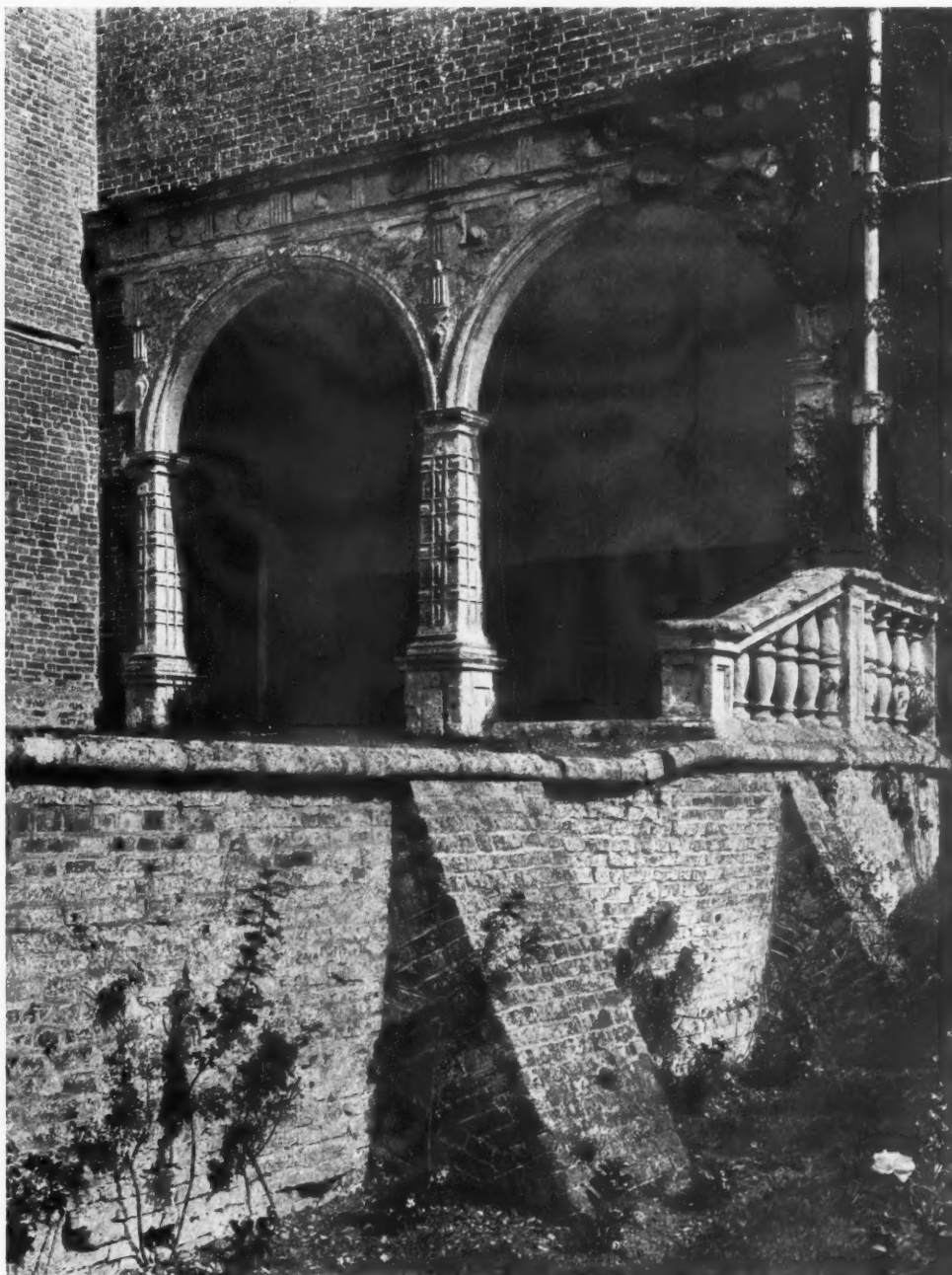
Contemporary with the edifices drawn by Thorpe, only a few of which have been identified, rose mansions of which everybody to-day at least knows the name. Audley End, Knole, Hatfield, Aston, Ham, Holland House, Burghley—all these were at least begun during this period.

And from them all Bramshill seems to stand out as unique, even more beautiful. Nevertheless, it was originally designed to be far more ornate, and thus more in accord with contemporary ideas; it is so simple only through the poverty of its builder. Built between 1605 and 1612 by Edward, eleventh Lord Zouche of Harringworth, there is about it a simplicity and austerity which we find in none of those other houses. It has none of Burghley's pinnacles, of Holland House's perplexing gables and re-entrants, of Audley End's studious classicism. Nor has it the conventional plan of Jacobean houses or even a usual adaptation of it. Thirdly, even as it remains to-day, each façade is differently treated. Above all, it is the apparently complete symmetry of the construction that most powerfully affects the beholder. The house lies obliquely to the cardinal points of the compass, which, however, are fairly accurately indicated by the four corners. Thus in Fig. 5 we are looking practically due north.

Like Knole, Bramshill was built on an old site and embodies a certain, though less, amount of the old work. As the arrangement of this old work very



8.—A SUGGESTION FOR THE INTENDED APPEARANCE OF THE ENTRANCE FRONT. Reconstructed from the evidence of foundations and from Thorpe's drawings for other houses.



Copyright.

9.—A LOGGIA ON THE TROCO TERRACE.

The detail of the ornament is comparable to Thorpe's at Holland House.

"C.L."

materially affected the planning of the new, we must again digress from Lord Zouche—of whom we will treat fully next week—to enquire briefly into its former state and occupation.

Bramshill, Bromeselle, Bromshul, Brawms'l. Such are the modern, the Norman, the Saxon and the vernacular for the Hill of Broom. On its sandy slopes and ling-clad hollows broom is still common and, no doubt, gave the neighbourhood its name. The properties identified in Domesday with Great and Little Bramshill have had a variegated history, but appear to have contained nothing in the nature of a mansion. The St. Johns, who at the time of the Conquest were known as de Port, owned the manors, together with the bulk of Hampshire, till the middle of the fourteenth century. In 1346 Hugh St. John died and the main line failed. Already, however, the Bramshill manors had been sold to Sir John Foxley, who in 1306 built a chapel here. It would, therefore, seem that the Foxleys already resided, anyhow, close by. In 1316 Foxley got a grant of free warren in his estates in Bramshill, and in 1347 his son Thomas was licensed to enclose a park of 2,500 acres.

This is the first definite sign we have of a mansion being at Bramshill. In 1328 Thomas Foxley was appointed Constable of Windsor Castle, and in 1351 was appointed with two others to survey the workmen employed in building Windsor Castle. In this he was later joined by William of Wykeham. Thomas Foxley and the great Wykeham appear to have been close friends. Not only did Foxley leave him his gold ring set with sapphires, and order his family to be guided in certain matters by the bishop's advice, but the bishop left instructions for the soul of Thomas Foxley, together with those of two other persons, to be especially remembered in Masses daily said at New College. Thomas died in 1361 and Wykeham not till 1404. Thus the friendship must have been of firm duration and memory. No doubt, it dated from the building of Windsor fifty years before. More, it dated from the building of Bramshill, for in the vaults beneath the southernmost tower, attained by the low door seen in Fig. 11, we have a relic of the Foxley house, where the vaulting and piers are exactly the same as those in the stewards' rooms and servants' hall at Windsor. It is generally



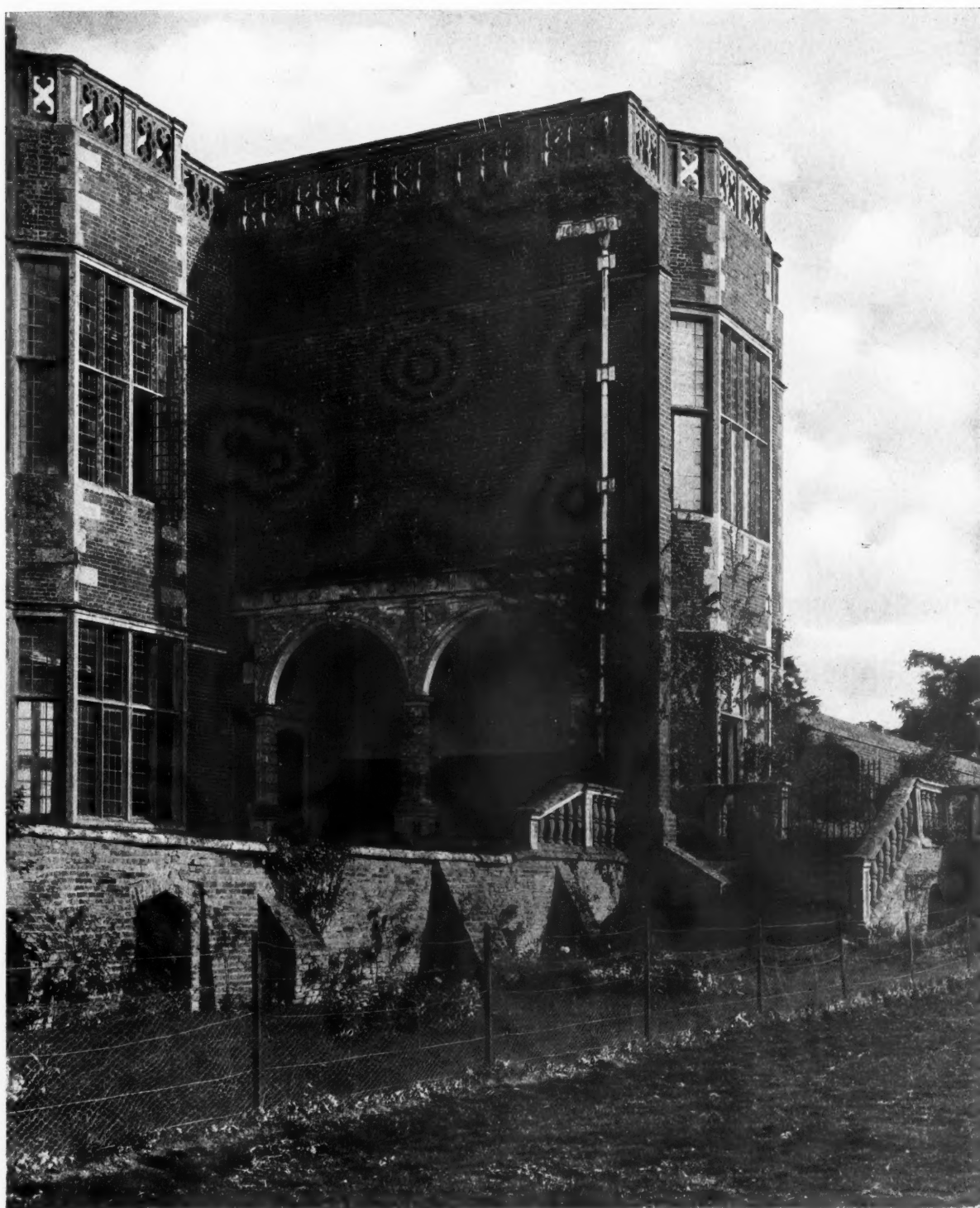
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10.—THE SOUTHERN WING.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The door giving into the cellar, built circa 1350 by Thomas Foxley.





Copyright.

11.—THE EASTERN WING.  
With Lord Zouche's dated rain-water head.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

believed that William of Wykeham was actually responsible for the design of Windsor, New College and Winchester. He is never mentioned in documents, however, as anything more than surveyor-in-chief of various buildings. It is not, therefore, very safe to credit him with anything more than advice in the building of old Bramshill. But, such as it was, it undoubtedly resembled a collegiate building.

The gate-house in parts still exists, embodied in the garden (north-east) front, and access to the inner court is yet gained through Foxley's arches, which are clearly visible. Thus the two relics of the fourteenth century Bramshill are at the two extreme points of the existing buildings. The original vaulting exists only beneath the "tower"; those under the bowling-green to the right in Fig. 10 being of Jacobean date. Therefore, if, as they doubtless did, they extended further in any direction, it would have been across the present entrance front (Fig. 6), in the construction of which they would obviously have been destroyed. Clearly, they formed part of the undercroft of Foxley's great hall, which lay parallel and roughly opposite to the gate-house, a large courtyard between. In other parts

of the entrance front walls of great thickness have been encountered, and it is possible, though not so probable, that the Foxley house had a couple of wings prolonging the line of the sides beyond the great hall on either side the present entrance front. However that was, it is certain that the Zouche house had two wings of 60ft. length projecting on those sites—which we will discuss more fully later on.

To return to Sir John Foxley, bastard and successor to Thomas the builder. About 1467 the house seems to have fallen into disrepair as the widow of the last Foxley married again, going to live elsewhere, and in that year William of Waynfleet sequestered the fruits of the Chapel of Bramshill owing to its inefficiency. From that time the history of the house is obscure until its purchase from descendants of the Foxleys by Giles Lord Daubeney in 1499. From the second Daubeney it escheated to the Crown in 1547 and was granted to a descendant of its original possessors—William Paulet Lord St. John, afterwards created Marquess of Winchester. With him it remained till 1595, when the third marquess leased the "Lodge, park and lands" at Bramshill to one of his



Copyright.

12.—THE OAK AVENUE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

illegitimate sons. In 1600 it was sold by the next marquis to Sir Stephen Thornhurst, and it was he who in March, 1605, sold it to Lord Zouche.

From the mention of "the lodge" at Bramshill in 1595, we may suppose that the Foxley house had gradually disappeared until only portions were habitable. There is, however, a very curious thing to be seen immediately to the left of the stone-work above the great entrance in Figs. 1 and 3. Immediately above the balustrading over the left-hand loggia a diaper pattern is clearly visible in the brickwork contained between the projecting walls on either side of it, by the string-course above and by a course of upright enders some 4ft. from the loggia roof. There is no other sign of diapering in other parts of the house, and it is rarely met with after 1530 or much before 1480. Lord Daubeney may, therefore, possibly, have built a small hunting lodge among the remains of Foxley's castle (or mansion), which may similarly be supposed to have largely disappeared with the exception of the gate-house, the vaults beneath the hall and certain other bare walls in this southern corner.

We now come to the present building. It is traditionally attributed to Thorpe. We have already said that Bramshill is entirely unlike any of his drawings in its present austere lack of ornament. But even in what ornament it has—namely, the amazing porch (Fig. 2)—the character of the details is equally removed from any ornament invented by Thorpe. For Thorpe, for all his Dutch fantasticness, was a keen student of "the Orders." All pilasters drawn by him are accurate. But these strange affairs are scarcely pilasters at all. They are pure Upper German.

Whoever the surveyor or master mason responsible, he had to use as much of the existing foundations as he could in producing a house after Lord Zouche's ideas. Lord Zouche had spent many years on the Upper Rhine, but for the moment we must content ourselves with his ideas on planning. He would not have a courtyard house, but one which faced outwards. Thus a strange, a unique thing took place. The back and the terrace front were, so to speak, pressed back and back till they almost met. Just not, however, for a long, narrow courtyard was left. This was not for lighting the rooms contained in these two wings, for there are not, and never have been, any windows looking into it. The only window looking into it is the great east window of the old chapel. For the

present we will suppose that the lighting of this window is the sole *raison d'être* of this court. But for it the two telescoped wings might just as well have met, and thus the two end blocks have been connected by a long waist two rooms thick. At that time, however (1606), wings two rooms thick were almost unknown. Their only appearance so early is, indeed, in Thorpe's drawing for "Sir Wm. Haseridge" dated that very year. But even though the elimination of the Bramshill courtyard would have been unprecedented, it is impossible to think that having so nearly done so the builder would have stopped short without some weighty reason, whether the lighting of the chapel or some other equally important.

There is another possible reason for this blind inner court. Sir William Cope in his excellent monograph on Bramshill was positive that the original idea was to make the garden front (the north-east) the principal entrance, and that only after it was built was it decided to enter it from the present direction (south-west). His grounds for such a supposition consist in the evidence of the Foxley gateway in the garden front and the fact that the great cloister porch on the present entrance front is superimposed on the brick face, partly blocking some of the hall windows in the loggias. To have entered from the north-east would, indeed, have required a courtyard, but not such a narrow alley as now exists. Moreover, at least some sign would remain of a grand entrance from the courtyard into the hall, which is at present entered directly beneath the loggia porch. Or contrariwise, if the hall was originally intended to have been on the garden front, occupying the same relation to the north-east entrance as it does at present to the south-west one, the Foxley gate-house would have been the first thing to be destroyed as occupying the site of such an intended hall. Thus, in a paradox, the very existence of the Foxley gate-house conclusively proves that it was never intended to be used. We shall give our own idea of the purpose of the courtyard when we speak of Bramshill's intended but unexecuted appearance.

The existing entrance is a stupendous piece of work. Though reminiscent of Gothic porches and directly comparable to the porch and oriel window at Hengrave executed in 1521, the character of the details is pure Northern Renaissance, of a richness rarely found in England. A possible explanation of this is Lord Zouche's long residence in Southern Germany and Vienna. The finial motif is always supposed to represent



the Prince of Wales's feathers, with his coronet in the middle, the whole contained in a circle or garter. There are several indications in the ornamental details of the house that Henry Prince of Wales, who died in 1612, may have intended to take over Bramshill from Lord Zouche. The plaster ceiling in the present chapel—perhaps one of the State rooms of the vanished forecourt wings—contains numerous royal emblems. As we shall see next week, Lord Zouche was never a wealthy man, and it is extremely difficult to see how he could have built Bramshill except on some understanding such as the above.

This portico was originally flanked by two far-projecting wings—the mere stumps of which now bound the façade either side. They appear to have projected some 60ft., as far as the second buttress in the wall seen towards the left of Fig. 5. One wing is stated by Fuller to have been destroyed by a "casual fire" about 1640, and the remaining one was removed by Sir John Cope between 1695 and 1703, when he built the quite harmonious terminating walls, dated 1703. When these wings were in existence they were, as now, prolonged by a wall of leaning height to a pair of garden houses, which, no doubt, were joined by another wall pierced with gates. Thus a noble forecourt would have lain before the entrance.

Moving round to the terrace front (Fig. 6) one is again charmed by the austerity and symmetry. But what would it have looked like with a great pile of buildings to the left? The whole scheme would have been upset. It is an empty compliment to say the façade is beautiful and symmetric now that it is imperfect!

Digging about the garden beyond the right of Fig. 6 Sir William Cope came upon foundations of yet other wings. In the wall of the north-east front the brickwork shows where these wings were intended to join on at right angles, some 20ft. on either side the entrance. Thus, without doubt, the south-west wings were to be balanced by north-east wings, and the plan be thus like one of Jupiter's thunderbolts. But I think it is extremely improbable that they ever got much higher than the ground. The gallery, which runs from end to end the garden front, shows little sign of ever having given into wings.

This extremely beautiful house is therefore unfinished. Sir John Cope's removal of the two south-western wings was a wise act, for he thereby attained the symmetry at which Lord

Zouche had aimed, but had been forced by the death of Prince Henry (so we may presume from the date, 1612, of the Prince's death and of the rain-water heads) to abandon.

Standing on its hill and visible for miles in its green and wooded park, surrounded at this season by acres of flaming gorse, Bramshill has a surpassing beauty. Its brickwork, a delicate pink against the white stone facings, makes the mass extraordinarily light in tone, a quality enhanced by its design.

Though we cannot but yield to its spell, it is none the less of some interest to hazard a guess as to its intended appearance. It is to-day so strangely different from all other buildings of its period, especially in its austere lines, that one is induced to suppose that the absent wings were not the only features which the Prince's death caused to be abandoned. Had Bramshill been ever completed, and viewed from the south-east as in Fig. 6, I think two projecting blocks 90ft. broad (instead of only 30ft. now) would have been seen on either side the recessed central range. Decked at their angles with cupola'd turrets, as at Burley and Aston Hall, even that mysterious courtyard may now assume some significance. Remember, no windows looked into it save one at one end. May it not have been intended to fill up the centre of the court with a tower like that at Burleigh thirty years earlier, rising some 25ft. above the roofs and then surmounted by a kind of steeple, adorned with arches and pilasters, and, perhaps, a great clock? Such a tower would have been necessitated by the size of the side wings, which otherwise would have made the recessed centre appear weak. Bramshill would then come into line with Thorpe's houses and not be, as now, so exceptional.

But it was never completed. I doubt even if both the south-west wings were entirely finished. Lord Zouche, never a rich man, therefore buried the north-east foundations, forgot about the turrets and the great tower, and tried not to think his house lop-sided. Let us therefore leave him for the nonce standing in his great forecourt looking at his house as it was to have been, and as I have ventured to depict in Fig. 8.

At his feet lay trim expanses of grass, a paved walk between occasional statues making straight for his front door. This court was closed in on either side first by low walls and then by far-projecting wings, each angle capped by a little domed turret; tall bow windows slightly juttied out from the ends of the wings. As his eye travelled on, into the shadows formed



by the wings, he saw two more cupolas rise—capping the rectangular projections at the joining of wings with the main block. Between these two was his mighty portico, but it seemed from there less overwhelming than it does to-day,

for it was stoutly framed by the wings, and above it loomed the arches and steep tiled roof of his clock tower—a noble climax to a magnificent conception. But, perhaps fortunately, unrealised.  
CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.

## POLO PONIES IN ACTION

THE late Sir Patteson Nickalls, who was keen about many sports, and especially polo, among other games, was taken with the term "polo for the people" at one of the Pony Society's dinners. He saw that if polo was to flourish and to become firmly rooted among English games it must make an appeal to the general sport-loving public as well as to the soldiers and hunting men who were its principal supporters. But we little thought that polo would be popularised in the way in which it has been. Few of us anticipated any such development in our time, or ever thought that the Hurlingham Club would be the starting point of popular polo. Hurlingham in the 'seventies was a charming but somewhat exclusive club, and the polo-playing members of the Club were a very select circle. Hurlingham has always been the ruling body of the game in this country, and by its Committee the laws and by-laws of polo have been drawn up. It is now the ruling body throughout the world, and representatives from most of the countries where the game is played are on its Polo Committee. The present season has seen the Club organising polo as a spectacle, caring for the comfort of spectators and offering liberal facilities for those who wish to see the game at its best. Spectators from outside the Club are to have some of the best matches thrown open to them. This is the surest way of popularising polo, because the best polo is the easiest to understand and the most exciting to watch.

We give here some most characteristic etchings by Mr. George Soper. They set forth clearly some points of the game and of its tactics. To begin with, Mr. Soper's sketches are full of life and motion. The incidents depicted are those which may be seen in almost any match. Fig. 1 shows three things—the handiness of the ponies, the skill of the players, and the tactics of the game. One pony, obedient to its rider's hand and leg, stops while the player passes the ball, which he has taken, as it were, out of the mouth of the goal, back to one of his own side. His men, with the command of the ball which he will have gained

for them, should be able to score. Of these tactics we see the result in the next sketch. No. 2 of the side has now command and is racing for the goal, while his No. 1 is "riding his man," to hold off the opponent who is trying to take the ball from him. This gives to him that invaluable opportunity of making another stroke; then, with the last stroke of all, "readying the ball," as the phrase goes, and striking it through the posts. Thus have we often seen a side change defence into attack and defeat into victory. Fig. 3 shows a hard pressed player striking the ball across his near front—a stroke which sometimes succeeds in clearing the front of the game and enabling the player to obtain possession of the ball at a critical moment and, swinging round on the ball, to make an attack. Fig. 4 we may call "the decisive stroke." Three things may have happened here—the forward player may have placed the ball through the posts, or he may be a "back" trying to save (the chance seems a small one) his goal, or, again, the opposition with uplifted stick may be claiming a foul. They are all, players and ponies alike, doing their utmost. These sketches have, as we note, vigour and movement, and are characteristic of polo where every man is a trier and every pony is galloping its best.

Ten minutes is enough for any pony, too much for many, and this brings me to my one criticism of these sketches. The ponies are rather too much of one stamp. We do not forget—and, if we do, any polo pony show will remind us—that the polo ponies are of varied types and their ancestors of varied origins. There are Eastern and thoroughbred Welsh pony and Exmoor strains in their pedigrees. The pony needs speed, it is true, but it also requires balance and handiness, which is, after all, only another name for intelligence—the intelligence which is that of the wild pony ancestry, which probably 75 per cent. of the polo ponies have in their descent.

The Hurlingham Club have done and are doing their best to popularise polo. One obstacle there is. It is difficult to supply the ponies which are suitable for the game in sufficient



A HIT AND A MISS.

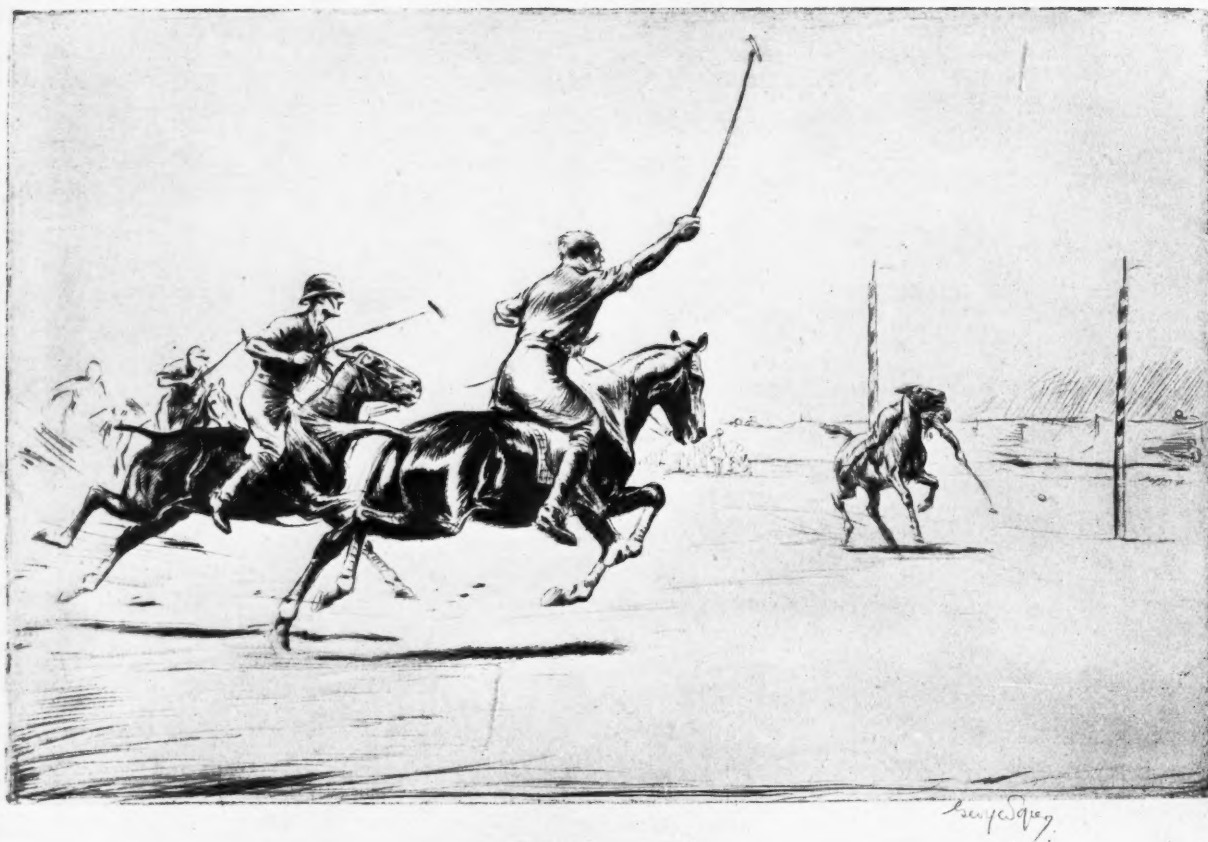




ARCADES AMBO—"RIDE HIM OFF."



A GOOD LEAD.



"THE DECISIVE STROKE."

numbers to meet the demand. It is, perhaps, more difficult to supply the first-class pony than the first-class player. A polo pony must be four years old at least; it requires careful schooling, constant practice and thorough conditioning. Some people question the desirability (we should not say the

necessity) of giving a pony three years' conditioning, and, of course, we know that many a pony has to do with less; yet it may reasonably be doubted whether a pony does not need at least that time of schooling and play if it is to become fit for international polo. X.

## WILSON

BY ISABEL BUTCHART.

A STORM of controversy has raged, and died away, round the Browning Letters. Is it right, asked a delicate-minded public, to offer such intimacies to any casual reader? To which G. K. Chesterton answers: "Their letters may be published a hundred times over, they still remain private. They write to each other in a language of their own, an almost exasperatingly impressionist language, a language consisting chiefly of dots and dashes and asterisks and italics, and brackets and notes of interrogation."

But this is exaggeration. Certainly he who runs may not read, but she who goes slowly and carefully may discover a thousand absorbing little matters of interest. That is how I found Wilson, to whom literature owes "Sonnets from the Portuguese," "One Word More," "Prospice" and many other poems which would never have been written if the love story of the Brownings had ended in broken hearts. Not that Wilson schemed craftily for her mistress's happiness, as lady's-maids in fiction are wont to do (when, indeed, they are not scheming against it). We have it from Mrs. David Ogilvy that she was everything that was gentle and docile, but we also find Elizabeth Barrett writing to Browning: "Nobody heard yesterday of either your visit or of Flush's misdoings, so Wilson was discreet, I suppose, as she usually is, by the instinct of her vocation."

When young Mr. Browning began to visit the famous invalid, Miss Barrett, the latter was living—or possibly dying—in two darkened rooms in the house of her father, a gentleman who reminds us of one of the less agreeable characters in a fairy tale, for a spell was laid upon him which made him forbid the marriage of any son or daughter of his house. And to this end he kept all these sons and daughters financially dependent on himself, except Elizabeth, who had, unfortunately, an independent income of her own. One understands the seeming irony of the recumbent sister's possession of several hundreds

a year while her brothers champed the bit. One rather wonders at their want of enterprise, but after all these years it is unfair to judge them. In the 'forties and 'fifties parental authority was a dead weight.

Anyhow, there they were, all shut up together in the oppressive house in Wimpole Street, not suffering exactly, living in dull comfort as long as no question of marriage roused "Papa."

"I will tell you what I once said in jest," writes Elizabeth to Browning:

"If a prince of Eldorado should come, with a pedigree of lineal descent from some signory in the moon in one hand, and a ticket of good behaviour from the nearest Independent chapel in the other—"

"Why even then," said my sister Arabel, "it would not do." And she was right, and we all agreed that she was right. It is an obliquity of the will—and one laughs at it until the turn comes for crying.

And later she writes—Robert probably had been pressing sturdily for greater openness about his visits—

From the moment of a suspicion entering *one* mind, we should be able to meet never again in this room. . . . Letters of yours, addressed to me here, would be stopped and destroyed—if not opened.

I look back shuddering to the dreadful scenes in which poor Henrietta was involved, who never offended as I have offended. . . . At a word she gave up all. . . . Yet how she was made to suffer. . . . I hear how her knees were made to ring upon the floor now.

Does this really mean that Papa actually flung Henrietta on her knees?—one sickens as one reads. She was carried out of the room in violent hysterics and Elizabeth fainted, though this was before her illness and she was comparatively strong at the time.

Mr. Barrett once spoke of his eldest daughter as "the purest woman I ever knew." He meant well, no doubt, yet there is something vaguely insulting in the remark, and Elizabeth herself laughed outright when she heard it. "I understood



perfectly what he meant by *that*—that I had not troubled him with the iniquity of love affairs or any impropriety of seeming to think of being married."

Papa knew, in a hazy way, that Mr. Browning sometimes called, but he was away from the house all day, and sisters were kind and brothers merely teased about the poet's visits. And there was always Wilson, gentle and decorous, to lead the way upstairs—and to post letters at the rate of two a day.

But an aunt and cousin came to stay with the Barretts.

At dinner my aunt said to Papa, "I have not seen Ba (Elizabeth) all day—and when I went to her sitting-room, to my astonishment a gentleman was sitting there." "Who was *that*?" said Papa's eyes to Arabel. "Mr. Browning called here to-day," she answered. "And Ba bowed her head," continued my aunt, "as if she meant to signify that I was not to come in." "Oh!" cried Henrietta, "that must have been a mistake of yours. Perhaps she meant just the contrary." "You should have gone in," Papa said, "and seen the poet."

And jesting thus in his innocence Papa either dropped the subject or left the room. At any rate, he was not present when Stormie, one of the brothers, said rather tactlessly to the aunt, "Oh, Mr. Browning is a *great* friend of Ba's! He comes here twice a week—is it twice a week or once, Arabel?" One sees Arabel's repressive face. She was always good to Ba. "I did not, you know, make the expelling gesture she thought she saw," explained poor Elizabeth afterwards. "I was only startled."

It was in September, 1846, that the Brownings were married. No suspicion of the contemplated treachery ever crossed Mr. Barrett's mind, but by August he was beginning to find several specks on his daughter's hitherto spotless life. There was the incident of the thunderstorm that kept Browning a prisoner in Wimpole Street. After he had at last gone Elizabeth put on a white dressing-gown—"to get rid of strings, so oppressive was the heat"—and was lying on her sofa in her sitting-room when Papa came in, "looking a little as if the thunderstorm had passed into him." (Oh, Ba!)

"Has this been your costume since the morning, pray?" said Papa.

"Oh, no," answered his daughter. "Only now, because of the heat."

"Well, it appears, Ba," he went on in heavy displeasure, ("so displeased he looked, dearest"), "that *that man* has spent the whole day with you."

Elizabeth explained that Browning had meant to go several times, but that the storm had prevented it.

It is from nerve-racking little scenes like these that we gather what a comfort Wilson must have been to her mistress, someone who knew or guessed all that had to be kept even from the sisters, for their own sakes, someone who could reassure Elizabeth when she was fretting because she thought Robert did not look as well as usual. "Mr. Browning ran upstairs instead of walking as he did before," said the resourceful Wilson.

The first mention of Wilson in the Browning Letters is after the visit of Miss Heaton, the merest stranger, "who used to send me (Elizabeth) those long confidential letters *à faire frémir* and beg me to call her Ellen." Miss Heaton stayed three hours. "Tired I am beyond your conception of—tired," writes Elizabeth to Robert. "Three hours of incessant, restless talking." At the end of that time "she threw her arms round me and kissed me half a dozen times. . . . Wilson found me standing in the middle of the room looking, as she said, 'like a ghost.' And no wonder! The 'vile wind' out of doors was nothing to it."

"Mr. Browning would not have let you tire yourself like that, oh, no 'm!" one imagines Wilson saying, as with concerned cluckings and tuckings she put her exhausted mistress to bed.

The next reference to Wilson is: "This evening at seven, when they were all going to dinner, I took Wilson with me and drove into the park for air." At this time, the summer of 1846, Elizabeth was not actually confined to her two rooms, on rare occasions she did leave them for a quiet drive. Robert's words were evidently beginning to have their result. "Fresh air!" was ever his strangely modern cry. Fresh air, sunshine, happiness! he claimed them for the one he loved. It was when the doctors insisted on Italy for Elizabeth and when her father refused to let her go—or, at least, said that if she went it would be under his "heaviest displeasure"—that Browning pressed so urgently for marriage, even a secret marriage if necessary, so that he could take her to Italy himself.

As G. K. Chesterton points out, up to this time Mr. Barrett's treatment of his daughter, (though not of her brothers and sisters), was more or less justifiable. Naturally, one does not think of marriage in connection with a chronic invalid, and her rather airless and joyless life was probably arranged according to the opinions of her doctors. But when they changed their treatment

and firmly advised sunshine and Italy, her father's refusal to give her what seemed her only chance of health and happiness cannot be put down to parental solicitude.

There seemed nothing for it but a secret marriage.

Poor Papa! [writes Elizabeth.] I have turned it over and over in my mind, whether it would be less offensive, less *shocking* to him, if an application were made first. If I were strong I think I should incline to it at all risks, but as it is . . . we should be separated, you see, from *that moment*, hindered from writing, hindered from meeting. . . . Then the positive disobedience might be a greater offence than the unauthorised act. I shut my eyes in terror sometimes.

And this in the year of grace 1846, from an intellectual and already famous woman of thirty-seven.

Poor Elizabeth! Not only did she live in dread of her father's anger, but she had also to reproach "Flush, my dog," who at one time disapproved of Browning as thoroughly as the head of the house would have done had he known all. In vain did Elizabeth scold him, in vain did Browning buy propitiatory cakes for him on his way to the house. As for Wilson, she whipped Flush on her own account, "because it was right," she said, for snapping at Browning, which shows how much she had her mistress' love affair at heart, for Wilson was very fond of Flush.

Her devotion to the dog and the dog's mistress comes out very clearly in the affair of Flush and the dog-stealers. The story, though unimportant, is so extraordinary that my pen hardly believes it as it writes. Yet we have Elizabeth's word for it and she seems to take it so very much for granted—agonising, of course, but inevitable. If it had only happened once!—but it happened three times at least. Twenty pounds altogether did Flush's mistress pay in ransom. Flush would be taken for an airing, and, during a little inattention on the part of the airer, would be scooped into the sack of a watching dog-stealer belonging to a certain recognised gang, and whisked away—in spite of the spirit he had shown about Browning's innocent ankles. ("A difficult dog to get away, though, he was so distrustful," said the gang.) Then were parleyings and bargainings, and usually after some days and the payment to the society of about six pounds ("It will be ten pounds next time," they said once), a thinner and a subdued Flush would be brought back to the house in Wimpole Street. In the neighbourhood was a ghastly rumour that one lady, having refused to ransom her dog, had its head sent to her in a parcel, and that was what unnerved Elizabeth. The periodical abduction only took place once during the time covered by the Browning Letters. Browning was furious and protested that nothing would have induced him to pay even five shillings. "Look at this society with its 'four thousand a year'—which, unless its members are perfect fools, they will go on to double or treble—would this have existed if a proper stand had been made at the beginning?"

But moved by Elizabeth's distress, he admitted that he quite saw that *she* could not have done other than she did do. The anxiety on this occasion was very long-drawn-out and yet the affair was so brazenly open that Elizabeth in her despair had a cab called and drove off, with Wilson alone in attendance, to the house of the head of the gang, in Whitechapel. She writes to Robert:

Flush has not come and I am going on a voyage of discovery myself—Henry being too lukewarm. He says I may be robbed and murdered before the time of coming back, in which case remember that it is not my fault that I do not go with you to Pisa.

Later she writes:

I went—did I tell you?—with Wilson in the cab. We got into obscure streets. . . . An unsolicited philanthropist ran before us to the house and out again to tell us the great man "wasn't at home," but wouldn't I get out? Wilson, in an aside of terror, intreated me not to think of such a thing—she believed devoutly in the robbing and murdering. Then wouldn't I see Mrs. Taylor?

This was the great man's wife. She came, "an immense female bandit," and herself invited Elizabeth to get out, while poor Wilson continued to pull her mistress' gown in agonised entreaty. Elizabeth explained her errand.

To which, replied the lady, with the most gracious of smiles—"Oh, yes, certainly"—and indeed she *did* believe that Taylor had left home precisely on that business—poising her head to the right and left with the most easy grace—"She was sure Taylor would give his very best attention."

So in the midst of the politeness we drove away, and Wilson seemed to be of the opinion that we had escaped with our lives barely.

Elizabeth had not been home long when Mr. Taylor arrived "desiring to have six guineas confided to his honour. I sent down the money and told them to trust the gentleman's honour, as there seemed no other way for it."

However, a brother, meeting the honourable gentleman in the hall, said a few suitable words to him—swindler, liar and thief being among them. "Which of course no gentleman could

bear," records Elizabeth sympathetically. Taylor swore that they should never see the dog again and rushed from the house. Whereupon Elizabeth said a few suitable words to her brother and vowed to go for Flush herself that very evening, though it was already dusk. Everybody was by this time very angry with everybody else, but in the end another brother, promising "to be as civil as I could wish," went off to Whitechapel and succeeded in bringing home poor Flush.

That is the story, not of much moment in itself, but it brings out Wilson's faithful service and, incidentally, makes one wonder how some of Elizabeth's poetry can be so dull when she herself could be so exquisitely funny. The interview with the female bandit could not be done better, though unfortunately I have given it here in rather a shortened form.

The time came for Robert and Elizabeth to arrange the details of their flight.

One extravagance I had intended to propose to you [writes Elizabeth], but it shall be exactly as you like and I hesitate a little as I begin to speak of it. I have thought of taking Wilson with me, for a year, say, if we returned then—if not, we might send her home alone, and by that time I should be stronger perhaps and wiser, rather less sublimely helpless and impotent than I am now . . . I cannot leave this house with the necessary number of shoes and pocket-handkerchiefs, without help from somebody. Now, whoever helps me will suffer through me. If I left her behind she would be turned into the street before sunset. . . . I must manage a sheltering ignorance for my poor sisters at the last, for all our sakes. And in order to do *that*, again, I must have someone else in my confidence. . . . Wilson is attached to me, I believe . . . she has professed herself willing "to go anywhere in the world with me." She is an expensive servant, she has sixteen pounds a year [O ye Wilsons of to-day!], but she is very amiable and easily satisfied.

But Ba is *quite* willing to do without Wilson, she implies, if Browning objects and thinks her extravagant. This is hardly fair of her and the poor man almost realises it. *Leave Wilson behind!* His dear letter, shrieking protest, comes hurtling back bearing the same day's postmark.

My dearest—dearest—you might go to Pisa without shoes—or feet to wear them, for aught I know, since you may have wings, only folded away from me—but without your Wilson, or someone in her capacity, you—no, I will not undertake to speak of *you*; then *I*, should be simply, exactly *INSANE* to move a step; I would rather propose, let us live on bread and water, and sail in the hold of a merchant-ship; *THIS CANNOT* be dispensed with! [writes Robert, breaking into perspiring

capitals]. It is most fortunate, most providential, that Wilson is inclined to go—I am *very* happy. Yet you write of this to me *so*, my Ba!

Nevertheless, in spite of his haste, another letter from Elizabeth has crossed his.

Dearest, did I annoy you about Wilson? Did *that* prevent you from writing to me to-day? It was the merest question . . . I shall not mind however you may answer . . . as for myself I shall manage perfectly. Observe how I pinned your coat, miraculously pricking you at the same moment. I shall do for myself and by myself as well as possible.

And Robert, as soon as he can find breath, or, rather, ink, writes: "Look to be kissed to-morrow until it hurts you—punished you ought to be for such a letter." And he points out that even if she had made "the most preposterous of proposals," that of going *without* Wilson, well, even then was he likely to "sulk and say nothing?" Instead, "I should write all the faster to get you to reconsider the matter. . . . I do not doubt *you*, sweetest, truest, best love." Fortunately at this point the lovers met again.

The next brief reference to Wilson is all peace: "When Wilson brought up my coffee on the little tray on Saturday . . ."

From this point Wilson is mentioned more frequently, as bridegroom and bride leant on her more and more. She steals out with Elizabeth on the wedding-morning and gets her mistress a stiff dose of sal volatile at a chemist's on their way to the church. In the week between the wedding and the flight Robert mentions her twice in *his* letters. "Thank Wilson for me"—evidently for presiding at the wedding—and "It was kind, very kind of Wilson."

Then Elizabeth: "Wilson and I have a light box and carpet bag between us." Wilson was evidently an expert in the art of packing.

And again: "We cannot carry them out of the house, you know, Wilson and I." (Ba is getting plaintive.) "So they have to be smuggled out and got to the station beforehand." Wilson evidently arranged the smuggling successfully, for we read:

The boxes are *safely sent*. Wilson has been perfect to me. And I—calling her "timid" and afraid of her timidity! I begin to think that none are so bold as the timid when they are fairly roused.

And with these words the Letters end. Robert and Elizabeth never wrote to one another again, for they were never parted.

## THE NEEP FIELDS BY THE SEA

Ye'd winder foo the seasons rin  
This side o' Tweed an' Tyne.  
The hairst's awa; October-month  
Cam' in a whilie syne,  
But the stooks are oot in Scotland yet,  
There's green upon the tree,  
An' oh! what grand's the smell ye'll get  
Frae the neep fields by the sea.

The lang lift lies abune the warld;  
On ilka windless day  
The ships creep doon the ocean line,  
Sma' on the band o' grey,  
And the lang sigh heav'd upon the sand  
Comes pechin' patiently  
And speels the cliffs tae whaur ye stand  
I' the neep fields by the sea.

Oh, time's aye slaw; but time gangs fast  
When siller's a' tae mak',  
An' deith, afore ma poke is fu',  
May grip me i' the back.  
But ye'll tak' ma banes an' ma Sawbath braws,  
Gin deith's owre smairt for me,  
And ye'll set them up amang the shaws  
And the lang rigs plantit atween the wa's,  
A tattie-bogle for fleggin' craws  
I' the neep fields by the sea.

VIOLET JACOB.



# PARTANT POUR LA SYRIE

BY MME. DUCLAUX.

*Le Chemin de Damas*, by Jerome and Jean Tharaud. (Plon, 7fr.)  
*Famille sous les cedres*, by Henry Bordeaux. (Plon, 7fr.)

IT is a tradition with the generals of France, in Asia and Africa, to attract into their protectorates the flower of French intelligence. Napoleon went to Egypt carrying in his train the principal *savants* of the Académie des Sciences; and, in our own times, General Lyautey has made of Marrakech a haunt of the happy few. It is natural, therefore, that General Gouraud should encourage the novelists and essayists of Paris to make his capital in Syria their headquarters. No excursion could seem more enticing to a Frenchman. Nations have their affinities. On a French ear the sound of the syllables of "Syria" falls more sweetly than, for instance, that blessed word "Mesopotamia." The downright Englishman feels at home in Italy; in France, Poland and Syria are names to conjure with. In the latter country, especially, a Frenchman cannot travel far without feeling that his remote forefathers shared his fancy. Among the fig trees and the tall yellow daisies, some great half-ruined feudal pile reminds him how, seven or eight hundred years ago, in the time of the Crusades, the nobles and peasants of France left the harvest uncut and the grapes ungathered, in the Norman fields and the vineyards of Burgundy and Aquitaine; how they forsook the orchards of Picardy and the olives of Provence, carried overseas, in a wave of collective enthusiasm, to conquer Palestine and rescue the sepulchre of Christ. Time and several revolutions have destroyed or diminished the relics of the feudal age in France; but there, in Syria, the Frenchman sees the image and the vestiges of mediæval France. Still the Frankish strongholds lift their great walls and portals; the bugle sounds, and the little French troopers assemble; while, near by, some convent of the Sisters of St. Joseph, some monastery bell, tells how all through the centuries Syria has been a land of predilection to the French.

MM. Jerome and Jean Tharaud, those rare artists, perhaps the most impeccable French writers of our time, are never so completely at their best as when some modern political, practical outlook forms the horizon of the landscapes they so magically evoke. Their masterpiece, perhaps, was their book on Marrakech, where Morocco, asleep between the desert and Islam, is shown as the scene of the brilliant policy of General Lyautey; the result is a romance with two heroes, equally attaching: the Moorish chief, El Glaoui, in his dignity and his self-effacement; the audacious and liberal French governor. We had hoped that in this volume on Syria MM. Tharaud would give us as complete a picture of the French occupation there, on the morrow of the Great War, with all its dreams, hopes and disappointments centring round the heroic figure of General Gouraud. For some reason, this is what they have not attempted to do. Probably they are not so convinced of the wisdom of colonising Syria as they were of the prosperous future of Morocco; they are evidently eager to arrive in Palestine (the theme of their forthcoming volume), and the French occupation of Syria has paled before the prospect of studying, in the Zionist settlements, the transplantation to its indigenous soil of a people so long disseminated and exiled as the Jews; finally, there is in Syria a past so ancient and so essential to all the thinking world, that nothing it is to-day, was yesterday or may be to-morrow appears really important compared with that glory of dead Phœnicia. So MM. Tharaud, instead of a picture—a balanced composition—have given us a scrap-book, a series of brilliant sketches: the valley of Adonis, the cedars of Lebanon, Zenobia enthroned amid a thousand palms, the columns and statues of Roman Antioch, Julian the Apostate at Daphne, the French Crusaders in their towering keeps, and Syria to-day with its prosperous orchards and its water-wheels, the Emir Faysal with his dream of an Arabian Empire, and General Gouraud. They all pass in turn before us in a magical procession, which keeps us still entranced, though the authors do not disguise their fatigue, their sense that a story without an end, a journey without a goal is at last a weariness to the flesh:

O l'ennui en voyage! La songerie est morte, le moindre effort vous fatigue. On pousse devant soi son esprit comme un orgue de Barbarie dont on connaît trop les airs!

But this melody which they grind out so reluctantly enchants our ears.

What wonder if a certain fatigue attend the survey of so many centuries! Twenty centuries before our era the Phœni-

cians settled on the long and narrow ribbon of land which extends between Mount Lebanon and the Mediterranean Sea. The rocky shore with a few good harbours, the impossibility of inland traffic, suggested to the cities on the seaboard the possibility of communicating with each other by coasting vessels; and gradually, from their ports of Tyre and Sidon, commerce, riches, civilisation, religion, were exported to the Mediterranean shores. So much for the sea. The mountains suggested a religion. Covered with snow and clad with cedars (even in the time of St. Jerome the trees—so few to-day—were still "densissimi"), they gave the idea of force, of divine protection; while the river Adonis—which, at certain seasons of the year, after a sudden fall of rain, is stained a deep red with the sandstone of Mount Lebanon, colouring the sea for a considerable distance as with blood—appeared to the imagination of a primitive people as the sacrifice of a god. MM. Tharaud give us a really magnificent description of the source of the river—where it gushes and tumbles, full grown, out of a great arch in a wall of rock—and of the sombre valley in which Astarte, the Moon, bewailed her slaughtered lover. Little is left to-day of the temples in which the violent and passionate rites of Byblos were celebrated—a few great ruined walls, some fallen columns, some sculptures, especially those strange images of a child-god, or pygmy-deity. Already in Kings (I, v, 18) the men of Byblos are mentioned as "stone-squarers," but the remains of their ancient art show little of the dignity of Egypt or the beauty of Greece. As for the spirit that informed them, it appears to have an erotic mysticism with scenes of indiscriminate debauch in the darkness such as still persist in certain savage tribes. And even to-day (as we learn from MM. Tharaud's pages), when the New Year of Islam begins, the mistress of the house (if she be of the sect of the Ansariyah) is obliged by the force of tradition to stand a moment in her open doorway, unveiled, unclothed, offering her naked beauty to the glimpses of the moon, whom she no longer worships as Astarte.

The French are an imaginative race, and sometimes, for a moment, they take this mirage of the past for the foreshadowing of a possible reality. The kingdom of the Franks in Syria, dead since the end of the thirteenth century, appears on the point of resurrection. Shall the Republic inherit, after so many years, the dynasty of the Bouillons and the Lusignans? At heart they know all the while that they might as easily pursue the claim to Milan of the House of Orleans! At the first cold contact with reality the dream evaporates. It seemed, however, very near its reincarnation for a brief space in 1918, when the rapid retreat of the Germano-Turkish army littered the sands of Syria with abandoned artillery. On receiving this new book of MM. Jerome and Jean Tharaud, we hoped, for a moment, that they were giving us a history of that dream.

Religion and commerce (great interests that often, oddly enough, run in couples) are still the object of life to the Syrian, as they were of old to his forefather the Phœnician. The slopes of Mount Lebanon and the coasts of Tyre and Sidon harbour an infinite variety of sects, and bitter is the rivalry between them all, however near akin, but bitterest of all, envenomed by the blood-feud of centuries, that which separates the Crescent from the Cross. This is the theme of M. Henry Bordeaux's tragic tale. He, too, has been visiting the French officers in Syria and he has brought back with him a story that he tells with a force and a grace new in his excellent but prosaic record. At Tripoli, one day, in the Turkish cemetery, he discovered the tomb of a Christian girl, a Maronite, whose family and whose fate were still remembered in the countryside. Forcibly abducted from her father's house (but not without her intimate consent) by a Moslem noble, she entered his harem and embraced his faith; carried off by the raid of a brother, she was condemned to death by a council of her relations, executed, and her body abandoned to the beasts and birds of Mount Lebanon, until her lover, Omar, finding his ruined treasure, brought her remains to Tripoli and buried her, killing himself upon her tomb. A tale as tragic as that of Romeo and Juliet. M. Bordeaux, like MM. Tharaud, is disappointed in the cedars of Lebanon. Our authors exaggerate their age. Smith, in his "Dictionary of Geographical Antiquities," notes that in 1858 only eight of the ancient trees were left. The monks of a neighbouring monastery had recently planted some five hundred saplings which they surrounded with constant care. And these, doubtless, in their turn, are the cedars of Lebanon, whose forebears supplied the beams and plinths and lintels of Solomon's Temple.

## CORRESPONDENCE

## THE DURMAST OAK.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In the extremely interesting article which appeared in your paper of May 12th on the Oak Woods of the Pennines, special mention is made of the suitability of the Durmast oak for planting on light or shallow soils as compared with the more common variety, *Q. pedunculata*. Could you inform me as to how the Durmast oak, when grown on such soil, compares with the other in regard to the quantity of acorns produced? If equal in this respect, it should constitute a particularly useful tree for planting in game coverts, both for food and shelter. Secondly, how far is it capable of resisting the encroachments of the beech where the latter has obtained a foothold among this kind of oak? I believe I am right in thinking that the beech, though temporarily beneficial to oak, will generally oust it in time from woods where both grow together. Lastly, is the scarcity of hazel which your contributor mentions, in regard to undergrowth in the Pennine woods, merely an accident, or a special feature where the Durmast oak is concerned? If so, it is remarkable, seeing the way in which the hazel thrives under the shade of *Q. pedunculata*. I write this as one who is interested in woodcraft without having much opportunity of acquiring accurate or detailed knowledge.

—ENQUIRER.

[Mr. W. B. Crump, the author of the article, writes as follows: "My article on 'Oak Woods of the Pennines' related entirely to one particular association on a specified habitat, viz., shallow siliceous soils. I have yet to deal with other types of oak woods, whether on light sandy soils or heavier clays. 'Enquirer' gives no clue to the district to which he refers, but it is probable from what he says that the woods in question are on a calcareous soil of some sort, either a marl or a calcareous boulder clay, where the natural woodland is at first sight composed of the common oak (*Quercus Robur*) along with hazel coppice. Closer analysis shows that the ash (or possibly beech) is an integral part of it, though almost eliminated by culture. If this is the type of wood of which 'Enquirer' has experience, the Durmast oak is quite unsuited for introduction. Hazel occurs naturally as coppice on all calcareous soils, its absence from the Pennine oak woods is simply proof of their natural condition in comparison with the coppice and oak standards of the South of England. I know of no comparison of the yield of acorns from the two kinds of oaks. There are certain woods in Hertfordshire where both occur together, that could furnish a satisfactory answer. The position of relative dominance of beech can be better discussed when I come to deal with woods on the limestone and chalk."—ED.]

## A SUSSEX SHEPHERD AND HIS SHEEP.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—A few years ago it was a very common thing in Sussex to see a shepherd with his dog taking his flock up in the morning, and to hear the bells which were fastened round some of their necks. Then towards evening they would wend their way down again to the Weald below.



A NATURAL SANCTUARY.



ON THE SOUTH DOWNS.

But, alas! now, the more common sight to be seen is a large expanse of wire (often barbed), and, instead of being able to roam anywhere one wished for miles and miles, one has to keep to the beaten track of "gates"; and cattle are to be found instead of the "old shepherd with his sheep and dog."—ELEANOR SHIFFNER.

## A PURE WHITE GULL.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—A gull with plumage as white as driven snow without spot or blemish frequented St. Mary's, the Scilly Isles, all the winter, and was still there on May 9th. It is a specimen of the Iceland gull in the rare intermediate pure white stage of plumage. In early April, 1914, one in the immature spotted plumage followed our boat out of Penzance Harbour, and even this date was a late one to find the species so far south. During the winters I spent in Orkney, the Iceland gull was not uncommon, but I never saw one in this beautiful intermediate plumage, the majority being mottled immatures and the remainder adults. Of the other white-winged gulls seen in Orkney, the *Glaucous* was more plentiful than the Iceland, and nearly always adult, while the smallest of the three, the Ivory, was always very much the rarest.—H. W. ROBINSON.

## THE SWISS NATIONAL PARK.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The Grisons is a canton of infinite variety. It contains many curious and interesting features, one of which is its National Park. This reservation lies in the Lower Engadine and is at present ninety miles in circumference. It is a natural sanctuary where animals and plants are protected from interference by man. To quote a Swiss description, it is "an island of untouched primitive natural existence." No animal may be hunted, no flower picked nor tree felled, the idea being to reserve an adequate expanse of country where, uninfluenced by man, the laws of Nature can have full and unrestrained

play. The territory of the National Park is particularly favourable for this experiment; the mountains give the district an impression of rugged wildness, the surroundings are exceptionally beautiful, and the towering pyramid of the Piz Plavna Dadaint lends it character. It is sparsely inhabited and thickly wooded with pines, larch and spruce, and its flora, especially the rock plants, is varied and rich. The National Park is, perhaps, too young to have very much to tell us; even its oldest part has not yet been reserved for twenty years, and Nature works too slowly to express very much in that time. There are, however, big areas of edelweiss, and many plants which used to fall victims to grazing cattle have now firmly established themselves. The chamois, too, are multiplying; the eagles, which are nursed so carefully in other places, are seen in plenty; and grouse are on the increase. The marmot, that fascinating little animal that hibernates all the winter and hisses at us from the mountains in summer, is becoming quite at home here and no longer quite so afraid of humans. It is hoped that in a generation or two all the animals will lose their shyness and gain confidence in man, who here walks without a gun. There are two or three ways of seeing the Park for the tourist. From Scafs a good road is being constructed, and from Zernez there is a motor diligence route over the Ofen Pass, which cuts through a part of it. At Schuls-Vulpera, the terminus of the Rhaetian railway, however, there is a path which, in less than half an hour, takes us right into the oldest part of the Park. One has to confess that to the ordinary tourist it is not so impressive as it would be to a naturalist. Switzerland, with so much of its mountain districts inaccessible, has accustomed our eyes to wild and primitive scenery. If only we were able to pitch our tent and live for a month in this wilderness, we might find in its depths confiding animals, rare flowers and surprising insect phenomena. But with the exception of a good many fallen trees, bearing out the scriptures and lying where they fell, there is to the unobservant nothing very obvious to distinguish it.—WILL CADBY.



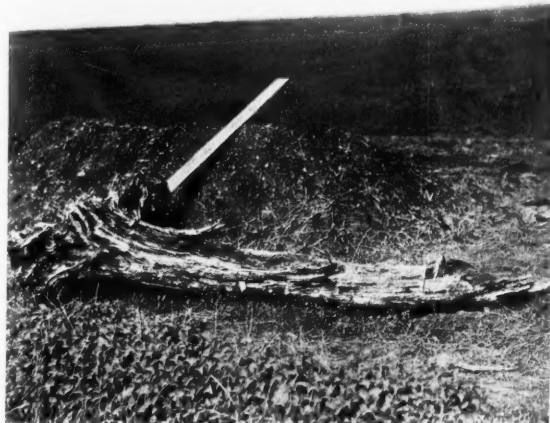
MARMOTS QUITE AT HOME.



### THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL INTEREST OF PLOUGHING.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Ploughing in parts of the Fen country has an archæological interest, for the ploughshare sometimes turns up portions of roots, branches or even trunks of trees, that flourished long years ago and then fell into the swamp to perish by decay or to be surrounded by peat which acted as a preservative, and so saved to be an object of wonder to the present-day cultivator. Popular tradition ascribes great age to these tree remains, and this is not improbable. The origin of the Fen and of the buried timber has been much discussed, but the story is not even yet fully known. It is certain, however, that much of the land which is now open fenland and almost treeless was once covered with wood, especially birch, oak, etc. Sometimes there were swamp woods partially floating over the water: as trees fell into the swamp they were preserved as stated above, by the mass of peat. Since civilised man came on the scene there has been more and more drainage; the swamp is now clear and reveals itself as a deep rich black soil capable of yielding great crops to the cultivator; variable in quality, however, in some areas (as in the Carr district) requiring



SPOIL OF THE PLOUGHSHARE.

lime before they become fully productive, and sometimes (as in the Cambridge and Norfolk fens) requiring superphosphate to give the fullest crops. The part of the fen overlying the blue Kemmeridge clay is much improved by digging down to the clay and bringing it up in fairly large quantities to be spread on the surface and then ploughed in. The process is well known locally and used to be done in principle every fifteen years, but in practice the period was more like twenty or even twenty-five years. It is feasible only when the clay is above the water level, i.e., less than five feet below the surface. The improvement is very marked. The story of the fens is one of the most interesting in the whole range of British agriculture: it is told at length in Lord Ernle's "British



A BALCONY IN PARK LANE.

Farming; Past and Present"; but those who wish for the old records can find them in the works of Dugdale, Vermuyden, Elstob and others.—C. J. L.

### A WHITE BLACKBIRD.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I may tell the story now, give the secret away that we guarded sacredly for a whole year, since our bird friend is now beyond suffering further harm from either cat or man enemies. Three years ago this springtime my husband and I were taking a walk in the neighbourhood of the Invalides in Paris and, stopping to admire beds of blossoming hyacinths and other seasonable blooms in the little garden plots near this famous building, we espied a bird which caused one of us to exclaim: "How curious to see a magpie in the heart of Paris! But it seems whiter than a magpie, and it doesn't look quite like one either!" Then we sat down on one of the benches of the little park and watched the bird quietly. Very soon we saw from the look of him, the shape of him and the actions of him that what we at first sight thought to be a magpie was a blackbird, a white blackbird with golden bill and claws, listening on the bit of green lawn for the afternoon worm,

and hiding himself, thrush fashion, in the hedge undergrowth when noisy little children came playing near his preserves. We were naturally very much excited at our discovery and in such an unexpected place, though blackbirds and other thrushes of normal colouring are frequent visitors, even all-the-year residents, of the parks of Paris. We made a call upon friends who were receiving that afternoon and, of course, we eagerly told our story of having seen a white blackbird within ten minutes of their door! The friends listened politely to our story but at the same time with some incredulity. One of them asked, "Do you think it possible that the little *gamin* of the neighbourhood would permit a white blackbird, *un merle blanc*, to go unmolested or at least uncaught

in the heart of Paris?" It did seem unlikely, and yet, we persisted, we had seen one walking very familiarly in their quarter that very afternoon. Three days later came a letter from our hostess (an Englishwoman of literary taste, by the way, and well known and loved in Paris) saying: "I think you will be interested to hear that your white blackbird is quite a celebrity. The lads at the Invalides all know him well and, in fact, regard him as their property. Last year he and his black wife built in one of the trees of a 'patio' of the hospital, and there reared two families; some of the offspring were black, some white—about as grey white as you and they tell me that he is—and some obviously speckled. All agree as to the beauty of his golden bill and claws, so, evidently, he is your bird. *Bon voyage*, and when you return I hope you may see him and hear him teaching his interesting and multicolored offspring to whistle!" Lest it should offend his boy protectors, "get into the papers" or some guide book and cause sight-seers to come in disturbing numbers his way, we kept the secret of the white blackbird and his favourite haunt from our other friends the whole season through. Alas! that we should be able to tell it now. But it can do no harm, for the harm has been done! The lads some time ago reported to our friend that a stray (a very much astray) cat had caught our, and their, white blackbird. What a pity! We were really and truly grieved at the news. We can only hope that perhaps some of our *merle blanc's* speckled and multicolored descendants are still whistling in the "patio" of the Invalides, and that some of their young in turn may revert to the unusual type of their distinguished bird-ancestors.—MARY A. POYNTER.

### BALCONIES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Park Lane was mentioned in the article by Mr. Hussey, which you recently published, as being particularly rich in balconies. The enclosed photograph shows one which has lately been supplemented by the addition of an upper storey and, I think you will agree, very successfully. The elliptical centre portion of the

roofing is particularly charming and in the very best balcony tradition.—PARVUS IN OMNIBUS.

### "A HARMLESS NECESSARY CAT."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I wonder whether this photograph of my cat helping herself to milk from a tumbler



HELPING HERSELF.

would be of interest to your readers.—C. M. ASTON.

### FLOWER SUPERSTITIONS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Country folk have the strangest superstitions, and among them the superstitions relative to flowers and trees are, I think, the most interesting. For instance, to bring a sprig of wild thyme, gorse, blackthorn, or even the bright-hued wild poppy into the house is an unlucky omen, predicting illness and even death. In some parts of England to sow fennel or parsley seed is indicative of bad luck. Also, should spring flowers blossom in autumn, the country folk shake their heads and quote the old proverb: "A green Yule makes a fat churchyard." Should a piece of yellow broom be brought into the house in May, death is sure to enter that house. The harmless little buttercup which flecks the fields with gold, we also learn, is unlucky, and to even smell this flower produces madness. While strolling in the lanes, if we should spy thistledown floating in the air, when there is no wind, we may be certain it will rain before long. And who is there who does not know that a pea pod in which there are nine peas is the best of luck? The same with the four-leaved clover, although these can scarcely be called flowers. A holly tree burdened with berries prognosticates a hard winter, while a bay tree in the garden is a sure preventive against death and the devil. But, mark you, should the said tree wither, then death to someone in the house is surely foretold. The dainty little snowdrop and primrose, too, are unlucky, if only a single flower be carried into the house when first they come into bloom.—LETTY LAIDLAW.

### WHITE POMERANIANS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Can any of your readers tell me if the breed of white pomeranian dogs with black



A WHITE POM.

eyes and black noses is extinct, as I have been told it is. I enclose a photograph of the only one of whose existence I know; as far as I can find out he is the last of his line.—W. P.

[White pomeranians are by no means extinct, though there is little demand for them. One exhibitor still has about twenty in her kennels. They are seldom seen at shows, but there are classes for creams, which are not far removed from whites. White is the original colour, but the ingenuity of breeders has produced a variety of beautiful colours and shades, which are more difficult to obtain. Colour breeding, though to a certain extent a lottery, is a fascinating pursuit.—Ed.]

### THE ARAB'S CRUELTY TO HIS ANIMALS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Appalled at the animal suffering I saw daily for several months during a visit to Algeria, Tunisia and Morocco, I earnestly hope that animal lovers will help to form a society and repeat there the humane work already achieved by English effort in Italy and elsewhere. Besides being heavily laden, scantily fed and freely beaten about the head and face with sticks, the mules and donkeys—used everywhere in these countries in immense numbers as pack animals—suffer from terrible sores. Many an animal works with as many as six festering sores on the back, rubbed by the primitive straw-padded saddle, and strips of raw flesh on each hindquarter and shoulder, chafed by scrubby harness bands made of the coarse dried alfa grass which is used for matting, etc., or even of bits of rag and string knotted together. The Arab gives the best treatment he knows; he leaves them alone or plasters an open sore with earth, rubs salt into threatening places as a preventive, and pricks abscesses with the point of a palm leaf. Throughout Algeria, Tunisia and Morocco horses, mules and donkeys are branded. Various crossbar designs are drawn with small pokers on knee joints or on any part of the legs or body. The process takes about ten minutes. The animal is tightly hobbled and held fairly still between an Arab who pulls on his tail while another twists a wooden clip fixed on his upper lip, the pain of which stops him when he flinches

from the burns. He works as soon as it is finished, with unhealed wounds. This, and the primitive Arab method of shoeing, may account for the extreme lameness common in Morocco, where I have seen donkeys literally walking on three legs. Forges are not used in shoeing. Five sizes of shoes are made, the likeliest is selected, the worn hoof is sliced away, the shoe nailed on and the front of the hoof is then pared to fit the shoe. If the lame donkey lags behind his comrades he is beaten or prodded. Birds suffer, too. Live chickens are hawked by the hour, carried head downwards with tied legs, often skinned by chafing. Donkeys carry them for miles swinging head downwards by their legs. They lie, tied and cramped, all day in the markets. Sometimes the claws are cut back so that they cannot stand. Arab boys trap small birds in the palm plantations and swing them in circles by a long string tied to the tips of their wings for amusement. Starving and diseased dogs and cats linger in the streets unheeded until they die. If these pitiable conditions of animal life be contrasted with those of England the urgent need (keenly felt by English and French residents there) will be recognised. Surely those who have helped to promote animal welfare at home and in other countries will respond to this appeal and will strive to reduce the misery now endured. A fuller account will be found in the March number of "The Animal World," published by the R.S.P.C.A., 105, Jermyn Street, S.W., post free, 4d.—FRANCES K. HOSALI, *Hon. Sec., London, for Rome Soc. Protection of Animals.*

### FEARLESS PIGEONS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I send the following to you, thinking it may be of interest to some of your readers. Last Saturday morning, as I was standing on Liverpool Street (Underground) Station, I saw a pigeon alight upon the rails in the small open space between the end of the platform and the tunnel leading to Moorgate Street. The pigeon evidently found some scraps of food, which I could see it picking up. A train passing on the other rail to Moorgate Street did not disturb it in the slightest. This indifference of the bird to a swiftly passing train, only about six feet away, amazed me, but what followed absolutely astounded me. A train approached from the Moorgate end on the same set of rails on which the pigeon was still collecting its food, clattering out of the tunnel at a high speed, brakes squeaking and making a dust and rush of air; its entire length of footboards must have passed almost over the pigeon, which, on the approach of the train, merely hopped a few inches to one side, and, with folded wings and facing the train, waited until the carriages had passed, when it hopped back, calmly went on feeding, and then leisurely flew away. One is used to the tameness of London pigeons, which seem to care little for our ordinary road traffic; but I doubt if any circumstances could be found to demonstrate more fully their absolute fearlessness. One cannot help contrasting their audacity with the 'cuteness' displayed by their country cousins when, in a field of corn, a man approaches—with a gun.—G. C. HOBDAV.

## MR. OUIMET AND MR. WETHERED

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

IT is recorded in "Tom Brown's Schooldays" that whenever any fight was mentioned with approbation, those boys who were old enough to recollect it would say, "Ah, but you should just have seen the fight between Slogger Williams and Tom Brown." Similarly, those of us who were at St. Andrews, if in the future any great match is praised, perhaps between golfers as yet unborn, shall always say, "Ah, but you should just have seen the match between Francis Ouimet and Roger Wethered."

It was in truth a wonderful match, full of fine golf, brilliant thrusts and parries and heroic spurts, and it had the best and justest of all possible endings. It would have been a pity that either should have beaten the other. Approximately (and very little "approximation" was needed, since nearly every hole was fought out to the last putt) Mr. Wethered was round in 75 and 73, Mr. Ouimet in 77 and 71. That is great golf over St. Andrews at its fullest stretch, with the holes cut in the traditional and most difficult spots, with a crowd so big that every shot was played down a black avenue and the players scarcely had room sometimes to swing a club. It is golf so good that I do not think any two living golfers could have played any better; none, perhaps, could have played so well.

It is rather interesting to compare one's impressions of the two players in execution and in style. Mr. Ouimet struck me as the more blameless of the two, Mr. Wethered the more brilliant; he made the more mistakes and also the more recoveries. One never expected Mr. Ouimet to make a bad shot. One did envisage a very occasional error from Mr. Wethered, but one always expected him to make some compensating effort and one was rarely disappointed. Mr. Ouimet was, on the day, the better driver; indeed, his wooden club play was perfectly immaculate. Time and again he hit exactly the same shot from the tee right down the exact centre of the course. Moreover, it was a very long shot. I have no statistics, but I should say that he made Mr. Wethered play the odd distinctly more often than he played it himself. This may be said to have been to the credit of both parties. Mr. Wethered had the longer shot up his sleeve. Now and again he produced it, but nothing would induce him to abandon his new and admirable role of the big hitter deliberately playing within himself. Doubtless he gained by this firm self-control, but even so he was not so straight as the American. In fact, if I had to lay my finger on one supreme turning-point in the match, I should point to two slightly crooked tee shots of Mr. Wethered's which followed one another at the fifth and sixth holes in the afternoon round. Mr. Wethered had just holed a vast putt for a three at the fourth to become three up. Then, with the wind rather on his back at the Long Hole, he did not follow the golden rule of keeping well to the left. He slightly cut his tee shot, and away sailed the ball into one of that admirable and inevitable series of bunkers on the right. At the sixth, warned by this catastrophe, he took just a little too much care to hold his shot up into the wind, and his ball plumped into a bunker on the left. Thus he lost two infinitely valuable holes. I wrote, after the Championship, that when Mr. Wethered eliminates just this very occasional crooked tee

shot he will be wholly invincible, and here was a little bit of evidence to that effect.

If Mr. Ouimet had the best of the wooden club play, I should certainly give the prize for iron play to Mr. Wethered. He had a little more variety of shot, a little more power if he wanted it, a little more nip in his hitting and a little more accuracy. Mr. Ouimet did what a player of his brave temperament would seldom do. He was always inclined to be short. A good example was to be seen at the Heathery Hole, where he twice pitched and stopped in that aggravating little gully that guards the green and makes the hole. He hit the ball very truly and very straight with that high swinging shot of his, but he often seemed frightened of hitting it quite hard enough.

As to putting, both holed a great many good putts, and missed, in the tremendous circumstances, very few short or even shortish ones. It was Mr. Wethered who holed the most "sensational" putts. There were three of them in the second round—at the fourth, ninth and fourteenth holes respectively—that must, between them, have been a good fifty yards in length. Mr. Ouimet did nothing as inhuman as this; but the way in which he holed out from distances between two and five yards was wonderful. I should give him the putting prize. Day in and day out, I do not believe there is a finer putter in the world.

As regards the methods of the two champions, these presented a decided and interesting contrast. Mr. Wethered was the upright swinger, Mr. Ouimet the flat; Mr. Ouimet was *par excellence* the swinger, Mr. Wethered, by contrast, something of a puncher. That is not a disparaging comment on our Champion. All the great men *hit* the ball nowadays: their power of doing so is one of their assets, and Mr. Wethered kept his punch wonderfully well under control. Mr. Ouimet is one of the very, very few exceptions to prove this rule that the great players hit. He seems to get his length by the most perfect timing of a perfectly rhythmical swing. With wooden clubs I admire most Mr. Ouimet's style. With the irons that crisp hit that Mr. Wethered gets into the shot seems the more masterly and the more admirable. There is a firmness about him to which the swinging school of iron players can never, I fancy, quite attain. The putting styles of both were most pleasant to watch. The ball was hit so smoothly, the head of the club so well carried through. Mr. Wethered has to some extent taken Mr. Ouimet as his model for his new putting style, and, apart from the smoothness and rhythm of their hitting, both have this in common, that they stand up and hold a long-shafted club nearly at the end of the grip. There is one noticeable difference, however. Mr. Wethered keeps his right elbow tucked in and keeps it rigidly still. Mr. Ouimet has his elbow rather tucked out and moves it very perceptibly. As a rule, it is a canon of good putting not to move the right elbow. Those who move it generally give the ball a rather stiff, ungainly push. But Mr. Ouimet, almost alone, possesses the secret of moving that elbow and yet hitting the ball most beautifully. There is very little use of the wrists, and the blow is entirely free. How he does it I do not know, but this stiff wrist that yet is not stiff seems to me an ideal, if an unattainable one.



## ARCHITECTURE AT THE ACADEMY

IF, say, Eden Nesfield could go round the Architectural Room at this year's Academy, and he were asked how it struck him, whether he perceived any new trend in design, he would probably have something very definite to say, because there has been an appreciable lapse of time between the present and his own heyday; and architecture is a slow-moving art. Hence it is useless to attempt to estimate its development by comparing one year's display with that of a year closely preceding. There is, for example, no perceptible difference in the main body of architecture as seen in the Architectural Room of 1920 and 1923, though there may be, and is, a difference in subject-matter, architecture as represented at the Academy being a reflection of current practice,

I think, the advance made (and it *is* a great advance on the "competition Classic" of yesterday) must be largely credited to the schools and to the influence of American work through the medium of published illustrations. It has been part of the ritual of criticism to say that modern English domestic work is well done, and over a period of years there is evidence in plenty to substantiate that article of faith. In the present Architectural Room, however, domestic work is less both in quantity and interest than we have been accustomed to. Perhaps the reason is that there have not been the "jobs going," to use a colloquial phrase. Architects were jobless during the war, and after the Armistice their principal commissions were housing schemes. Nobody was building big country houses,



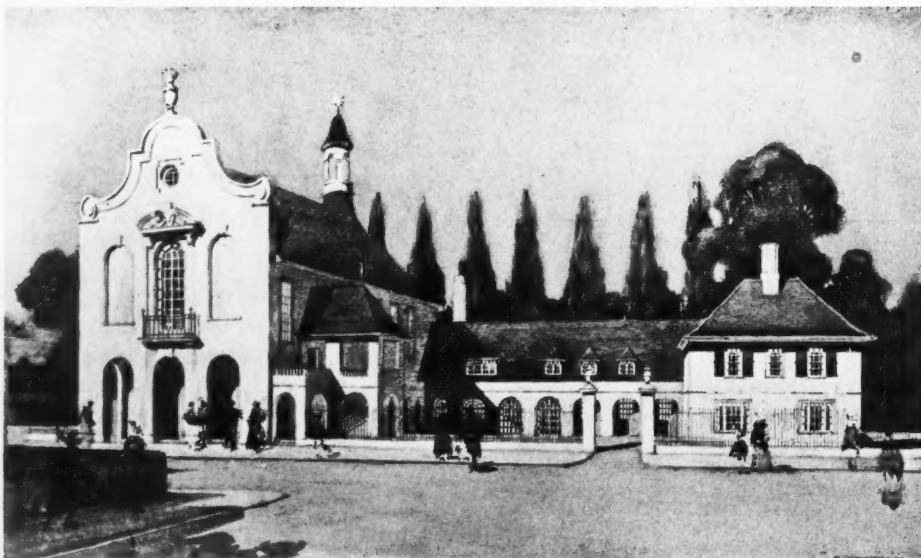
NEW BANK PREMISES, PICCADILLY.

*Sir Edwin L. Lutyens, R.A.*

of what has just been done, and particularly of what is about to be done. As representations of the former, photographs offer the truest and best means (the more deplorable, therefore, that they are virtually excluded from the Academy), but with projected schemes there are only drawings to go upon, and in regard to these drawings a difference of opinion exists as to whether they should be purely geometrical drawings, or perspectives appealing more to the layman. Eden Nesfield would note a change here, for since his day there is a marked difference in the style of draughtsmanship seen in the Architectural Room. The niggardly line sketches and cast-iron black and whites have gone, and in their place we have some brilliant colour work, of the sort which Mr. Walcot introduced; while in the matter of design our Shade would note a very great change, particularly in civic and monumental design. Here,

and not many are yet building even small country houses. Perforce, we must wait while things are settling down. So it comes about that in this year's Academy there is not much in the way of domestic architecture that calls for particular notice. Two houses by Mr. Guy Dawber, a house at Nunthorpe by Messrs. Adshead and Ramsey, a house at Cambridge by Messrs. Baillie Scott and Beresford, a house at Burlesdon by Mr. Reginald Poulter, a garden scheme by Mr. Robert Atkinson, and four small houses by Mr. Curtis Green, seem to me to be the most noteworthy. It is in the realm of civic and public buildings that the greater interest lies.

Sir Edwin Lutyens has two notable works—a large building in the City for the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, and a bank in Piccadilly; both full of individual character and imbued with modern feeling, while being based on fine classical work



FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST, BELFAST.

*Clough Williams-Ellis.*

of the past. The Piccadilly bank, quite a small building, now being erected in the forecourt of St. James's Church, is satisfying for two reasons; first, because its design is perfectly in accord with Wren's fabric: and, secondly, because it shows that in the hands of an architect who is an artist a bank can be dignified and full of charm, instead of being ostentatious and dull, as so many banks are. And just as this little structure is appropriate to its site in Piccadilly, so Mr. Guy Dawber's bank at Tunbridge Wells is appropriate to a country town, its design being based on the Late Georgian, quiet and refined, and admirably suited to its purpose. Yet another bank design which calls for praise is the Threadneedle Street elevation of the London County Westminster and Parr's Bank, by Messrs. Mewes and Davis. This is a fully articulated piece of work shown by a rendered drawing that has the quality of an old architectural engraving. Mr. Austen Hall shows a design for "New Buildings, Piccadilly," a great nine-storey block which appears to be one of several schemes for the Devonshire House site, though whether this one is actually to be carried out I do not know. It is certainly an excellent piece of design, shown by a splendid crayon drawing by Mr. Hepworth (who takes the lion's share in the perspectives this year). Its face is cliff-like, the centre slightly recessed, the windows free from trappings, and the whole having the stately character which distinguishes American civic architecture. What a difference between this and the insipid scheme for new business premises in Regent Street by Messrs. E. T. and E. S. Hall, with its array of lamp standards and parapet sculpture group *à la* Tinworth of modelled-clay fame. Nor is one's enthusiasm aroused by Sir Reginald Blomfield's new face for the Carlton Club in Pall Mall. It is decorous enough, but lacks the interest of Smirke's work, albeit that was a copy of a library in Venice.

There are several schemes for large lay-outs which are of much interest, especially those for the Ramsgate Cliff by Messrs. Lanchester, Lucas and Lodge, and Messrs. Thomson and Hepworth; a scheme for an open-air bath at Blackpool by Mr. Francis Wood, and one for a bathing pavilion and pool at Prestatyn by Messrs. J. Murray Easton and Howard Robertson. Such schemes, in their studied architectural lay-out and breadth of feeling, mark a great advance on the poor things which in years past have been associated with Council surveyors entrusted with architectural work. They belong to the newer and better and bigger way, and are part of the good work embraced within the ideal of town-planning. There is breadth, too, in some of the memorial schemes, notably in the Southport scheme now being carried out to the design of Messrs. Grayson, Barnish and

A. L. Macmillan—a scheme having a simple obelisk in the centre of a wide roadway with flanking portico-like structures. Mention of memorials leads us to the many that have recently been evolved, though few can be counted successful. Mr. Gilbert Scott's are among these few. Last year he showed his admirable design for a war memorial at Beaumont College. This year he shows his design for a memorial entrance archway at Clare College, Cambridge—an arresting yet very refined design. The memorial cemeteries in France by Mr. Herbert Baker must also be counted among the good work shown at this year's Academy, more appreciable, perhaps, from drawings than the Delhi schemes which continue year by year, schemes so vast that only a personal sight of them

entire and complete would render any estimate just.

Of the rest, I would say that it is rather dull, the church work particularly so, though there is one notable exception—an excellent design for the First Church of Christ Scientist in Belfast by Mr. Clough Williams-Ellis. This is a very direct piece of work, full of interest: so, too, is Professor Richardson's design for the Darwin Building at University College—a design possessing monumental quality and displaying a scholarly sense of design, though one could wish it had been rendered by a more adequate drawing than the one exhibited.

R. RANDAL PHILLIPS.



DESIGN FOR NEW BUILDINGS, PICCADILLY.

*H. Austen Hall.*



## THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT

IT is no new thing to find the Royal Tournament at Olympia stirring and exciting as well as merely amusing, but this year one comes away with an emotion for which there is only one outlet: at the earliest possible moment one must re-read the Scottish Ballads, and certainly one must renew one's acquaintance with the "Lady of the Lake." The late Andrew Lang, if he were alive to-day, would be revelling in "Scotland in Arms," the pageant which is the chief feature in this year's programme. The story is based upon incidents in Scott's great poem, and its opening scene is laid in the Highlands in the sixteenth century, when James V was King of Scotland. We are shown, among other incidents, the summoning of the Highland Clan Alpine by its chieftain, Roderick Vich Alpine; the mustering of the clan, and a highly convincing duel between Roderick Dhu and the disguised King James, in the course of which the King wounds the chieftain

and beats him to his knees. Roderick makes a great effort and overpowers the King, but falls dying when about to stab him with a dirk. Meanwhile the clansmen are preparing to give battle to the King's troops:

But ere they closed in desperate fight,  
Bloody with spurring, came a knight,  
Sprang from his horse, and from a crag  
Waved from the hosts a milk white flag.

The arrival of the knight with the milk white flag will probably be a source of annoyance to the more juvenile members of the audience, for the clansmen advance upon the King's troops with *élan* so evident that it promises a magnificent fight.

The close of this story brings us to an exhibition of Highland dancing to the music of the pipes. Those who dislike the Scottish pipers' music at any time will probably merely feel that a



AT OLYMPIA: THE 12TH ROYAL LANCERS "WITCH THE WORLD WITH NOBLE HORSEMANSHIP."

gathering of about sixty pipers is about sixty times worse than one; but most people find the pipes stirring, however curious they may think the music, and to them the dancing of the sword dance, the fling and the reel—in this case no mere rightsome, but a thirty-two-some reel—will be very enjoyable. The dancers are marched in to the tune of "The Hundred Pipers," and other tunes used are "The De'il in the Kitchen," "The De'il Amang the Tailors" and "Lady Madelina Sinclair."

The pageant ends with a display which shows the evolution of Scottish military uniforms and weapons from the sixteenth century Highlanders and Lowlanders—all of whom, whatever their trades, might be called upon to play the part of soldiers—down to the present day. The dazzling riot of colour which is passed through in the course of these centuries exceeds, if one remembers aright, anything of the sort which has been shown at Olympia. The Black Watch (Royal Highlanders),

one would need also to watch a particular man. This, however, would be to miss the beauty of the whole. The average person is content to sit back and enjoy the rhythm and the elegance. Other events which are as interesting as ever but need no description are the Royal Navy Inter-Port Field Gun Competition, the display of Horsemastership by the R.F.A. and the Physical Training Display given, this time, by students of the Army School. The R.A.S.C. provides a Riding Exhibition, of which we show an illustration below.

The amusing side of this year's programme is a display by the 12th Royal Lancers. The idea is that a deputation of chiefs from a recently formed tribal State is in London "to impress the British people with the justness of their claim to rank among the nations," and, as evidence of their highly civilised state, they give a display of some of their ordinary methods of recreation. The feats include pegging with knives, taking



TANDEM JUMPING BY THE R.A.S.C.

in the sombre khaki and the tin helmets of 1914-18, are the last to enter; and, although it was for utilitarian reasons that khaki was originally introduced, one feels, seeing it side by side with the flamboyant light blues and the yellows of the eighteenth century, that it is also symbolic of the more sober manner in which we think to-day of the glory of war.

But, though we look to those who arrange the Royal Tournament to give us annual novelties of this kind, there are old favourites in the programme which one is by no means prepared to see dropped. The Musical Ride has, for instance, now enjoyed a long popularity, for it was first introduced into the Tournament in 1882 by the 1st Life Guards. The regiment selected for the task this year is the 12th Royal Lancers (Prince of Wales's). As was pointed out by a writer in these columns last week, one needs not only a sound knowledge of equitation and a quick eye to realise exactly what an art is involved in these displays, but

handkerchiefs from the ground at the gallop, and Cossack riding, all this being done with a vast amount of yelling and screaming of the native exclamations, exhortations and reproaches. It is an effective performance, certainly, but whether it would convince anyone of the qualifications of the race for self-determination is more than doubtful.

The "air" is represented by a display depicting "A Zeppelin Raid by Night," given by the 1st Air Defence Brigade; and, at the evening performances only, the 23rd (London) Armoured Car Company (Sharpshooters) show how, during the late war, on the Western Front of Egypt, armoured cars surprised the camp at Port Bardia and released a number of British sailors whose ship had been torpedoed and who had been picked up by the men of the U-boat. The Tournament, which began on May 24th, will remain open until June 9th.



# THE DERBY OF 1923

## NOTES ON SOME PROMINENT CANDIDATES.

It is possible, of course—indeed, quite likely, so far as it is in human power to understand these things—that the winner of the Derby next week will be a horse somewhere near the top of the tree as a two year old. If so, the procedure of quite a number of years past will be reversed. The fact makes us sceptical; anyhow, it warns us to be so. Town Guard, Legality, Papyrus or Pharos might win on Wednesday next, and a victory for either could occasion little surprise, gauging their respective merits on what they achieved as two year olds. Yet, knowing what has been the fate of the top class two year olds in the Derby during the last score of years or so, I should be nervous were I the owner of one or the other of the four I have quoted at random.

Last year, for instance, Captain Cuttle, the winner, never won as a two year old, for the reason that he only ran once at that age; and the best of her year as a two year old, Golden Corn, has never won a race of any sort since. Humorist, winner two years ago, did win the Woodcote Stakes at Epsom as a two year old, but he was not at absolutely the top of the tree at that age. Such Derby winners as Spion Kop—I am omitting the New Derby winners in the years of war—Grand Parade, Durbar II, Aboyeur, Tagalie, Minoru, Signorinetta, Orby and Spearmint were far from being considered during winter months as prospective Derby favourites in the same way as for weeks and months past we have been discussing Town Guard, Legality, Pharos and Papyrus. Two of the four have already been accounted for by others in the race for the Two Thousand Guineas. Town Guard

sometimes going past thirty. Where they may have appeared to dawdle under the old style of riding, they certainly go "hell for leather" now, and the devil takes the hindmost, which becomes shut off and never has a chance, for those that gain lengths in the first half-mile are generally in at the death.

Well, whatever the reason be, I suppose we shall have it operating next week, and assuredly you will see a big field, a frantic race up the rising ground, and then every jockey on a speedy horse trying desperately to get a good place round Tattenham Corner so that he may not be shut out for the last half-mile of really grim racing. I am far from saying that the best three year old of his year has won the Derby. It certainly was not so in Bayardo's year, but then, that is the luck of the game. It allows an unconsidered outsider to win from time to time and so imparts the spice of romance. And then, again, some horses do not come to their best in a physical sense until the Derby has been relegated to history. Again I am thinking of Bayardo; but there are many more instances. All these thoughts lead me to a contemplation of the race for next week, and will convey to the reader some idea of my lack of conviction in regard to any candidate in particular.

Take, for instance, Town Guard. We know that he was a good two year old, though not necessarily a wonder. The question which only the race can answer is as to what manner of three year old he may be. Much controversy has ranged round his candidature. Early in April he did not work like a good horse, but rather like one with a doubtful temperament.



W. A. Rouch.

PAPYRUS.

retains all the glamour which was associated with him last season, and though Pharos has not measured swords, so to say, with any other notability of his own age as a three year old, he is, nevertheless, accepted as one of those that have done well from two to three years of age.

The point that I wish to make is that it is a long while since a winter favourite for the Derby did come to Epsom and conquer. I have in mind such failures in recent times as Ponderland, Leighton, Sarchedon, Buchan, Bayardo, Slieve Gallion and two or three others. Really, Cicero, in 1905, was the last outstanding winter favourite to win the Derby, and many believe that he was probably lucky to beat the French horse Jardy in his year.

I do not know why this should be so. Can it be that horses given a lot of racing in the highest class as two year olds fail to train on? It almost looks like it. Is their development retarded by their being kept strung up for so long together in their first season on the Turf? It used not to be so in days gone by, and, therefore, one wonders whether there are any differences in training to account for it. I cannot define any, but there must surely be some reason. Has jockeyship at Epsom, or the way the race is run, anything to do with it? I ask in all seriousness because I do not quite know. Somehow, though, I feel that luck plays a bigger part than it used to—I mean luck in getting the right sort of place at the start, after the start, and especially in being properly placed round Tattenham Corner and at the start of the straight. It cannot be that the large size of the fields has anything to do with it, except that the race is, in these times, run at such a breakneck pace. In the fifties and sixties of the last century there were big fields,



TWELVE POINTER.

Copyright.

It is some time ago, and the writer, at any rate, has since seen him go like a perfect paragon of what a high-class racehorse should be. But what I have never been able to understand is why he should have been withheld from such distinguished engagements as the Two Thousand Guineas and the Newmarket Stakes. We may assume, and rightly so, that money is not the first and last consideration with his owner, Lord Woolavington, and with that in our minds we can understand that the values of the races referred to were not the determining factor in forcing the policy. What, then, was it? Apart from money, there is distinction attaching to the winner of the Two Thousand Guineas which is scarcely to be measured in monetary values. Town Guard was kept in his stable, though on the spot. It was the same with the Newmarket Stakes, though on the morning of the race he did what all observers accepted as a most impressive gallop. On such form as he showed with Knockando he represented a 6 to 4 chance for the Derby, but his price did not greatly shrink.

It follows, of course, that we should all be wiser had Town Guard been given a chance to show his powers in public; but as it is we must necessarily take much for granted, even though his private galloping has been so convincing. It makes one a little bit doubtful when we think of the defeats of Legality, Twelve Pointer and Papyrus. They were top-sawyers of last season, but that fact did not save them from defeat. Why not Town Guard, unless he be that exception, which is going to prove the rule, of my opening remarks? I am quite sure Town Guard's trainer and jockey believe in him and think that, bar an accident, he will win on Wednesday next. The trainer was understood to be very confident about Sarchedon in the year that he won

with Spion Kop, and one recalls that fact when bearing in mind that Knockando is in the race, also trained by P. P. Gilpin and owned by Lord Woolavington. Town Guard may be a long way the better colt, and I have no doubt this is so, but there may not be the same confidence in his temperament; which fact would account for the way in which he has been kept in cotton-wool until now, when he must be produced, for the great day and the big occasion are at hand. Nothing would rejoice the writer more than to see Lord Woolavington win the Derby again, for he is a splendid supporter of breeding and racing; while I am sure his jockey, Archibald, is just as brilliant a jockey as he is a good fellow in other respects.

It is marvellous, in a sense, how the big breeder-owners have a habit of monopolising all the limelight in connection with the Derby year after year, and, goodness knows, more than enough is played on it. Lord Woolavington I have referred to. Then we have Lord Derby as the owner of Pharos and that filly of rare distinction, Tranquil, with the One Thousand Guineas to her credit and expected to make history next week either in the Derby or the Oaks. We have Lord Rosebery, as the owner of the Two Thousand Guineas winner, Ellangowan; Mr. J. B. Joel, as the owner of My Lord; the Duke of Westminster, as the owner of Twelve-Pointer; Lord Furness, as the owner of Legality; and so on. Only one "little" man dares force himself into the foreground of the picture, and that is an East Anglian farmer in Mr. B. Irish, the owner of Papyrus. It is true Mr. Irish drew our attention to his existence when he won the Ascot Gold Cup two years ago with Periosteum, and he certainly hoped to fill the part he is now in when, at Doncaster in 1921, he gave 3,500 guineas for the colt, since named Papyrus, by Tracery from Miss Mattie. This season we have seen the colt finish fourth for the Two Thousand Guineas and then win the Vase at Chester. However, they did not go much of a gallop in the Chester race, and he had not much to do to win easily. Still, this colt will be Donoghue's mount, which must be in his favour, bearing in mind how very good this jockey is at Epsom. In the matter of conformation, Papyrus is all that he should be for the job on hand, and I am sure he has given every satisfaction to his trainer. But I am just a bit doubtful whether he will be good enough; and, in any case, what can he have in hand, say, over Ellangowan? That horse, in a physical sense, had more improvement in him on the day when he won the Two Thousand Guineas than had Papyrus.

I find myself much attracted by Lord Rosebery's colt. He only won the Two Thousand Guineas by a head, and I know that friends and admirers of Town Guard affect to despise the form through Knockando only just failing by a head; but I am sure Ellangowan is a good colt, and the further they had gone in the Guineas race the further he would have won by. He is bred right, and I certainly like him as an individual. On the face of it he should beat Knockando and Papyrus, while D'Orsay, third to him at Newmarket, won in good style at Hurst Park on Whit Monday and did something to hall-mark the form. Twelve Pointer is another he holds safe, but I am not so sure about Legality. He, more than Town Guard, is the enigma of the race. He should not be, as in that race for the Two Thousand Guineas he had every chance, only he simply did not perform like a colt really distinguished as a two year old. Before he had covered seven furlongs he suddenly collapsed, and his jockey declared that it was not due to being beaten but to some cause he could not explain. Be sure, therefore, that we did not see this grey colt at his best. Be sure, also, that his trainer brought him to Newmarket on that occasion with the conviction strong upon him that he could not be beaten. If he had been beaten by a length or two the fact would have been accepted, but he was

beaten in circumstances that his trainer simply will not accept as correct. I cannot say he is going to run a different horse at Epsom on a course which I do not think is ideally suited to him, but all the same he certainly might cause a big surprise.

Lord Derby has been aiming persistently at the great race for many years past without quite hitting the mark. He has won the One Thousand Guineas three times with Canyon, Ferry and Tranquil, and the St. Leger twice with Swynford and Keysoe, but always the Derby eludes him and his big stable. In 1911 he was second to Sunstar with Stedfast on an occasion when he also ran King William; and, three years ago, when Spion Kop won, he was second with Archaic, a horse afterwards sold for a big sum to go to America. On the whole, I feel sure Lord Derby has a better chance next week than he has ever had, for his representatives are Pharos and Tranquil. It is open to him to start both, though the probabilities are that Tranquil will be reserved for the Oaks later in the week. Pharos was a high-class two year old, though leaving the impression that he might not stay as a three year old. Still, he has twice this year won over a mile and a quarter, the better of the performances being when he beat the Jubilee Handicap dead-heater, Simon Pure, at 20lb. The only doubts I have are that they did not go much of a pace, and that, therefore, the test of stamina was not conclusive. Also, it is doubtful whether Simon Pure was within at least 7lb. of his best that day. However, there is no question that Pharos has done well since, and in such a way as to hold out hopes that with ordinary luck he has a reasonable chance; and, believe me, his victory would be tremendously well received. I am not overlooking the possibility of Tranquil being started. The fact would indicate much confidence in her, and presumed superiority to the colt.

Papyrus will have to do better than was the case in the Two Thousand Guineas, in which race he did not show any marked dash, though running creditably to finish fourth not very far behind the winner. I daresay he is better now, but so must others be, granted that they have made normal improvement. Matters have not fared well with Lord Astor's pair, Light Hand and Bold and Bad, and I must pass them by. Parth, too, has scarcely been mentioned for some time past, and, probably, hopes in that direction have faded a great deal. Then there is My Lord: he did not meet the cracks last season, and much has to be taken on trust where he is concerned, but his very experienced trainer, Charles Morton, thinks the colt must have a chance, though not to be measured with that possessed by his Derby winner of 1911, Sunstar, or even Humorist two years ago. Still, My Lord has pleased him by his steady progress, and I am sure he will be one of those prominent at the finish. I could mention others, but it is not my way to seek among the forlorn hopes for the winner of the Derby, though the winner every now and again comes from their ranks. Of course, if Town Guard is all that is claimed for him this year, then I suppose he will win easily, and no one can possibly be surprised. But, if you want to have your annual wager, or even your daily one, why not Ellangowan each way? He, more than any other, seems to be the soundest win-and-place proposition.

If Tranquil does not run for the Derby, then her candidature for the Oaks will be strengthened by the fact of coming fresh to the race. She won the One Thousand Guineas in great style, assuming that Cos did practically get the mile. But since then we have seen Teresina in the colours of the Aga Khan run a very fair second to Top Gallant for the Newmarket Stakes, and that is good enough to ensure making a race of it with Tranquil at Epsom next week. The Aga Khan has others in the Oaks, but I believe in Teresina's stamina far more than I do in Cos's, so I shall name her as the one most likely to defeat Tranquil. PHILIPPOS.



W. A. Rouch.

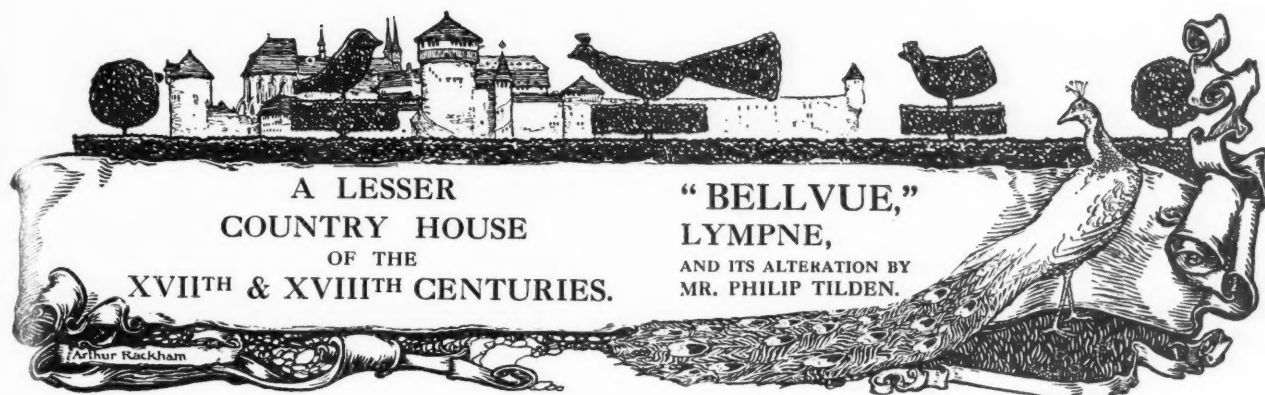
TRANQUIL.



ELLANGOWAN.

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FROM Tenterden a very ancient road winds westward to Hythe, on which lie villages with pure Saxon names—Woodchurch, Warehorne, Ham-on-the-Street, Ruckinge and Bilsington. From Woodchurch to the place called Copperhurst, eight miles eastward, continuous woods border the road on your left hand, while Romney Marsh stretches away and away southward. Not many centuries ago the little woods, instead of occupying a few square miles, stretched continuous nearly to Winchester, filling the whole valley between the North and South Downs; while the ironstone hills south-east of Tonbridge—the Hurst Hills they might be called, for all the villages upon them denote a wood: Lamberhurst, Goudhurst, Hawkhurst, Wadhurst and Ticehurst—ran down the centre like a tongue of partly cultivated ground from Tonbridge to Tenterden. North and south of this higher ground

and after another mile they came to the cross, near without the walls of Lympne Castle.

Whether there had ever been a cross at this point nobody knows. The name may but show that here the cliff road crossed the Stone Street running north to Canterbury and south, as the Shipway, to Lympne at the bottom of the cliffs, and Lympne's port, New Romney, eight miles on. After the Saxons came, though, this Shipway vanished among the marshes; but the cross roads retained their import as a meeting-place, central between the Canterbury and the Wealden havens.

Beside this lateral road lies Bellevue, looking for miles in every direction, a few firs and sycamores giving some shelter from the east, and roses and gillyflowers ramping in the covert wall garden. Bellevue, along with many honourable names, as Sandringham, Chatsworth and other of the greater English



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1.—ON THE ROAD ABOVE LYMPNE CLIFFS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

lay the forest of the Weald, and it was along its easternmost edge, where it met the marshes in a jutting, ill defined line, that the road crept from Tenterden to Hythe.

It is along this road that I like to think of the burgesses of Hastings and Winchelsea and Rye riding to the Shipway Cross, where for many centuries they met their brethren of the eastern Cinque Ports in the matter of saluting the Warden. So coming, their road left the low land at Copperhurst and climbed the steep escarpment of Lympne cliffs, which the sea has never washed this seven thousand years. The first building they met then, on the top of the cliffs, was the chapel and the court beside the road, called Court-at-Street to-day (*vulgo* "Courtupstreet"); the second, a mile further, was a moated steading called by its Norman holder Bellavow, for that he could see over all the marshes to Fairlight and over the narrow seas to France;

houses, adorns every watering place, however mean and depressing its view may be; but this Bellevue is of the ancient stock, being found, as Bellavow, in a document of 1504, and probably had not changed its name while the Kyriel family had held it.

Bertram de Criol, Constable of Dover Castle not long after Hubert de Burgh's time, is the first of that race noticed here. Hasted says it was "an ancient moated seat," though little trace of that remains save, possibly, the barn. The Criols were, one imagines, estimable squires, occasionally being knighted, and of no particular means, intermarrying with other worthy families such as the Rokebys and Poynings. In the fourteenth century the name suffered a change to Keriell—surely one of the most musical names in our patronymica. At this time they were represented by Sir Nicolas Keriell. In 1504 John Kyriel, Gent, died seised of it, and his son John about this time sold

it to John Bernys, removing himself to Ostenhanger. Bernys seems to have been little but a middleman, for it soon passed to Richard Wombwell of Northfleet. He, in 1534, sold it to Peter Heyman of Sellinge, hard by, who likewise quickly disposed of it to Beddingfield.

Henry VIII's reign saw, like the present one, a rapid and unprecedented reallocation of wealth. The old families, weakened by the wars of the previous generation and by simple age, sold up to vulgarians—or so they seemed to the vendors—and these vulgarians were the gentlemen in ore whom the next age found refined into the fathers of modern England.

But just round Bellevue the country seems to have been particularly disturbed, notably by that remarkable phenomenon, the Holy Maid of Kent. Though the Maid lived a mile away, the rapid succession of owners at Bellevue may have some, however remote, connection with that person—whose story, since it is peculiar, and “as you may not have heard it, I will now proceed to relate.”

In the early sixteenth century there stood, at Court-at-Street, a chapel, half-way down the cliffs, and which, by reason of its hamlet being come on extreme evil days, having so to say ceased to exist, had fallen to ruin. Yet within it there dwelt an anchorite, whom all around thereby held holy and would come secretly for his blessing, which, for a pittance, he gave. But, looking out of the ruined window away over Lemans, the devils would come from among the ruins and torment that good man, and in a curious way, for they filled him not with lusts but with a holy zeal, which in his present situation—hermit of a lonely grotto, visited by none but hogwards and the like—he could ill bring to good effect. So his consideration became ever how to advance God's good, which the devils persuaded him was co-extensive with his own. Master Richard Master, curate of Aldington, the next village, would come occasionally to the holy hermit, less for consolation than to talk of those agreeable things which the Cloth, naturally, cannot give themselves away by talking about to the laity and must therefore reserve for one another, even though the Cloth in some cases be rags. And so it was that the hermit heard of Elizabeth Barton, a poor slut visited by fits, very strange. Her master, one Cobbe of that parish, had asked Master Master the clerk for remedy, and the clerk asked the hermit. “There is,” said the holy man, with a curious light in his eyes, “none. Thou say'st this



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2.—THE CLOSE GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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3.—SEA-FARING BOW WINDOWS. ROSEMARY AND CLEMATIS.

"C.L."



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4.—THE BARN BEHIND THE HOUSE

"COUNTRY LIFE."



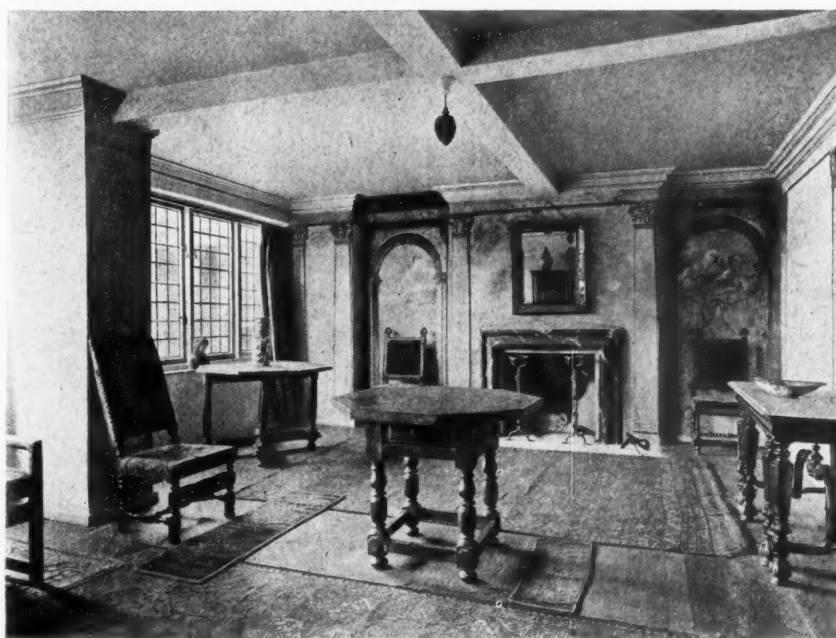


Copyright. 5.—THE LIBRARY, NOW CHANGED TO DINING-ROOM.

"C.L."



6.—WITH FAT DEMI-COLUMNS, DESIGNED BY MR. TILDEN.



Copyright. 7.—THE PAINTED ROOM OF LIGHT BLUE GRAY.

"C.L."

maid doth babble when the devil taketh her? I say unto thee they are the words of God, which, hearing, ye have not heard nor understood. Bring her unto me." So Bessy Barton was brought and communed long with the holy men. Whether they put it as bluntly as this or no, in effect it was this the three arranged: Bessy was to simulate her seizures, crying out what the hermit should teach; she should oftentimes resort to his chapel, thereby making it a place of note, and him, consequently, a wealthy hermit, better able to propagate the heavenly word. As to Master, who had found the wench, he should become parson. Nothing easier. The hermit, to initiate Bessy into the Holy Confederacy of Pious Frauds, arranged a series of miraculous conferences with Our Lady of Courtupstreet. We may believe that Bernys and Dick Wombwell of Bellavow were profoundly moved by these miracles, occurring but a thousand yards up the road from their door. Many souls, it was said, were saved by this Holy Maid. Wombwell was certainly in the great crowd of gentlemen and ladies, and near three thousand of the common people, who rode and walked behind Doctor Bocking, whom Archbishop Wareham sent to straitly examine the Maid, and who, to show his entire approbation of her conduct, accompanied her to the chapel. When all the multitude stood round about the ruin, and the good doctor and the Holy Maid were conversing of holy things before the crumbling door, the aged hermit tottered out into their sight. The Maid was moved with compassion for him; so she lifted up her voice and blessed him, and blessed all them who should give alms to him and to Our Lady for the new building of Her house. And money showered upon the good man, in whose eyes there shone, once again, that curious light.

Unfortunately, the Archbishop appointed her to a nun's cell in St. Sepulchre's Priory in Canterbury, so the Maid and the hermit were again parted. None the less, she continued to exhort all who desired remission from their sins to go on pilgrimage to the chapel of Courtupstreet, and, we read, the hermit was enriched by daily offerings. So for several years. The Holy Maid of Kent was a name to pray to throughout the length and breadth of the land. As to the chapel, in spite of the pilgrimages and offerings, it was never touched, and after a time the hermit was seen no more. The signal for his departure was a fatal mistake on the part of the Holy Maid. She began to prophesy against the king, saying that if he persisted in his divorce from Queen Catharine he should not continue king but one month longer. Henry was not unmoved by this curse; but when the month was up and he still king in England, he arraigned the false prophetess and all her confederates before the Star Chamber on two charges, one of which at least must prove fatal. For, first, the Maid was charged with false prophecy; and if she persisted in it, she was to be charged with high treason—i.e., imagining the king's death. In terror the poor woman and all the confederates confessed the whole business a glorious cheat, and no doubt bluff Hal laughed hugely at the jest. None the less,

Elizabeth Barton, Richard Master (now parson of Aldington), Edward Bocking, D.D., and Richard Dering, monks of Canterbury, Henry Golde, parson of Aldermanbury, London, and Richard Risby, Gent., were all attainted before the Commons and every one of them executed at Tyburn. Even Fisher, the pious Bishop of Rochester, with several other clerics, was found guilty of misprision or concealment of treason and imprisoned. Thus all who knew the Maid suffered. All except the hermit. He probably founded a family in a distant shire who are yet rich in inherited wealth and shrewdness.

The Maid was executed in November, 1533. In 1534 Wombwell disposed of Bellevue, as we have related. Eventually it was bought by a family called Beddingfield, with whom it continued till about 1625. In that year several brothers succeeded in gavelkind—the Saxon law of inheritance which yet holds good in Kent, if the land has not been disgavelled, by which, if a man die intestate, his property is divided equally among his sons. The brothers Beddingfield joined together to sell Bellevue to Sir Edward Hales of Tunstall. It is not likely that Sir Edward, who owned vast properties all over Kent, resided here, but his tenant probably inserted the present staircase. The outside, however, must have been entirely changed, either by a Mr. George Green, who bought it *circa* 1700, or by William Glanville of Igham, who may be presumed to have bought it from Green *circa* 1740, for he died possessed of it in 1766, when William, his son, succeeded him.

The original house would seem to have been of Kentish rag, which is quarried at Aldington. Either by Hales' tenant or by Green, however, it was entirely rebuilt in brick and converted into a most charming Georgian house, which the addition of what we may call sea-faring bow windows does much to enhance. Indeed, the bows are the making of the simple façade. You expect to spy a sea captain taking his rummer in their ample curve, or skimming the horizons of all their craft with his glass. At their base grows rosemary, and two clumps of broom guard either side of the hooded porch. Simple roses and a wisp of clematis clothe the weather-beaten walls; and grass, of the kind that is salt and stiff with the sea winds, grows on the lawn as tidily as a mariner's beard. This, however, was the cunning of Sir Louis Mallet, who was for some years the tenant of Bellevue; and Lady Edward Grosvenor, who is now tenant, continues Sir Louis' traditions.



Copyright. 8.—TAPESTRY AND CARVED WOOD IN THE DRAWING-ROOM. "C.L."

In the intervals of working at Port Lympne Mr. Philip Tilden has left his mark within. The charming room formerly the library (Fig. 5) and now the dining-room owes much to his touch, for the stout demi-columns which give the room its character are his. His also is the painted room (Fig. 7), lately more fully, but no less lightly, treated. For, besides being an architect, Mr. Tilden has a delightfully naïve aptitude for fresco. There is a room at Sir Martin Conway's, at Alington, which he has decorated. Here his painting is purely architectural, but not realistic. Since the photograph was taken the wall space beneath the windows has been painted with balusters and the space between the pilasters on the right has been filled in with a prospect of clouds. The two vistas on either side the fireplace are reminiscent, in paint, of the crystal vistas in the Sert room at Port Lympne.

The property actually belongs to Sir Philip Sassoon, who acquired it at the same time as the Port Lympne property. Sir Louis Mallet amassed at Bellevue some admirable pieces of furniture. There was, for example, facing you as you entered the door (at the side of the house, by the way, and not beneath the Georgian hood in the front), a superb Chinese cupboard lacquered with dragons. Then in the dining-room there stood an exceptional octagonal table (Fig. 9), marble topped, with four columnar legs, bun feet and a prodigious moulded stretcher. It is difficult to conceive it as English, for Dutch origin seems most probable, of the late seventeenth century. In the drawing-room (Fig. 8) there were other excellent pieces, such as the William III armchair on the right of the fireplace, with an uncommon back suggesting the head of a pier glass, and a footstool fashioned between two sejant lions. On the writing table there rested a very beautiful French bust of the Virgin Mary, carved out of wood, and two pieces of Mortlake tapestry hung on the opposite walls.

Lady Edward Grosvenor, while not having the fruits of Sir Louis Mallet's long experience, has many charming pieces, but, far more important, has continued the simple traditions of Bellevue.

Behind the house was a large and peculiar pergola, with a heavy pantiled roof supported by columns. It was the work of an owner of twenty years ago, and was far from satisfactory. The roof has now been removed and a simple structure of light beams been substituted, though now, of course, the columns appear too numerous and strong to be quite right. The rest of the garden, however, is entirely suited to this upland above the sea and marshes. A garden gate smothered in an arch of roses; trim paved walks among lawns not too scrupulously mown; a broad farmyard behind the house still breathing the goodness of hay and cows, with its rough earth floor; beside it the great barn, older than anything about the house—all these belong inseparably to Bellevue, the house of Kentish yeomen through nine centuries. In the yew and box close gardens, full of simple scented herbs, with here and there a statue or a little basin, the mind is carried back to the days when the Holy Maid performed her tragi-comedy a thousand yards up the road to Tenterden. CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.



9.—A TABLE OF EXCEPTIONAL, PROBABLY DUTCH, DESIGN.



## ABOUT BATHROOMS

**B**ATHROOMS are of many sorts and degrees of luxury. All should be, I think, sunny and, at will, warm. They should be welcoming, encouraging in the morning, refreshing to the weary at all times; their shape surely approaching the square in plan, neither narrow nor too lofty. The walls may properly display colour, be hard of surface, smooth and washable, but soft and varied in tone; the floor comfortable to the barefooted, non-absorbent, warm and smooth, with rounded skirting and hollow angles; the bath usually white, smooth, immaculate; the water supply generous; the bath towel large, warm and a little heavy; and the chair on which it awaits you business-like, not too comfortable—no loitering there unless, happy being, you have the distinction of the bathroom yours alone, when you may indulge your whim, have the head of the bath towards the morning sun and read at your leisure. No matter how comfortable, remember that the first essential is that the bathroom shall be empty.

Its internal arrangements should be simple and pleasing. A really satisfactory bathroom should not suggest a plumber's or nickel plater's display. The less metal to clean the better.

### SIZE OF ROOM.

Now as to size. The most humble room can scarcely be smaller than 4ft. 6ins. by 6ft. 6ins., about half the floor space being occupied by the bath itself, with scarce room for a chair. The largest need be no more than 9ft. to 10ft. square. Considerations of planning, equipment, cost, will be determining factors as to this, but accepting the usual position of the bath itself along one side wall, space for a chair and door on the return wall will suggest a width of about 8ft. overall as a comfortable dimension. As to length, if a lavatory basin is to be provided, economy in plumbing will place it close to and perhaps in line with the other end of the bath, the latter arrangement requiring approximately 8ft. to 9ft., these dimensions providing sufficient floor space for table, towel airer, chair and such like. Such an arrangement, though practical enough, does not go far to satisfy architectural conditions. Ingenuity will suggest many variations of plan and arrangement, economical of space and pleasing in appearance.

### BATHS.

Baths themselves are of great variety of shape and material. Marble or porcelain, copper or cast-iron stove or porcelain enamelled, the last being by far the most satisfactory and easily cleaned. They may be "tapered,"



A SUNK BATH (AT TOWNHILL PARK, SOUTHAMPTON). Constructed of reinforced concrete, overlaid with glass tesserae: floor laid with squares of cork. The general colour scheme is a rich blue.

*L. Rome Guthrie, Architect.*

"parallel" or "equal ended," and should be provided with a generous "rolled" edge. The taps (or valves) and outlet in the first two types will usually be found at the narrow or straight end for ease of access; in equal-ended baths, frequently at the centre of one side. Inlet of water may be through separate taps for hot and cold supply, but in more elaborate types a concealed mixing box can be provided with one nozzle or inlet only.

Waste pipes can be elaborate nickel-plated affairs, placed either inside or outside the bath and combined with the overflow pipe, or the familiar plug and chain; but, whatever arrangement is adopted, both outlets and inlets should be very ample in size. In some types soap dishes are provided, but these add somewhat to the overall length of the bath itself and scarcely satisfy the fastidious! The position is not altogether convenient and the drainage usually sluggish, involving waste of soap and an unpleasant bit of cleaning for a housemaid. Simple nickel-plated, bronzed or white enamelled fittings to carry soaps and sponges designed to hook over or rest on the rolled edge in any position handy to the users are more useful, more economical of soap and much more readily cleaned.

Baths with an elaborate attachment of complicated bright metal and imposing array of taps requiring close study, but when capably handled, apparently eager to spray, shower, douche or otherwise vigorously attack one with water hot or cold, seem, happily, to be



WITH THE BATH STANDING FREE FROM THE WALLS.

At Hook Heath Farm, Woking. Jointless red composition floor, blue tile dado, with banding of green and yellow, and primrose wall above.

less common than of yore (no house without one or two was considered really respectable in the dying days of the last century). A simple arrangement of metal spray and flexible tube with the necessary attachments would seem to be all that is required in the ordinary case.

Apart from manufactured baths, interesting and successful baths can be constructed *in situ* of thin reinforced concrete, but any variation from accepted shapes requires very careful study. The best surface finish so far appears to be mosaic, which can be comfortable in use and easily cleaned, and does not appear to be open to the usual objection of chilliness made against baths of marble or porcelain. Such a bath will, of course, demand a fine setting and will give the key to the colour scheme of the whole room. It may be placed in a recess and partially sunk in the floor. The valves and other fittings must be suitably designed and placed. These are matters which require much care, and repay it.

A less ambitious idea is to sink an ordinary cast-iron porcelain enamelled bath a few inches, a flange on the outside resting on the floor and supporting the bath. The space between the roll edge and the floor can then be filled in with concrete or brick and covered with tile or mosaic. A simpler arrangement is to have a bath with enclosing panels of marble or enamelled iron that fit down to the floor level on a base mould. This arrangement prevents the accumulation of dust and dirt under the bath, and as the panels are removable it is a simple matter at any time to get at the waste or supply pipes should this be necessary.

#### LAVATORY BASINS.

Of lavatory basins there are types innumerable, from the humble efficient cast-iron pattern carried on painted cast-iron brackets to luxurious combinations of perfect earthenware or porcelain with marble or onyx tops. The essentials of all are the same—a sufficient size of basin, a reasonably spacious top of whatever material to carry the few necessities of toilet, effective fittings, and a decent arrangement of piping under. Enclosures under lavatories such as the little cupboards beloved of our fathers' fathers are abominations, being small, useless, difficult of access and full of tricky corners, an abode of fluff and nastiness. So let the basin be supported either on simple metal or wooden legs or, perhaps better still, on strong cantilevers built up into the wall. If possible arrange for the hot and cold supply pipes to rise quite vertically from floor to fitting, one on either side of the waste pipe, in, or 2ins. clear of the wall, and finished at floor level with a little wide flange—enamelled, bronzed or nickelled to match the pipes.

Specially designed wooden stands with glass-covered tops are good, but perhaps more suitable for use in bedrooms. Great care is required to avoid water getting between the glass and the wood. Fittings of oak with mosaic or tile tops are suitable to some rooms.

Towel rails in bathrooms should whenever possible be of metal tubing connected to the domestic hot-water supply system rather than to any heating system, and, as with metal fittings generally, are more easily kept clean if bronzed than if nickel-plated.



A STONE LAVATORY BASIN.  
At Shoppenhanger, Maidenhead.

#### FLOOR COVERINGS.

Perhaps the best floor covering is cork laid in squares of about 12ins. It is warm and durable, but should, I think, be used in conjunction with a hollow or coved skirting. Jointless floorings, such as "Durato" and "Doloment," are warm to the feet and easily cleaned, and they can be used quite successfully over old wood floors; with these the coved skirting can be formed of the same material. Such floors take a nice polish,



A BATHROOM WITH TILED FLOOR AND WALLS.

and wear and look well. A really well laid wood floor kept scrubbed is comfortable and even warmer, but the numerous joints are a difficulty. As an experiment I want to try a well laid hardwood floor with caulked joints heavily painted and finished with a transparent colour stippled or sponged and finally well varnished.

There are coverings such as linoleum which are comparatively cheap and easily cleaned, but they are never in really close union with the flooring on which they are laid, and water and dirt find their way under, and sooner or later their canvas backing perishes. Therefore there is far greater merit in the new types of rubber flooring in sheet form stuck down with the special adhesive supplied by the makers. Where linoleum, sheet rubber flooring or similar material of chequer pattern is used, it always looks best with the squares set parallel with the walls, not diagonally. Mosaic and marble floors are handsome, though apt to be cold and slippery, but by no means are to be despised.

In good work it is usual to provide a lead or marble slab or "safe" under the bath and lavatory basin, but with "jointless" mosaic or other impervious flooring these do not seem to be necessary.

#### WALL TREATMENTS

The wall linings should be durable and easily cleaned. Tiles, marble or mosaic can be used either for the whole height of the walls or as dados. A height of about 4ft. will suffice, with a panel 5ft. to 6ft. high behind the bath itself. Or the walls can be finished with Keene's cement and painted and enamelled for the whole height. "Glossy" enamel is apt to stream with condensed moisture in cold weather, but is more easily cleaned than "flat" enamel. A good combination is to have a dado of glossy enamel with walls and ceiling finished "flat."

Angles of walls and between walls and ceiling and floor should be rounded. The former may be of composition or, where a tiled or marble dado is used, may be of mosaic or marble.

The ideal bathroom will be simple and clean, conveying a feeling of efficiency and well balanced design.

L. ROME GUTHRIE.



## THE GREAT SPRING SHOW AT CHELSEA

**T**HIS year's Chelsea Show is altogether less spectacular than the corresponding show last year, but, actually, it does not suffer on that account. The formal and informal gardens outdoors, which for two or three years had been growing more ornate, are really, on the whole, more pleasing on this occasion, when stone, cement and wood-work are used with a much less lavish hand.

There seems, this year, a general tendency to dispute the usually accepted dictum that the pseudo-natural rock garden should be kept quite away from the formal house surround. Messrs. Clarence Elliott, Limited, of Stevenage, particularly emphasise this revolt, in that they set up a very well thought out rock garden which is actually surrounded on three sides by a severely formal brick wall carried to sitting height. Without approving of this arrangement, one can appreciate the line of thought which brings it about. There is no doubt that choice

alpenes need the loving care of their owner to a great extent, if only to guard against marauding slugs. This care they are most likely to receive if the rock garden is quite near to the house. Again, a rock garden may be so arranged as to be very effective from the house terrace. It is, in fact, only when house and rock garden are seen together that one is disturbed by the effect.

Of the rock garden exhibits outdoors special interest is sure to be taken by the general public in Captain Symons-Jeune's garden, because he has this year made use very effectively of Mendip stone, which has not, we think, previously been utilised at Chelsea. The arrangement is true to nature and the planting in keeping.

Mr. George G. Whitelegg has a pleasing rock garden in the style we are used to at this Show, and the exhibit is especially noteworthy for the rarity and beauty of the plants exhibited. A number of fine plants of *Saxifraga longifolia*—the supposed queen of silver saxifrages—are quite eclipsed here by giant plants of the splendid but seldom seen *S. Cotyledon platyphylla*. A fine form of *Anemone sylvestris* and a large patch of the hybrid between *Dianthus alpinus* and *D. neglectus*, including a beautiful white form, are worthy of special mention in an admirable exhibit. Adjoining this and forming a homogenous grouping with it is a well arranged informal iris garden containing some of the best of the June-flowering bearded irises, including such as *Ambassadeur*, *Alcazar*, *Eldorado*, *Nibelungen*, *pallida Empress of India*, *pallida Celeste*, *Lord of June*, *Lohengrin*



MESSRS. SUTTON'S GARDEN OF ANNUALS.

and *Isoline*. Fine plants boldly grouped of *Primula helodoxa* were noticed in this garden.

Messrs. R. Tucker and Sons of Headington, Oxford, have also a fine rock garden, more boldly conceived than Mr. Whitelegg's. Of noteworthy plants in this exhibit one may mention *Daphne Cneorum* in quantity, masses of the brilliant *Primula Cockburniana*, *Dianthus Spencer Bickham*, *Dodecatheons* (shooting stars), and *Primula sikkimensis*.

Messrs. Clarence Elliott's exhibit has already been referred to. A great feature of this exhibit, however, is the miniature rock gardens planted in old stone pig troughs and sinks. Visitors to the Show should not miss these.

Messrs. T. R. Hayes and Son of Keswick, have an unambitious but very attractive little rock garden, featuring a number of heaths, *Daphne Blagayana*, *pernettyas* and *ramondias*, including the beautiful *R. pyrenaica alba*.

Messrs. Hodsons have a rock garden in their usual style.

Messrs. W. H. Gaze and Sons cover a considerable area with their informal garden in which brave chunks of rock are used very effectively. Japanese maples, a great variety of rock plants, many sorts of shrubs and a deal of turf are employed, and water greatly helps some very pleasing pictures.

Messrs. Pulham and Son have a boldly planned and planted exhibit with two streams of water forming a waters-meet. This garden is sure to attract favourable notice from many visitors.

Coming now to the formal gardens, which have, of late, been such an important feature, the En Tout Cas Company have quite a pleasing little formal garden in association with, but separated by yew hedges from, their hard and turf tennis courts.

Messrs. Joseph Cheal and Sons have a well planned exhibit, of which the centre, between paved paths, is turf and topiary, the outsides being herbaceous borders. A terrace at the further end has a dripping well underneath it, and the terrace itself is very successfully planted with choice trees and shrubs.

Mr. Ernest Dixon of Putney has quite a restful garden with plenty of grass and steps—perhaps too many of the latter. This is a very praiseworthy effort; but Mr. Dixon would, probably, have been wiser to have used his house terrace as the viewpoint, instead of admitting the public at the bottom of the garden.

Messrs. Bunyard's iris garden is one of the features of the Show, but alas! the irises are backward and there is, unfortunately, a shortage of bloom. Even this is not altogether a hardship, however, for it



AN EFFECTIVE IRIS GARDEN BY MESSRS. GEORGE BUNYARD AND CO.

enables one to appreciate the appeal of such a garden the year through.

Mr. James MacDonald's garden of grasses is this year as fine as ever. He has some wonderfully decorative eulalias on show.

Messrs. James Carter and Co. have one of the informal spring gardens in which they have rather specialised of late. Intermediate bearded and Dutch irises are used very largely in this grouping.

Messrs. R. Neal and Sons have one of the most pretentious exhibits in this Show, a curvilinear terrace overlooking a moat

Mr. Klinkert of Richmond has a well arranged topiary garden.

Turning now to the exhibits in the tents, Messrs. Wallace's lilies, rhododendrons and eremuri are admirable. The show of lilies is probably the finest ever staged. A mere list of names conveys little—the plants must be seen to be believed—but *Willmottiae*, *excelsum*, *regale*, *philippinense formosanum*, *Farrer*, *Krameri*, *auratum* and *longifolium*, with a number of *Martagon* forms, and *Martagon* × *Hansonii* crosses are among the most important.

Messrs. J. Waterer, Sons and Crisp, and Mr. T. Lewis have excellent groups of rhododendrons.

Messrs. Allwood Brothers have a fine show of perpetual carnations with beds of the new perpetual borders and the now greatly improved Allwoodii. Mr. C. Engelmann has a fine bank of perpetual carnations with three novelties, to wit, *Orange Sunstar*, *Surprise* (a deep salmon pink) and *Scarlet Iona*. Messrs. Stuart Low and Co. have also some fine carnations and a rare lot of the cool greenhouse Australian plants in which they specialise. Mr. James Douglas has, as usual, his unbeatable border carnations, and Mr. C. H. Herbert his marvellous perpetual-flowering pinks.

Roses are well shown by Mr. E. J. Hicks (who shows the rose-coloured Premier largely), by Messrs. William Paul and Son of Waltham Cross, by Messrs. Pipers and Messrs. William Cutbush and Sons. The last-named have a rare lot of the polyantha varieties.

Bearded irises are splendidly shown by the Orpington Nurseries and Perry's Hardy Plant Farm. Both firms have many novelties on view, and the latter are showing hardy ferns better, in all probability, than they have ever been staged before.

*Calceolarias*, *cinerarias*, *schizanthus*, *antirrhinums*, *aquilegias* and such like are admirably shown by Messrs. Carter and Co. and Messrs. E. Webb and Sons; but Messrs. Suttons have this year broken new ground with an exhibit entirely of hardy annuals.

Messrs. Blackmore and Langdon have their usual marvellous display of begonias and some equally wonderful delphiniums. Of the giant double begonias the new *Hilda* Langdon must take pride of place for perfect form, giant size and exquisite colouring, but *Peace*, *Lord Lambourne* and *Lady Cory* run it very close.

Dr. Macwatts of Duns, N.B., the famous authority on hardy primulas, has a wonderful collection on show. These include the splendid and priceless little silvery-stemmed *rupicola*, and such rarities as *Mac-lareni*, *vincaeflora*, *Wanda*, *Mauriana*, *crispata* and *seclusa*.

Fruit does not make quite so good a show as usual, but Messrs. Bunyard and Co. have once again a wonderful exhibit of apples—considering the season of the year—and Messrs. Laxton Bros. Wagener, Cox's Orange Pippin, Allen's Everlasting among the former, and the Duke, Sir Douglas Haig and Abundance among the "straws" are noteworthy. Messrs. Ireland and Hitchcock's new lavender sweet pea, *Lord Lascelles*, and their sweet william-carnation hybrid called *Mascott's Dianthus*; Messrs. Dobbie's sweet peas and *antirrhinums*; Messrs. Artindale's *eremuri*; Messrs. Hillier's and the Dinard Nursery Company's choice shrubs; and Messrs. L. R. Russell's and Messrs. R. and G. Cuthbert's azaleas must, on no account, be overlooked. In such a brief survey as this, however, many really fine exhibits must necessarily escape mention.



MESSRS. JAMES CARTER AND CO.'S SPRING GARDEN.



A ROCK GARDEN IN WEATHER-WORN LIMESTONE BY MR. GEO. G. WHITELEGG.

with, on the further shore, bold groupings of Japanese maples and more or less formal rockwork, with a rill down the centre. Rhododendrons are quite well used in this exhibit.

The Orpington Nurseries Company's exhibit of a garden of polyantha roses is one of the best and simplest things in the Show. The bright, fresh colouring and simple, but well proportioned arrangement is worth coming some distance to see.

Messrs. Kent and Brydon have a sunk garden with rockery at top of the formal walling.

Messrs. Wm. Wood and Sons of Taplow, so famed for their garden sundries, also have quite a pleasing sunk garden, though not a very colourful one.



## SOME OF THE SECRETS OF SUCCESSFUL SNAPSHOTTING

BY WARD MUIR

**P**HOTOGRAPHY is now probably the most widespread hobby in the world. It might, however, be fairer to write "taking photographs" than "photography." Perhaps the word "snapshotting" would be more accurate still. Snapshotting, and very successful snapshotting, requires no knowledge of photography. That, precisely, is why it has become so popular, for though we all like pictures, we are most of us lazy about learning either the craftsmanship of drawing or the chemistry and optics of the camera. The consequence is that the so-called snapshot camera has gone everywhere while the field or studio camera is limited to the few who take their pleasures, if not sadly, at any rate with some scientific seriousness; and a taste for snapshotting is enormously more common than a taste for golf, angling, or even tennis. It would be possible to enter thousands of homes above a certain income level without finding golf clubs or fishing rods or racquets, but in few indeed would there be no single camera.

The vast majority of snapshotters have their films developed for them, thus ridding themselves of even the tiniest fraction of technical responsibility in the process. I am enough of a photographer myself to hold that the snapshotter who shirks development is losing part of the fun of his pastime. But equally I am enough of a photographer to realise that the mechanicalness of photography is a virtue and not a drawback; and if the snapshotter gets his after-work done for him by a hireling, this only leaves him freer to pay attention to the primary job—which is the choice of subject. Fanatical photographers are apt to preach that the snapshotter who studies development should turn out better pictures than the snapshotter who entrusts his exposures to his dealer. There is no proof that anything of the sort is the case. Rather the reverse. As one who has had the privilege of going through the "D. and P. Departments" (developing and printing) of some of our great camera and film and plate firms, where avalanches of exposures from amateurs are dealt with daily, I can testify to their competence. Not

one amateur in a thousand could handle his own developing as efficiently as it is handled at these highly organised establishments. Now that the well informed amateur who owns a darkroom actually develops his exposure by time and tank methods, in which the whole routine is reduced to mere mathematics, there is no practical distinction between developing one's negatives oneself and sending them to be developed by a sort of inhuman, unseen Robot in a laboratory. Either way, success or failure has been settled, once for all, when one pressed the button; and, after that, the less we interfere in the adventures of the film or plate the better its chances.

The camera is a machine and, like other machines, can be illused, and will then have the appearance of behaving ill. Employed wrongly, it produces the right result from the task it was given, a result only wrong when gauged by the recollection of what its master had meant. Given that the snapshotter does his snapshotting properly, his pictures ought to be rather the better than the worse for being developed by some impersonal organisation. The more surprising is it that there is so much bad photography about. Whatever may be the case in winter, when our light is fickle, there is no excuse for the snapshotter taking bad snapshots in summer. Certainly every picture taken in sunshine ought to "come out" properly, however moderate the price of the instrument used. But, really, the cost of the camera has only the remotest connection with the merit of the pictures made with it. I venture to assert confidently that, save for the architectural illustrations, there are few pictures in *COUNTRY LIFE* at this moment which required any special apparatus for their production. Why, then, are the run of the pictures in the accompanying pages so manifestly superior to the run of the pictures produced by the average snapshotter—as I think the average snapshotter will be ready to admit? In nine cases out of ten an impartial examination of the pictures will show that their success lies in their skilful choice of subject.



A RIVER SNAPSHOT.

Now, the wonderful thing about the camera is that because it is a machine, and a machine of almost laughable simplicity, it leaves its user's mind completely free to concentrate entirely on this matter—choice of subject. Yet, this is just what the average snapshotter is most careless of: he seems to argue that because photography does not need his attention, the choice of what he shall photograph needs no attention either. Some years ago I got into trouble in the more advanced photographic circles by inventing a kind of "slogan," as I believe it is named, defining the means whereby good photographs could be secured. I wrote: "Photography deals with facts. Point your camera at a beautiful fact and you will get a beautiful photograph." This skipped the technical side of the problem—but then the technical side of the problem is what everybody skips nowadays. At all events, I still believe that my little aphorism contains the gist of picture-making by photography. The reason why the snapshotter gets humdrum pictures is only because he aims his lens at humdrum subjects. The camera performs its duties automatically and takes neither more nor less than what it has been commanded to take. The contrast between the commonplace snapshots of the casual amateur and the very fine reproductions which the reader can see now by turning these pages is that the latter are properly selected and the former—as a rule—are simply the first haphazard arrangement of the subject which caught the snapshotter's glance.

Putting on one side the vexed question of whether photographs can be artistic or not, they certainly can be well arranged or badly arranged; yet, countless snapshotters seem to be unaware that any arrangement whatever is practicable. It is clear that a group or a figure can be arranged and re-arranged; but how can nature in a landscape or seascape be altered? Nature cannot

be altered. But the standpoint from which any scene in nature is snapshotted can be altered, and the alteration in the standpoint will often very materially alter the scene's disposition on the plate or film. If any snapshotter who reads these lines will experiment by going out into the open and taking a scene containing two or three foreground trees, he will find that a shift of a yard to right or left will remarkably readjust the relationship of those trees to each other and to their background. That is the most elementary test of "composition"; and in the hundreds of pictures taken by the snapshotter in a year—travel souvenirs, sporting mementoes, picnic parties, or whatever they may be—there is hardly one which is not demonstrably a superior arrangement of lines and lighting from one point of view than from another point of view, maybe a mere step to the side.

And because photography—snapshotting—has been rendered in its technique so utterly easy, this relatively difficult individual matter, the choice of subject, is left as the only ultimate interest which the hobby offers us. The snapshotter who never reaches the stage of choosing his subjects consciously, rejecting this and deciding on that, soon tires of the amusement altogether, for photography without the ingredient of personality is as unsatisfying as a conjuring trick. It may sound a far-fetched statement, but it is true that in any family of camera-owners it ought to be possible to detect in a mixed collection of prints to which member of the family each was due; and this not by their technical defects or perfection, but purely by the personal factor of the type of subject chosen and the temperament revealed in its composition. Once this is recognised, snapshotting does not seem quite so empty a pastime as its name would appear to imply.

## WIRELESS FOR THE COUNTRY HOUSE

**I**N spite of initial difficulties and present controversies, broadcasting is now established in this country, and has undoubtedly come to stay. Already six stations are transmitting daily, and others are in course of erection, with the object of improving facilities for "listening in" from one end of the country to the other. Quite apart, however, from future expansion along these lines, it is already possible for any country house, no matter how isolated, to enjoy the full advantage of broadcasted news and entertainment with a relatively simple receiving equipment and at a comparatively negligible cost.

The prospect opened out by this new march of science should appeal with particular force to those who spend much of their time away from the main centres and highways of the community. It is good to dwell apart from the "madding throng," but it is pleasant to be able at the same time to keep one's finger on the pulse of events.

We are to-day only skirting the outer fringe of wireless utility. The present evening programme of news and entertainment is but the prelude to a service which is certain to expand until it embraces all hours of the day and conceivably much of the night. Lest this prospect should prove alarming, it must be remembered that wireless is not incessantly vocal and therefore need not grow tedious. The receiver is switched on only at auspicious moments—as one takes up a newspaper or novel. For the rest it is inconspicuous and silent.

So long as transmission was confined to one station working from London, a listener-in, say, at Aberdeen or Inverness was compelled to indulge in an expensive set in order to secure satisfactory and enjoyable reception. The total energy radiated by a broadcasting station is relatively small, and the wireless "waves" are spread out equally in all directions. Surely the amazing thing is that it was possible actually to receive clear telephony over such a distance, rather than that the outfit for doing so should have been somewhat costly.

There are, at present, transmitting stations of the British Broadcasting Company located in London, Birmingham, Manchester, Newcastle, Cardiff and Glasgow, and, lastly, there are two in course of completion at Aberdeen and Bournemouth. With so many distributing centres available it is no longer necessary to reach over such extended distances, and, consequently, the cost of listening-in is reduced even for the more remote districts.

At the same time it must be borne in mind that the more powerful sets open out a wider range of interest, particularly in picking up the French, Dutch and other Continental concerts. For the English broadcast service an ultra-sensitive receiver is not essential—at least it will not be so in the near future. Successful experiments have already been made in which musical and other items given at one station have been transmitted by land line to a distant depot and there radiated outwards by wireless. For instance, quite recently the writer, using a crystal set installed near London, heard clearly and thoroughly enjoyed musical items performed at Glasgow. These were radiated from the Glasgow station to local receivers, and simultaneously conveyed by a land line to the London station, where they were again radiated to a fresh audience.

This opens the possibility of distributing any exceptionally interesting item, such as the singing of Melba in grand opera,

from the local centre simultaneously to all other centres in the system. With such a scheme in operation, listeners-in throughout the whole country will be able to share in the feast even though they possess only a comparatively low-powered receiving set.

### TYPES OF RECEIVERS.

The kind of receiving set required for satisfactory reception in any particular locality is mainly determined by the distance from the nearest broadcasting centre. There are, however, other facts to be considered, *i.e.*, whether the house stands at a good elevation or whether it is badly screened by surrounding hills or trees. Also there is the further point as to whether it is desired to work a "loud speaker" or not.

It is impossible to lay down hard and fast rules on all these matters, but the following generalisations may be found helpful:

In the first place, it should be noted that a loud speaker cannot be used with a crystal set. The great distinction between a crystal receiver and a valve receiver lies in the fact that the latter can amplify or "boost up" the energy received on the



THE "GECOPHONE" ON A STUDY TABLE.



aerial, whereas a crystal cannot. It is fairly obvious that considerable energy must be required to operate a loud speaker efficiently—far more, in fact, than is actually picked up by the receiving aerial. Accordingly, two or more valves *must* be employed if a loud speaker is to be used.

In the second place it can be taken for granted that—apart from “freak” instances—the maximum range over which a crystal set will give reasonably enjoyable reception on a single

overcome before any other available centre can be picked up—but sometimes the *more distant* station will come in first. In every case reception can be ensured, and the problem is reduced simply and solely to a question of the minimum number of valves necessary. Three valves should be the *maximum* number required to pick up the British broadcast programme from any locality in the country.

#### LOCAL CONDITIONS.

Certain districts appear to suffer from wireless “peculiarities” which are difficult to explain. For instance, the London station is not received so easily in certain of the southern counties as it is in other directions to the north and west. This applies particularly to those regions bordering the South Downs and the adjacent sea coast. An extra valve is usually sufficient to overcome the difficulty. It will, however, be interesting to see how the new station at Bournemouth is received in this direction.

On the other hand, it must not be forgotten that the South Coast listeners-in enjoy some compensation in having an easier access to the delightful concerts and other entertainments supplied from the Eiffel Tower and from the Radiola Station near Paris.

#### THE QUESTION OF LICENCE.

Before introducing the amenities of wireless into one's home it is necessary to obtain what is called a broadcast receiving licence. This may be procured at any post office directly upon application, and without any formality, except the payment of 10s. a year. Such a licence covers the use of all wireless receiving sets which bear the mark B.B.C., showing that they have been approved and passed by the British Broadcasting Company. There is another kind of licence which is free from any restriction as to the type of receiving set that may be used, but this is restricted to those who desire to experiment in the subject. In all probability a third form of licence will shortly be available for those who desire to make up their own receiving sets from parts purchased separately.

The erection of a suitable aerial presents no difficulty, especially in connection with a country house, and there is a wide choice among crystal and valve sets. Nor is any trouble experienced in fitting up the receiver itself, or in maintaining it. The main item of renewal is the re-charging of the accumulator needed with a valve set (a crystal set needs no accumulator). Here again, however, accumulators are in common use on motor cars, and convenient means are usually at hand for their periodical charging.

J. H.

THE T.M.C. “DE LUXE”  
CABINET RECEIVING SET.



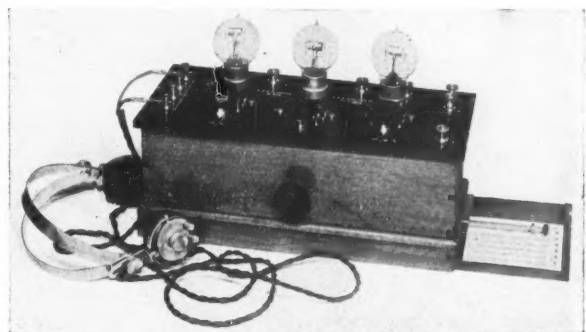
Combining crystal and valve receivers, and having a loud speaker enclosed.

pair of phones is between twenty and twenty-five miles. For distances up to ten or twenty miles a good crystal receiver fitted on to a standard roof. aerial will supply two pairs of headphones in parallel, allowing two people to listen-in with comfort.

For distances of from twenty-five to a hundred miles or more, according to circumstances, a two-valve set is necessary. One of the valves should be a high-frequency amplifier and the other a detector. For a loud speaker a third valve or note amplifier will be required.

It should, perhaps, be mentioned that a single-valve receiver used alone has practically only the same range as a crystal set. It is, however, possible to use a single valve as a high-frequency amplifier linked up to a crystal detector, and with this economical combination to get as wide a range as with a two-valve set. In fact, it is always possible to replace a detector valve by a crystal substitute so as to reduce the number of valves in a long-distance set, with a corresponding saving in the initial price of the outfit and also in its cost of upkeep. But this is a matter calling for some little technical knowledge, although not more so than is rapidly acquired by anyone who falls a victim to the fascinations of wireless.

Broadly speaking, questions of locality and “screening” are always merely comparative and never fatal as regards the possible range of reception. No matter how badly the house is shielded, its natural handicap can be overcome by the addition of an extra valve or two. Moreover, it is very seldom that a house is badly screened from all directions, so that the difficulty generally resolves itself into a question of finding the minimum number of valves necessary to get into touch with any one broadcasting station—not necessarily the nearest. It sometimes happens that the “screen” handicap of the nearest station is



A 3-VALVE “HILOPHONE” RECEIVING SET.  
Telephony from America has been heard with this set.

## THE BOX HILL FUND

OUR hope, recently expressed, that the fund was approaching the last thousand, is still nothing more than a hope.

A few good people have sent us one or two guineas, with a word telling how they have appreciated Box Hill on some visit or other. Every guinea helps, but what a tremendous step could be made if a thousand readers of this paragraph made up their minds to take their cheque books and send just one guinea each! If we could ask them face to face they would not grudge it; but it is just too much trouble. How goes the saying? “Never do to-day what you can conveniently put off till to-morrow”—but to-morrow never comes.

One more acre has been bought, and we cannot commend the practice more warmly than does the donor himself in the following letter:

SIR,—Enclosed cheque for £28. If convenient, and you are continuing your correspondents' suggestions, I should like it listed as for purchase of the “Elm Ling Acre,” after the name of the stream in the valley here, forming part of the Mole, on which my other house, in which I hope shortly to take up residence, is situate. My name need not appear, as the gift is but a small recognition of the pleasures derived by me and mine from the beauty of the country that has surrounded us during our fifteen years' residence here.

The idea of naming the acres after some familiar landmarks that the donors love is altogether charming. It might be as though some homely fauns and woodland sprites had given them for the redemption of their threatened sisters. For the threat of the builder hangs over them all the more darkly as the months go by. The fauns and sprites to whom Box Hill really belongs—the metaphor changes as it is dwelt upon—come from the streets and tall houses to this green place for their play. It is not conceivable that it should be lost to them for lack of a thousand pounds.

Already acknowledged as received or promised	£5,925	17	3
Elm Ling Acre	28	0	0
B.	20	0	0
Mr. R. W. Maudslay	2	2	0
Mr. M. W. Frank	2	2	0
Collected at Red Lion Hotel, Dorking, per Mr. A. E. Winder	1	1	6
T. L. B.	1	0	0

£5,980 2 9

## LAWN TENNIS: TOURNAMENT CONDITIONS

THE formal announcement of the Queen's Club Lawn Tennis Tournament has been issued; the first half of it reads like countless other similar notices; "Here all things in their place remain, as all were ordered ages since"; and then comes a final paragraph full of strange matter. The conditions governing the Gentlemen's Doubles and the Ladies' Doubles read as follows:

Players will enter in pairs and will be divided into classes by Mr. F. R. Burrow.

Each class will consist of six pairs—each playing each. Each pair will thus play five matches during the week—one per day.

Five full sets will be played in each match in the Gentlemen's Doubles, and three full sets in the Ladies' Doubles.

These matches will not be played before four o'clock each day and will afford excellent preliminary practice for the Wimbledon Championships.

However suspicious one may be of the introduction of classifications and time-tables and other machinery into amateur sport, this move is a move in the right direction. The English lawn tennis tournament has two functions—social and sporting. With the first, it is an immense success; hundreds of young men and maidens, bald men and matrons are content to hang about lawn tennis grounds for a week at a time to play an occasional match under unsatisfactory conditions, at the bidding of a tyrant who orders them about with a megaphone. The young men and the rest must enjoy it or they would not do it, and there is no reason why they should not have their fun. But the English lawn tennis tournament—with one or two exceptions—provides very little sport in proportion to the outlay of time and money it involves. People who want to improve their game are caught into the tournament groove, and it does not lead to improvement—at least, not by the most direct route. To improve, a player must concentrate either on making particular strokes or on winning his match; he cannot do both at the same time. Few people concentrate on strokes while playing in a match; and, if you come to think of it, it is difficult to do so without being offensive to the opponent. Jones on one side of the net cannot have his match if Smith on the other will not play to win; Jones rushes from Dan to Beersheba to retrieve a long lob and turns, full of zest, to see Smith refuse an easy smash in order to practise his backhand drive, with which he pushes the ball firmly into the net, subsequently going through all the motions prescribed in his text-book before serving once more. It is a chilling experience for Jones.

On the other hand, in a tournament in which good and bad players enter indiscriminately, the odds are against a player getting a match that will improve his game. The match that is ideal for this purpose is the one in which he meets an opponent who can give him not more than three-sixths and who wants to win. It is possible to win, certainly to win one set, against these odds, if the player keeps his head and plays all his strokes with the utmost keenness, but in the way that is natural to him. A succession of such matches will bring a keen player on rapidly, but he cannot expect to get them. He will either find himself against a much stronger player and will then have to attempt strokes of which he has not mastered the mechanism, in order to score a point; or against a much weaker player, and that is worse—for he will be satisfied that he is playing well when he is really playing within himself; he won the rally after making a tentative smash or a short lob, and it would have been for his good to have had it rubbed into him that the smash and the lob were no use at all.

It remains to be seen if the "American" method to be tried at Queen's Club will prove acceptable. It reduces the importance of the single point and in this way makes less demand on those match-playing qualities which English amateurs prize in their games. It substitutes the League match for the Cup-tie match and tends to deny to enterprise that occasional victory over calculation that is the salt of sport. On the other hand, it compels all the players to try their hardest in every set played. In any case, as players are to be graded according to ability in these Doubles, there should be none of those dull matches in which one side is much stronger than the other. It is difficult to see any valid objection to introducing the system of classification into "open" events in tournaments; it already exists in practice in other sports—in which players look for opponents in their own class. Logicians may object that for a referee to refuse an entry for an open competition is for him, to that extent, to usurp the function for which the competition exists; in theory he may reject the man who would have won the competition. But logicians and their theories do not count for much in this country; it will be for Mr. Burrow to stand the racket.

## THE AMERICAN VIEW.

Mr. W. T. Tilden, who is as busy with his pen as with his racket, has brought out another book—"Singles and Doubles in Lawn Tennis." On the technical side it is no more than a recapitulation of views previously stated by Mr. Tilden in print and illustrated by him on the court to the discomfiture of his

adversaries. He is always a stimulating writer; one can cordially agree or disagree with him with conviction, and he commits himself every now and again to such questionable pronouncements that, for all his eminence, there is no presumption in differing from him. When, for instance, he tells us of himself that he is "one of the worst doubles players in America" we feel that he uses words in some Pickwickian sense, and do not, therefore, accept his verdict on Mrs. Mallory as being the considered judgment of the best lawn tennis player of the day. He tells us that Mrs. Mallory is "the greatest woman star of all time" and that she holds "a record for consistency of performance that stands alone." It goes against the grain to write anything that might be taken as disparagement of Mrs. Mallory, whose skill and pluck and good sportsmanship made her a popular favourite in this country; but there is nothing in her record against English players on the Riviera or in the crucial test against Mlle. Lenglen last year at Wimbledon—that is, on neutral courts—to suggest that she is both supreme and consistent.

The achievements of woman in lawn tennis afford Mr. Tilden a peg for discussing the capacity of woman generally and for paying a tribute to "the marvellous artistic and histrionic power of Miss Mary Garden, former directrix of the Chicago Opera Company." In fact, for Mr. Tilden, lawn tennis is a microcosm of the world, and we have to remember that in reading what he writes. "The greatest sporting event in the world of amateur sport is the annual battle for the American tennis championship": so he tells us, and everything else in the world is judged in accordance with this standard. Incidentally, Mr. Tilden helps us to understand a difference between the English and American conceptions of sport and games—a difference of which we are always conscious, though we find it difficult to put into words without appearing to claim for ourselves a moral superiority. To do so, apart from being offensive, would be irrelevant. Moreover, if we were to pick out some particular incident as being typically American, it would be easy for anyone conversant with the subject to find some almost similar incident in our own records. But the difference does exist, and Mr. Tilden, in his enthusiastic revelation of the attitude of the American amateur, enables us to realise it. We have in England plenty of amateurs who, though their status as such is beyond question, play our various games with some ulterior object. But we still have, and especially in lawn tennis, the man who is an amateur independently of any definitions laid down by governing bodies—the man who plays the game because he loves it, and that though he is but an indifferent player.

Now, Mr. Tilden undoubtedly loves lawn tennis for itself, but some of the arguments he uses in advocating it suggest that there is nothing in the game for those who are not and are never likely to be first-class players. A passage in which he admits that football and baseball "as a means of competitive athletics and a certain amount of advertising for the school or college, are eminently useful," indicates a point of view. The game itself is not regarded as of primary importance. The case for introducing lawn tennis into schools is put by Mr. Tilden as well as it can be put. What his argument amounts to is that a man can play lawn tennis in after life when he cannot play other games, and that lawn tennis should, therefore, be preferred in the school curriculum to those other games. It is because it is not so preferred in England that he finds little promise of improvement in our standard of lawn tennis. This may be so, and he may be correct in the distinction he draws between English boys and others, but he is wrong in thinking that our boys are dissatisfied with their school games. Mr. Tilden tells us that the boys are not "the aggressive and assertive type found in America and in the Antipodes," and that they are more easily regulated, "following school policy rather than setting that policy themselves." We believe that at schools, where team games are easy to organise, boys play cricket and football because they like them, and that it would make little difference to the vogue of these games if opportunities were given to the better athletes to choose between them and lawn tennis. For good or evil the English boy will not take up lawn tennis at school—in preference to games that he finds more amusing—for the sake of the social and other advantages enumerated by Mr. Tilden as rewarding proficiency with a racket. Nor will he lose his interest in lawn tennis because he cannot become an International player.

Mr. Tilden tells a sad story of a friend of his who "could easily have been one of the greatest stars of America, if he had stayed in the game." Now he has not a sport to play at which he is "really good"! He had given up lawn tennis for other sports (presumably because he preferred them) after leaving school, and then "the war found him in the service and this put the finishing touch to his chances." He was not injured, apparently, but he lost his opportunities for practice. The whole story runs like Gilbert's rhyme which ended:

And the consequence was he was lost totally  
And married a girl in the *corps de ballet*!

E. E. M.



# THE BAIDS

THE HERMITS OF EGYPT AND TWO PICTURES OF THE EARL OF CRAWFORD'S.

BY CLAIRE GAUDET.

**A** FEW ivy-covered ruins scattered over the country are for the most part all that is left to us in England of the ancient monasteries with which the country abounded in pre-Reformation days, and one hardly realises the number of religious confraternities in London alone where piety, learning and healing, to say nothing of all the arts, were practised by the hardworking inmates. Time and necessity have swept away nearly all traces of these great centres of old-world activity, centres round which the retail trade and markets of the country were focussed and which to-day remain to us only in name. The Fairs of Westminster, St. Bartholomew's, Southwark and Lambeth are only a few of the more important markets held by the monks of old, and the same system prevailed all over the country.

But few of us stop to think of the early beginnings of these monasteries or how they first came to be, before ever they grew into the great "Orders" which still survive and whose names are familiar to most of us. For this we must look to the East, and to the East again if we would get down to bed-rock. Egypt is the land where Christian monasticism first grew on ready-made foundations of pre-Christian asceticism, whose "rules" were taken over and adopted by the earliest Christian foundation.

Two interesting panels in the possession of Lord Crawford, said to represent the Egyptian "Solitaries" of the Thebaïd, and comparable to one in the Uffizi, are apparently the work of Italian monks of the Middle Ages, who, though doubtless well acquainted with the stories of the later Western saints, were utterly ignorant of the lives led by the early hermits of the Egyptian deserts, for the artist has staged his holy men in a confused Italian setting of his own time. How the panels came to be "labelled" as representing monks of the Thebaïd is hard to imagine. In reality the histories of the early saints are by no means so hazy as they seem when approached through the tangled maze of legend handed down by the monks of mediæval times, and that which appeared impossible is easily explained when studied in the light of modern research, which once again proves the fundamental truth underlying Christian legend as well as that which lay beneath the so-called myths of Minos and Troy. The monstrous fables of the temptations of St. Anthony provide an excellent example, admitting of the simplest interpretation when traced to their original source. We are told by St. Athanasius that the devil appeared to Anthony in the shape of wild animals, and even in the form of a woman, but we also know that his retreat was a tomb, and as such must have had its walls inscribed with the texts from the Egyptian "Book of the Dead" and representations of various gods of the underworld. These figures, to a highly strung and imaginative mind, aided possibly by fever, may easily have taken form for the Anchorite and appeared to him in his torment as very devils, for we are told that those exposed to the extremes of heat and cold in the deserts, then as now, must have suffered from fever, and the horned goddess of the frescoes may well have seemed to become animate. In the work of the earlier artists Dürer and Breughel depict the Saint at his devotions; in Breughel's rendering Satan in the form of a wolf is seen slinking away dejectedly. Martin Schoen has raised the hermit in mid-air, where fantastic fiends, partly animals, reptiles, birds of prey and scaly monsters, are torturing him. But Teniers, like the later French school, has seized upon the feminine impersonation of the fiend, and gives us the coarse rendering of the days and surroundings in which he lived. And so the truth gets distorted, presenting to us only that which is wholly impossible to believe and bringing the lives of holy men into ridicule.

It is clear that at an early date a form of monastic life was very general in Egypt, where it must be concluded Christianity had been readily accepted from the time of St. Mark, who is said to have been the first to preach it in Alexandria (circa 69 A.D.), for within seventy years we find Frontonius, an abbot, withdrawing himself with a following of disciples to the desert of Nitria, the borders of which very soon became densely inhabited with other fugitives from the world.

In the second century many Christians must have fled from Rome and other parts to the mountains and deserts of Egypt in order to avoid persecution. Meanwhile the monasteries increased in size and numbers. Later, in the fourth century, Palladius (afterwards Bishop of Helenopolis) spent three years of his probation in visiting 2,000 monks of the numerous monasteries around Alexandria. The first we hear of Palladius as a recluse is that his friend Isidor sent him to Dorotheos the Anchorite, who lived sixty years in a cave a short distance from Alexandria. But the life was too austere for Palladius. The cold and exposure at night, the scorching heat of the sun by day, together with the rigid abstinence, made him ill, and he was unable to remain the full three years advised by Isidor. During his stay with the Anchorite Dorotheos, however, he heard much from him about St. Anthony, whose friend he had been. He also became

acquainted with another of Anthony's friends, the famous and last teacher of the Alexandrian school, blind Didymus, who lost his sight at the age of four and was then eighty years of age.

It was during these years spent in Alexandria that Palladius visited all the monasteries in the neighbourhood of the great city and, finally, crossing the Lake Mareotis, stayed a year with the monks of the mountain of the Mazaki, whose settlement was half way between Alexandria and Mount Nitria, and then set forth for the Inner Desert of Mount Nitria, where he remained for nine years. During that time he determined to visit John of Lycus in the Thebaïd, an eighteen days' journey. John prophesied that he would become a bishop, but at the same time told him that if he wished to escape labour and trouble he had better end his days in the desert, "for there no man would make him a bishop."

When Palladius returned to the Desert of Nitria he told the Fathers of John's prophecy and then forgot all about it, and not until the prophecy was fulfilled in Bithynia many years later did he remember it. He founded a monastery at Antinoë, where he remained for four years. It appears from the details of his writings that he must have visited every monastery and possibly every "solitary" in Upper Egypt during his travels. After three more years of desert life he fell ill and was sent to Alexandria, and from there to Bethlehem, where he became acquainted with St. Jerome. He was ordained Bishop in 400 and produced his work on the Lives of the Holy Fathers' "Paradise" in the year 420. Life in the Desert of Nitria appears to have been almost on colonial lines. Groups of two, three or more men lived and worked together, the whole settlement, however, meeting on Saturday and Sunday for the holy offices of the Church, which stood, we are told, in a courtyard and was served by eight priests. They lived as they pleased, for as yet no "rule" had been laid down. Pachomius, who founded the monastery of Tabenna (near Denderah) in the Thebaïd, was the first to draw up a "rule" for the monastic life of the deserts, and his "rule" even gave a certain latitude to the individual. From what we know of the foundation of the monastery at Tabenna we may fairly guess at the mode of life in the other communities as yet without a "rule," and of these, as we know, there were already a great many. Each "religious" might eat and drink or fast according to his inclination. The greater number drank water, and that with moderation; others drank wine, restricting themselves, however, to one or perhaps two cups a day, but the third cup was held to be "of the devil." Although they were free to feed as they pleased, each appears to have emulated his neighbours in the austerity of his life, and four ounces of bread with salt and a very little water were in many cases all a "solitary" allowed himself. Others lived on dried herbs alone and no bread, and cooked food was nearly always avoided by the ascetic. Every man worked. We are told that for the 600 Anchorites living apart in the Natron Valley there were seven bakers whose duty it was to provide them with their bread; but those employed in manual labour did not lead the same life of privation as the solitaries. In a far-away part of the Natron Desert was an almost inaccessible mountain so steep to climb that it was considered uninhabitable; moreover, there was no water within twelve miles. This was the spot chosen by an Egyptian, Ptolemy of the Klimax, so called because of the steepness of the ascent of his retreat, and here he lived apart for fifteen years, gathering during the months of December and January the dew of the mountain in sponges and preserving the water in earthen jars in sufficient quantities to last him for the whole year. The absolute solitude for so many years must have been too much for him, for it appears that he went mad. The other hermits were in occasional touch with their fellow men, but Ptolemy was unattainable. He returned to the world and, we are told, ended his days in riotous living.

Last year, in searching the desert near Abydos for flints, Miss Caton Thompson, who was one of Professor Petrie's excavating party, came quite unexpectedly upon a hermit's cave. The place was scrupulously clean, with everything in perfect order. There were pegs driven into the sides of the wall on which to hang various utensils, and in this case it was clear that some of the pots had served for cooking. The dwelling-room was the first entered, and beyond was an inner chapel with paintings on the wall and religious emblems. Who knows but that this very cave may not have been inhabited by hermits from the very earliest times; that is to say, from the time of John of Lycus, whom Palladius visited in his youth and whose followers formed a community, we are told, near Asyut? In any case, the hermit's cave is in that same district.

Returning to Lord Crawford's paintings and their said reference to the Hermits of the Thebaïd, there are no actual scenes from the lives of the known saints of Egypt which are overflowing with pictorial interest. But this is in no way extraordinary when we consider the fact that by the time the legends



A THEBAID. CENTRAL ITALIAN, FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

reached Italy, handed down, as they possibly were by word of mouth only, by the monks who visited the various monasteries from the fourth to the fifteenth centuries, that in the process they should have become vague and confused, gaining possibly in fantastic detail what they lost in historical fact; for written records in those days were very rare.

Any of the many scenes with devils might do service for the temptations of St. Anthony, but the most striking events of his life are wanting. Two monks standing apart and about to cross a river, one with his feet already in the water, doubtless represent St. Ammon's crossing without removing his clothes, which on the opposite bank were found by his companion to be perfectly dry. These appear to be the only incidents applicable to the Coptic hermits; while, on the other hand, the monk who painted the scenes was loath to leave out his own particularly beloved saints, and it is easy to distinguish St. Francis of Assisi receiving the Stigmata, and St. Jerome seated, quill in hand, "doing battle for the Virginity of Mary," who appears before him holding in her arms the Holy Child and accompanied by Gabriel, the Archangel.

Lions, bears, reptiles and other animals abound in the mediæval panels as in the legends, where they continually play prominent parts and are indispensable to the local colouring of Egypt's desert life; but again, they cannot be traced to any particular episode, and the two lions which came running to St. Anthony and filled him with fear are nowhere to be seen. This incident in the saint's life was when he was sorely pressed as to how to bury his newly found friend, Paule the Anchorite. St. Anthony had it revealed to him that he was not the only man living entirely alone and apart from men, as he had imagined, but that in the desert beyond was another whom he was to seek. On his journey we are told he met Satan in the guise of a centaur, and further on he met with a satyr. He accosted both in the name of Christ and both were constrained to answer him. And Anthony went on his way, his tears flowing. At last, after several days, in the distance he saw a large hyena run up a mountain. Following the beast, he saw it enter a cave, and when he got up to the cave he found it to be filled with light, and in it an old man, Mar Paule, then 113 years old. Anthony, fearing to disturb the anchorite, made his presence known by knocking at the opening, but Paule quickly rolled the great stone which served to block the entrance to the cave. For some time the old man would not admit his visitor, but after much entreaty Anthony succeeded in explaining the motive of his visit, and Paule rolled back the stone again and welcomed him with great affection. They then rejoiced in one another's company, and presently they saw a raven, and Paule said: "For sixty years I have been in the habit of receiving from this bird half a loaf of bread daily, but at thy coming behold Our Lord hath sent us a double portion of food because we are his servants." Then having given thanks to God they both sat down at a table

and they disputed with each other who should first break the bread.

It seems possible that the words "this bird" may be an interpolation on the part of some later scribe in transcribing the Syriac text, and that thus the real sense has been obscured, for we know that the "ravens" which fed Elijah in the desert were a tribe of friendly Arabs, the Ravens being their tribal name, and that Arabs brought bread to Anthony in the heart of the desert whenever they passed his way. It seems only reasonable to seek a rational interpretation whenever such is possible, for in doing so the value of the other miracles is only enhanced.

Paule knew that his hour of rest was about to overtake him and that for this reason had Anthony been sent "that thou mayest bury my body in the ground." Anthony begged to be taken "whither he was going," but Paule said he must not seek his own advantage, but that of his neighbours, and bade him go and bring from his own monastery the cloak which Athanasius the Bishop had given him; not that he had need of the cloak, but that Anthony might not be there when his soul left his body. Anthony departed and, nearing his own monastery, was met by two of his own disciples, who asked him the cause of his absence; but he would not satisfy them, merely telling them that "He had seen Elijah and John in the desert and Paule in Paradise," and when they would know more, he said: "There is a time to be silent and a time to speak," and taking Athanasius' cloak, set forth again for the desert without any provisions. On his way he saw in the sky a company of angels, prophets and apostles, and Paule in their midst being taken up to heaven and shining like the sun. When he got to the cave he found Paule on his knees with his face turned upward. He concluded he was still alive, and stood and also prayed; then Paule's body rose up and stood and prayed beside him, but presently he realised that it was only the earthly form and that Paule's spirit had indeed departed in the company of the heavenly host he had seen on his way. Then he wrapped Athanasius' cloak around the body of his friend and carried it out of the cave. But he had not thought to bring a spade from the monastery and he could not possibly return within four days, and he prayed that he too might die. Then it is that the two lions came running up to him and filled him with terror, so that "his whole body smoked with fear, and when he had lifted up his mind to God and looked again they appeared as doves." The beasts crouched at his feet and purred, and Anthony then knew "they wished to be blessed and helped, and that they desired to know concerning the departure of the blessed Paule"; so he put his hands on them and blessed them, and immediately the two animals walked a little distance away and began to scratch up the earth, and dug a deep hole sufficiently large to take the body of Paule. So Anthony buried Paule in the grave dug by the lions which had known and loved him.



A SIMILAR PICTURE, SHOWING SAINTS THICK UPON THE GROUND



## BIG-GAME SHOOTING in NYASSALAND

[The following is a letter, written in diary form, by an Artillery Officer serving with the King's African Rifles.—Ed.]

KALOMBWE, November, 1922.

THIS is from a village I have arrived at in the course of a shoot. I am on my fourteen days' leave and having very good fun. My total bag up to date is: 3 sable, 2 eland, 1 paku, 2 roan, 2 reedbuck, 1 water-buck, 5 duck, 1 goose, 1 teal. I am shooting alone. It sounds unsociable, but I am sure you cannot shoot big game with anyone else. Of course it would be nice to have someone to talk to in the evenings, but I have you to write to, which is enough.

I shot the roan this morning; they are really beautiful beasts. One of the heads is fairly good, so I shall keep it.

The meat has just arrived in camp—brought in by ladies of the village. You would laugh to see them, wearing nothing but a pocket handkerchief and each with a bit of meat on her head, wearing it as if it is the latest thing in hats from Paris. One has a hind-leg, another the ribs, but I think the one who looks best is the girl with the basket at a slight angle containing tongues, kidneys and offal!

I suppose the names of game are Dutch to you, but I hope one day I shall be able to show you a specimen of most of the game. You can imagine I am living extraordinarily well, as all the meat is excellent eating. All the porters have got tummy-aches from over-eating. All the other necessities, such as eggs and milk, can be bought with meat.

My days are fairly strenuous—up at 4.30 a.m., shooting till 11, lunch and wash—out again at 2.30 till 6 p.m.

The native is very obliging and a constant source of amusement. The red tape in connection with the way they do things is very noticeable when one is in the bush with them. For instance, I arrive in camp and am thirsty, and say to my head "boy": "I want a drink." He says curtly to my second boy: "Madzi" (water). My second boy calls to one of the porters and says "Madzi," who in turn shouts to a local native "Madzi!" The local native bellows at some dear old lady, who is probably busy pounding maize, "MADZI!" The old lady leaves her work, rushes to a water hole and comes padding back with a pitcher on her head, an unhappy expression on her face and, usually, painfully pendulous breasts. She gives the pitcher to the local native, who brings it to the porter, who hands it over to my second boy, who shows it to my head boy, who looks at it. A general debate ensues, the old lady kneeling a little apart, until someone rudely says "Choka!" which, being interpreted, means "Buzz off!" The poor old lady meekly "buzzes," hoping that someone will some day remember to return her pitcher. Eventually the Madzi is produced in a glass, and the result is usually a thick yellowish liquid which smells like a drain and tastes as if something had died in it.

Four hours later.

Just in from my evening shoot. Saw eland and sable, but as there is plenty of meat in camp and I could not pick out a good head, I left them alone. I saw the spoor of elephant yesterday.

On the way back to camp we heard the thundering of feet, and two hunting dogs came past us galloping full tilt. I shot at one but missed. I think they thought we were game at first, because they came from behind up-wind straight for us, and only swung away when within a hundred yards. They pulled up three hundred yards beyond us, the female standing in the open and the dog skulking among some bushes. I approached them, keeping carefully under cover, but when the bitch saw me she trotted towards me. Within a hundred yards she got suspicious, so I fired. She turned at the critical moment, and I hit her in the back leg. She then went into some bushes and I walked quickly forward. Within fifty yards of the bushes I heard a soft growl and saw her standing at bay with her hair bristling, snarling. The dog was in the background. I went closer, but she then lost her nerve, and as she turned away I shot her. I shall never forget that defiant attitude, and I shall send the skin home. She is quite a small dog, but when these dogs get together they are an awful curse, and the natives tell me that they can pull down the largest game. The skin is rather odd. Yellow, black and white, not spotted or striped, just a wonderful example of dazzle camouflage.

Two silly-looking natives have just come in to say the elephant are at their village. I shall go after them in the morning, but I have not much faith in these reports, because elephant can travel thirty or forty miles in a night.

I have just finished an enormous dinner. Duck soup, marrow, roan rissoles, custard pudding, asparagus omelette. I only wish Le Ballais had cooked it. Le Ballais is always so grateful when I bring in a pigeon or a rabbit. I wonder what she would say if I walked in with a couple of buck each the size of a large cow!

Good-night.

Up very early—so early that I had to wait for a glimpse of the dawn. I killed time sitting round a log fire with seven natives. Their conversation was rather amusing. The first topic was why a cock crows at dawn. One of them said it was because he felt cold and it was just his way of grumbling. The next question was where the sun went when we did not see it.

Someone said, "Round the edge to where it started from." I suggested the theory about the world being round and turning on its axis, while the sun more or less stood still and the moon reflected the light of the sun. I was bombarded with questions. (1) Q.: "Is the sun burning when we can't see it?"—A.: "Yes." Q.: "Who keeps it supplied with firewood?" That stumped me. (2) Q.: "Is the moon made of glass?"—A.: "No." Q.: "Why not?" I did not know. (3) Q.: "Are there people who can see the sun when we can't?"—A.: "Yes." Q.: "Why should they get it first?" Maddening! What is the answer? In the end they were quite polite, but they thought my idea impossible. We then discussed spears and arrows, and finally one of the party explained how the muzzle-loading gun worked: "You have a tube and you put some flour inside, then some mud and hit it, and then a stone, more mud, hit it, and it goes 'Parrh!'"—and I thought he would split his lungs.

I tramped round after elephants all morning, but only saw the spoor of yesterday. Shot a roan coming home. Sat up over a smelly pool in the evening waiting for a hippo. No success.

Moved camp to-day. Shot a good hartebeest in the morning and a really big eland in the evening.

To-day has been a tragedy. We changed camp and I made a late start. We had not left camp more than an hour when my hunter spotted a herd of elephant. I took my heavy rifle and crept up to have a look at them. There were about twenty, some with quite good tusks, and it was fascinating to watch them. They were simply trampling about pulling down trees and throwing dust over themselves. Two bulls were quarrelling—a feeble business: they just put their heads together and pushed. Eventually they formed into mass formation under a tree, the biggest bull in the centre and all the cows and babies standing in a ring facing outwards.

I managed to creep up within fifty yards, but it was impossible to get a shot at the big tusker, because the cows were taking such care of him. Quite suddenly they moved off and I trailed along behind, the elephants moving in a triangular formation with two bulls in front and the cows behind forming the base of the triangle. I was about fifty yards behind the last cow, but just in front of me was the smallest thing in elephants I have ever seen, about the size of a Shetland pony. However, I think he was the only one who had spotted me, because he turned and wagged his little trunk at me. I went some way like this, but soon got fed up with the defiant baby, and tried to get to the head of the column. I managed to get to this position quite successfully, and walked in some grass, with the leading bulls some hundred yards on my right. I could not see the big tusker, but decided to go for one of the leading bulls. I could not get closer without giving the cows my wind, which might have stampeded the herd. So I waited for a good opportunity and suddenly ran straight up. They did what I expected—looked very surprised and stood still, giving me quite a good shot. I chose what looked a good elephant and fired. He went down with a terrific crash and lay kicking. I had expected the herd to stampede, but not a bit of it. The bulls retired and the cows formed line and stood flapping their enormous ears and waving their trunks in the air. The one I had shot raised his head, so I gave him another shot to finish him off. He trumpeted, stiffened and lay still. I then watched the cows; one or two were coming to see what was happening. I was right in the open, but I do not believe they saw me. I stood quite still, and they remained sniffing my wind and flapping their ears. I decided it was best to keep still till they had made up their minds what to do, when suddenly the "dead" elephant came to life and stood up. I shot him in the head again and actually saw the bullet hit him, but it only made him put his head on one side, as much as to say, "I believe there is something in my ear." I fired again and hit him in the head again, but this only shook him. I thought he would not go far, and was going to reload when I found I had not got another cartridge! The elephant started to walk, and then seemed to recover entirely and trotted off. It was stupid of me to have watched the cows instead of walking up and shooting him when he was on the ground.

Well, to make a long story short, I sent for more cartridges and followed that elephant for six hours. He only stopped once and seemed to be going strong when I left the spoor about an hour ago.

I have sent three natives to follow the spoor of yesterday's elephants. It is a depressing business and I don't feel like shooting anything else. Had a long lie in bed.

It poured with rain in the afternoon. I have brought a tent for the porters, but it only shows my ignorance of the native mind. The tent has only been used to keep the flour in and has never been put up. This afternoon all the porters were sitting out in the open. No one moved till the rain came down really hard, and then they ran like schoolgirls, shrieking with laughter.

I saw a single sable this morning at a range of some six hundred yards. I had a very difficult stalk, all doubled up over rough ground. When I got up within 150 yds. I was so shaky I could not hold the rifle still. I missed him four times, but as he could not see me he would only run forward a few yards and stop again, so that I eventually hit him.

Lots of elephant news. They have been eating the maize at this village every night and polluting the water. I walked miles to find them, but without success. Alarm at night that the elephant were close to the camp, but it was only wind-up, as there was no sign of their spoor in the morning. I saw a large herd of roan this evening. I did not want to shoot them, but they looked awfully pretty.

I have only one more day of leave, so I am afraid my chances of an elephant are very poor now. I am now near the River Bua again. I shot two ducks, but Dads would have said, "You stupid boy!" if he had seen the shots I missed. Rumours of elephant. A long and futile walk. Shot water-buck in the evening.

Back to my base where I left all my heads and the motor bike. I shot two eland on the way—most satisfactory shots, as they were both through the heart. Both old bulls who have been attacked by lions, but got away. One has clear marks on the quarters, and the tail nearly bitten off, and the other, tooth-marks in the neck.

Walked into camp filthy dirty and had rather a shock. I was told another white man had arrived, so I walked over to look at him, strolled into a little grass hut, and there was a young and very pretty girl—a white one—his wife. She looked rather out of place, I must say.

This evening an extraordinary thing happened. My hunter was not in, as he was helping to carry the eland, so I took my .303 Service rifle and went at about five o'clock to see if I could get another water-buck. I took two of the porters with me. We had gone about a mile when one of the porters said, "Njobvu" (which means elephant). He said he thought he heard a tree fall down. I did not believe him, but walked in the direction indicated to have a look. Sure enough there was a herd. One of them, a cow with a calf, flapped her ears and made a sort of growl when I was a long way off, so I moved to my left, thinking she had some wind. This old cow then came very slowly straight towards me. I stood perfectly still, but she came quite

straight. She had a baby running between her fore and hind legs and she had very poor tusks, so, naturally, I did not want to shoot her. However, she came on until I could see her little beady eyes looking straight at me. She was making a funny rumbling growl, but otherwise she did not look malicious; but she was becoming over-friendly. On she came until she got within fifteen yards. I then had no alternative and had to shoot. She fell and crushed her baby. The rest of the herd, which had been following, came rushing forward and made a tremendous fuss. I ran. At 100 yds. I gave her another shot on the ground, and then returned slowly. The herd stood about for a bit and then suddenly stampeded away from me.

I dined with the white man and his wife. Quite a cheery evening.

I leave to-day. Everybody busy packing. I am going out to the elephant to see the tusks cut out.

We can talk about our means of wireless communication, etc., but you cannot beat the mysterious native method. This morning the country was alive with natives looking for the dead elephant. They had come for miles to get a bit of meat. Lord knows where they got the news, but there they were, men with large knives, women with shiny backs carrying baskets, babies, naked little boys, amazing-looking, half-starved dogs. They all had the news, and they all meant to get their share of "Njobvu." When I arrived the crowd was most orderly, sitting round the elephant in a large circle. I detailed four men to cut out the tusks. This took about an hour. I then said I did not want any more, whereupon there was a wild rush. The men with knives cut and slashed off chunks of meat and threw it to the women on the edge of the scrum. It was a wonderful sight, but very disgusting. I saw a little party a little away from the rabble, and going across to them I found they were making fire by rubbing two sticks together. It looked very simple, although they failed twice.

Back to camp.

A desperate motor bike ride over native paths.

Went to the political officer to apologise about the elephant. It is a crime to shoot a cow. He was very pleasant, believed my story, and is going to allow me to buy the ivory. There is not much, but I may never shoot another.

Back in Zomba. No mishaps on the road. S. B. R.

## TO A SAMPLER

*Dated 1811, in an old country house.*

I wonder who she was—  
This little maid—  
Who tells her tale so prettily  
In silks of every shade.  
And does not seem afraid  
To state her age.  
Hush!  
For she is "nearly seven."  
"I, Jean Wallace,  
A. B. C.  
Soed this sampler.  
1. 2. 3.  
In September, 1811.  
When my years were nearly seven"

And who was "Robert Brady"?  
Whose name is "soed" so small  
By this very dainty lady  
(It is scarcely seen at all).  
But the stitches—Oh! so delicate!  
And the letters—Oh! so fine!  
(I think that "Jean" took special care,  
And gave no thought to time.)  
Was "Robert" just a little boy?  
(I think he must have been.)  
And so, perhaps, as children do,  
They planned the little scene—  
A tiny house  
With windows four,  
One tall stiff tree  
Each side the door.  
A small green gate  
That opens wide  
On four white steps  
That almost hide  
Themselves behind  
A row of flowers.

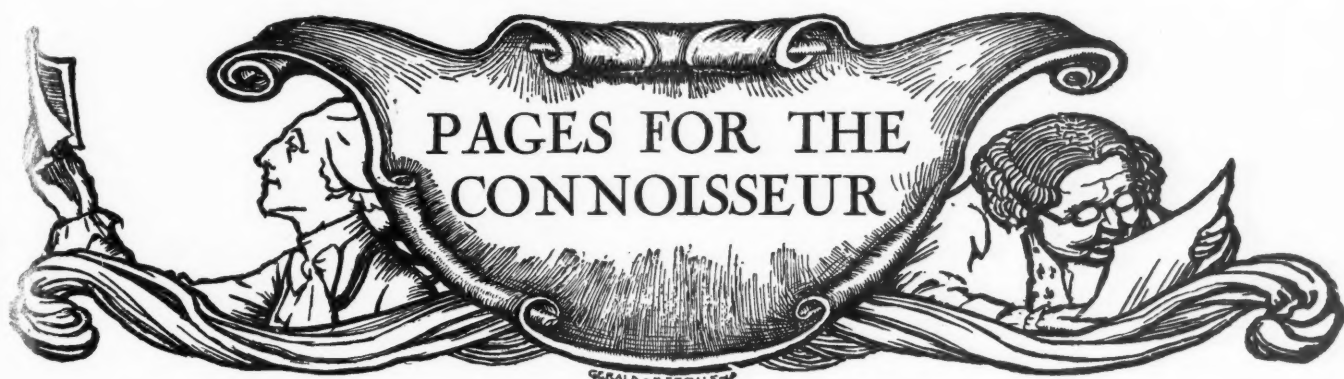
A sundial—in the centre,  
"Counting only happy hours."  
The alphabet—  
From A to Z,  
Goes wandering round a border,  
In colours, red—and green, and blue,  
With numbers all in order.  
Whose are the gentle hearts entwined  
(Two hearts that I can see,  
Look! just down here in the corner)  
With initials "J. R. B."?  
Oh! little sewing Lady,  
Had you curly golden locks,  
And tiny sandalled feet that danced  
From under stiff white frocks?  
And did you wear a bonnet blue,  
Your eyes could peep from under?  
Till Robert's heart went "pit a pat,"  
Ah! Jean—I wonder.

Sweet old sampler,  
Could you speak  
And tell of this romance,  
I'd ask you—  
"Did she marry him?  
Or did it just so chance  
That someone else came riding by,  
And pleased the little lady's eye?"

\* \* \* \* \*  
Surely—I can hear  
A whispering voice!  
Very faint, and far away—  
"Oh yes, I well remember  
(Can you hear the words I say?)  
Whose little fingers fashioned me—  
'Twas a sweet and gentle lady,  
Who loved and married Robert Brady."

ANNE TEMPLE.





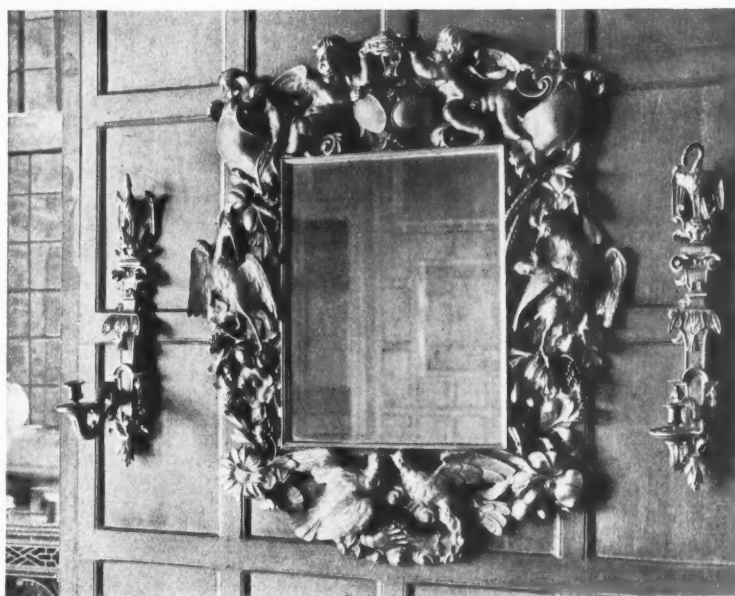
## MIRRORS AND GEORGIAN FURNITURE AT BRAMSHILL

**T**HOUGH Bramshill is a peculiarly beautiful and interesting Early Jacobean house, nothing whatever remains of its original furniture. Soon after the death of Lord Zouche, the builder, his heir sold Bramshill, in 1637, to Lord Antrim and his wife, the widow of the first Duke of Buckingham. They sold it two years later to Sir Robert Henley, whose descendants went completely to the bad and, after mortgaging the property to the utmost, sold it in 1699 to Sir John Cope, the sixth baronet.

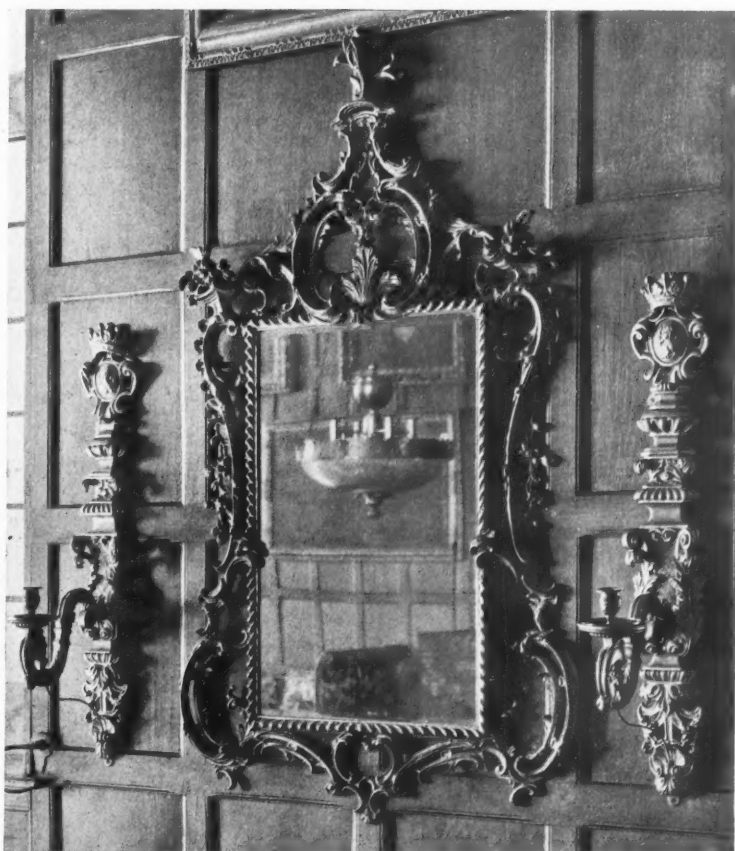
From his time dates, no doubt, the furniture now assembled in the Long Gallery and, unhappily, in an advanced stage of decay. It is not especially remarkable save for a very early settee of a most rare type. It is part of a set of high-backed Charles II chairs of about 1685 date, of which an uncommon feature is the long split baluster splats in the backs, with their flat section foremost. The settee is formed by combining the design of two chairs, a device familiar in later sets but, so far as I know, unique in such a set as this. Another contemporary suite of high-backed armchairs still retain their paint in imitation of lacquer—spray of foliage in gilt on a dark ground, which is also uncommon.

Connected with the long gallery at Bramshill is the story of "The Mistletoe Bough," which tragic episode is related to have taken place there. The event has, however, been disclaimed by many generations of Copes, who have never seen the ghost which, of course, the tragedy produced. The original and unhallowed chest (if any) has long disappeared, and an interesting Flemish sixteenth century one is now credited by the curious with this sad adventure.

It is in eighteenth century furniture that Bramshill is most rich. Of this the quantity and excellent workmanship, rather than any outstanding magnificence, are its claims to importance. Most of it dates from the middle of the century and is ascribable to Sir Monoux Cope, who inherited the place from his father in 1749 and died in 1763. He had long before married Penelope, daughter of General Harry Mordaunt, brother of the famous Earl of Peterborough; but the lady had died in 1737. Nonetheless, she was an only child, as her mother, Penelope Tipping, had also been, and must have brought considerable wealth to her husband. The extensive sets of dining-room chairs and settees, only a few of which retain their needlework coverings, date from Sir Monoux's régime. In both sets the arms of the armchairs are similarly terminated by recurving "eagles' heads," and have much cleanly cut but not particularly delicate carving. One set is of cabriole pattern, the other of more solid design. A few pieces, such as the settee in Fig. 9, are of earlier date, of about 1710 at the latest; that particular piece retains in the arms a memory of the heavy outward curve of late seventeenth century designs, and its original *gros-point* and *petit-point* covering, which is, however, only half finished, the canvas, marked out for work, being

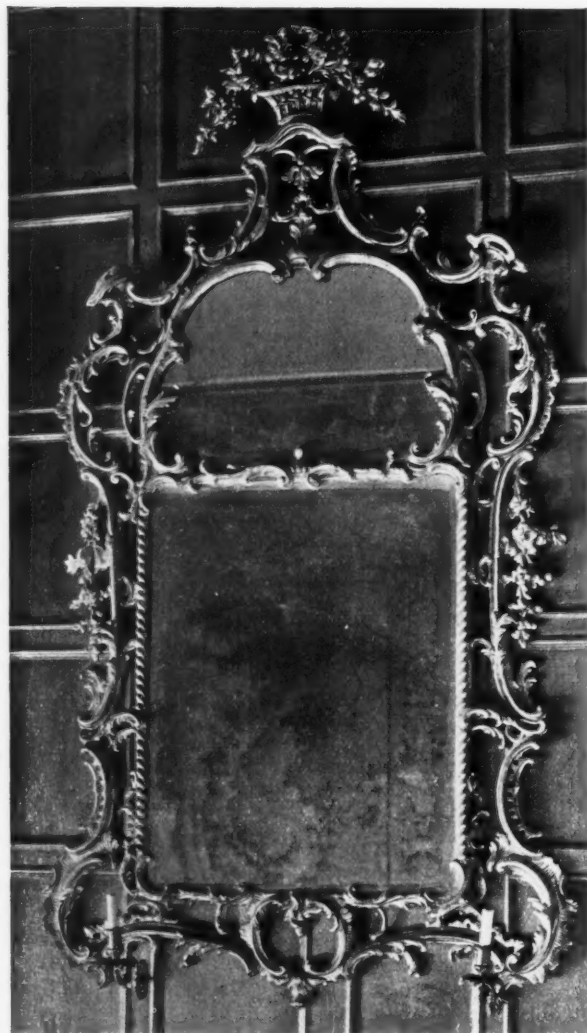


1.—CARVED AND GILT FRAME: SCHOOL OF GRINLING GIBBONS.  
Hanging lights attributed to Daniel Marot



2.—HANGING LIGHTS (circa 1690), WITH CREST OF ROBARTES, EARLS OF RADNOR  
Mirror, mid-eighteenth century

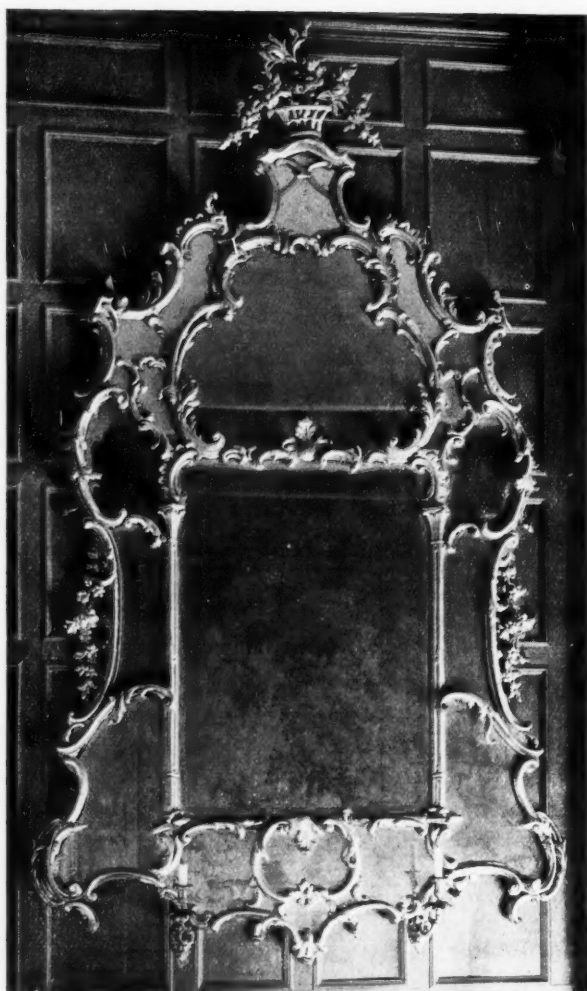
uncovered in between the coloured design. It is possible that poor Lady Penelope Cope was at work on this covering at the time of her death in 1737; its character and date permit of such a supposition. An altogether late and inferior pair of settees is covered with some amazingly brilliantly coloured needlework, which had probably been lying rolled up until applied to them, otherwise the colours would have faded to the more common tones, visible on such pieces as the somewhat "Gothic" chair, one of a set with stools, shown in Fig. 6; these, again, are of Sir Monoux's time. But that gentleman's most remarkable contribution to Bramshill was the series of magnificent mirrors some of which we illustrate. He seems to have been inspired to buy them by an heirloom of much earlier date—the gem of the house—namely, the very remarkable mirror in Fig. 1. Whoever carved it had a master hand. It might be Grinling Gibbons himself—but, though very delicate and "just as good" as Gibbons' work, it just lacks the *élan* which Gibbons put into all his work: that quality which takes



3.—MIRROR: ONE OF A PAIR.

the breath away. There is in it, too, a baroque quality—especially in the heavy scrolls which Gibbons never admitted. The presence of a medallion at the bottom is comparable to those on picture frames formerly at Cassiobury. It is possible that Laurent, who was much influenced by Gibbons and returned to his native Mechlin about 1690, is the carver of this frame. The "hands across the sea" in the medallion at the bottom suggests, incidentally, that the owner of one of them was abroad.

On either side this superb piece, and flanking another later mirror in the same room, are two pairs of very remarkable hanging lights. Dating from about 1693, they might with every reason be attributed to Daniel Marot. In grace of design those in Fig. 1, surmounted by a pelican in her piety, are the more satisfying. Its lines are simpler and truer to its nature—which is to hang on a wall: the graceful droop of the bird's neck, of the pendent tassel and garrya ornament, even the harmonious outward curve of volutes in the Ionic capital member accentuate this feeling. The pelican is, of course, the crest of the family



4.—ONE OF ANOTHER PAIR OF MIRRORS.  
Both of very delicately carved wood.



5.—CHINOISERIE MIRROR, WITH INSET PAINTED GLASS PANELS.  
A remarkable piece.



for which the objects were made. Their identity, however, has not been proved. The crest on the other pair, though, has been identified by the late Sir William Cope with that of Robartes, created, in 1679, Earls of Radnor. Sir William, in his monograph on the house, however, makes a misleading statement when he calls them Earls of Falmouth. That, indeed, was their chosen title, but, for some reason, Charles II induced Lord Falmouth to honour Radnor instead, so the title was immediately changed. These lights, of more



6.—A CHAIR WITH A TOUCH OF THE "GOTHIC."  
With original needlework.



7.—EAGLE-HEADED ARMCHAIR.  
Gros-point cover.

ponpous design, cannot date from the year of the title, as Marot was certainly not in England at the time.

The three great mirrors, the lesser of them each in duplicate, must date between 1750 and 1760. Of the very finest workmanship, they may be credited to Chippendale, or, anyhow, to his house. The combination of lightness and boldness in their details, with the deeply undercut projecting scrolls and the cleanness of every line, required a master's hand. The largest



8.—SETTEE, WITH EAGLE-HEADED ARMS, CABRIOLE LEGS, CLAW AND BALL FEET.



9.—SETTEE (*circa* 1710), WITH UNFINISHED NEEDLEWORK COVER.



10.—SETTEE: PART OF THE SET OF ARMCHAIRS SHOWN ON THIS PAGE.

of them is particularly admirable. More in the Chinese taste than the others, it has the rush-fronds connected at that time with Chinese ornament, united to rococo of astonishing daintiness, where urns are balanced on scrolls of acanthus, and creeping foliage climbs up the central pilasters, carved in sharp perspective. All these mirrors are crowned with baskets of flowers, that in the latter instance being a miracle of most delicate profusion. Not the least remarkable feature of this very remarkable piece is the inset paintings on glass, executed in the manner of Chinese glass paintings.

Among a miscellany of pieces the curious little tray-table in Fig. 11 is noteworthy. With every indication of William III taste, it is probably a relic of Sir John Cope's time, *circa* 1700.



11.—A TRAY TABLE (*circa* 1700) IN PAINT



12.—MAHOGANY TUB AND WATER TANK IN DINING-ROOM.

Its top 15½ ins. by 21½ ins., it stands 25½ ins. high. In the dining-room is a fine sideboard of mahogany flanked by separate circular cupboards formed as plinths for statues, all with excellent brass-work, and the former exactly comparable to a bookcase which Thomas Hope designed for himself for Deepdene; they would date *circa* 1810, possibly from 1812, when a Sir John succeeded as the eleventh baronet. Also in the dining-room is the combined water-tub and tank (Fig. 12) a precursor of the urns incorporated by Adam in his sideboard for the washing up of knives and forks during the course of a meal.

C. H.

## SOME DIGRESSIONS on OLD CUT GLASS

IT is a significant fact that the British Museum possesses no English or Irish cut glass. Foreign writers have been unanimous in conceding to the English the honour of having invented the beautiful material we know as "flint" or, more properly, lead glass. This is the material, of all other kinds of glass, which best lends itself to cutting. In the eighteenth century English cut glass was popular on the Continent; in 1760 it was being exported to France.

But, as Mr. Powell excellently points out, cut glass has never received a sympathetic treatment in England. All lovers of this beautiful and unique English product should read what Mr. Powell says (on page 138, Chapter x, "Glass-Making in England," by H. J. Powell. Cambridge University Press).

There can be no doubt that in the last century writers on art, like William Morris, did much to discredit cut glass in the eyes of everyone who professed to be a person of taste. William Morris was not an isolated instance. That Felix Slade, to whom the British Museum owes such a representative collection of glass, should have overlooked the claims of old cut glass, so notably an English craft, is a sign of the times. Drinking glasses were considered respectable; eighteenth century Dutch and German glass, Venetian glass of all periods, both good and bad, were all included. There can be no doubt that the excesses of glass manufacturers in the forties and fifties of the nineteenth century had disgusted people.

Cutting glass is not difficult in itself, especially with the aid of steam-driven machinery. Such machinery has been used now for glass-cutting for about a century; it was established in Waterford in 1826. With its aid glass was cut so quickly that the difficulty was to sell it fast enough, according to a contemporary letter.

We need not, then, regard old cut glass, especially old Irish cut glass, with the sentiments of awe we reserve for the ancient

handicrafts. Cut glass was manufactured a hundred or a hundred and twenty years ago in Ireland and in England very much as it is to-day. There was just as much freedom of commercial intercourse in those days as in these. The process was rather slower, but essentially the same. Local crafts had almost ceased to exist: here and there a hand-weaver might, perhaps, have been found; local potteries existed in remote districts. But on the whole, the china and glass sellers in those days ordered their goods, much as they do now, on a large scale. Glass made in Ireland or England was much the same, just as to-day it is much the same. No one factory possessed secrets unknown to others; designs were common property, and workmen were freely interchanged. All the important Irish factories, at Waterford, Dublin, Cork, Belfast, Newry, were started by enterprising business men who imported glass workers from Stourbridge, that metropolis of British glass-making, or from Bristol or Newcastle. Therefore it is a mistake to attach any local quality to Irish glass. The industry of glass-making is dependent for success on much the same factors as any other industry, and may be carried on under modern industrial conditions (conditions which about 1780 were already beginning to come into existence in most parts of England) at any place conveniently situated. The coast towns of Ireland—those, at least, on the east and south-east coasts—were peculiarly suited for the establishment of glass-factories. Cork and Waterford are both important harbours, and Newry, Belfast and Dublin were flourishing centres of trade and shipping.

But it so happens that the conditions under which the glass industry first began to flourish in Ireland are not without interest. They coincide with the most remarkable and brilliant period of recent Irish culture. "In 1782," wrote Grattan, "Ireland first became a nation." The succeeding eighteen years or so were full of events. Dublin was a flower-bed of





1.—A MAGNIFICENT JUG WITH THE BRILLIANCE OF ROCK CRYSTAL.  
Also a pair of butter-coolers (Irish), and candlesticks with reversible nozzles.

oratory. Handel was appreciated in Dublin when he was still decried in London.

It was in 1780 that the restrictions on the export of glass from Ireland were removed; this coincided with a reduction of the duty on coal imported for making glass. As English glassmakers laboured under burdensome excise duties, the Irish soon had the foreign and Colonial market at their feet. They made cheap glass and exported it, importing good English glass in its stead for their own use. "Nine new glass houses," says Lord Sheffield, "have suddenly arisen in Ireland"; as a direct consequence of the removal of these restrictions, the Irish industry began. As fast as possible English glass-blowers were persuaded to come over and make glass and teach glass-blowing and founding.

In 1783 the enterprising Penrose opened the celebrated glass works at Waterford and expressed the fond hope (fond indeed in Ireland) that "in consideration of the vast expense attending that weighty undertaking, the public would not be offended at his selling for ready money only." In the same year, it is not uninteresting to note, Michael Kelly, son of a Dublin wine-seller and dancing-master (a combination of professions that suggests endless possibilities), was engaged to sing as tenor at the Court Theatre in Vienna, where he sang in the first performance of the "Nozze di Figaro," and became the friend of Mozart. He wrote a song called "The Woodpecker," which is still sung, and died at Margate in 1826, having failed financially to keep a music-shop and a wine-shop simultaneously. "One feels," said Theodore Hook, "that his descendants, had he possessed any, would have enlisted all the Muses in turn in a forced yoke-fellowship with Bacchus, and would have succeeded no better with the other seven than he and his father with Terpsichore and Polyhymnia." Kelly's career, beginning in Vienna with Mozart and ending in Margate with



2.—A STRONGLY COLOURED BOWL, PROBABLY FROM CORK.  
And a pair of candlesticks, clear, and exceptionally finished (Waterford?)



3.—PAIR OF EARLY ENGLISH CUT GLASS DECANTERS (BEFORE 1780.)  
And a ship's decanter, most likely Irish.

a wine and song shop, almost coincides with the golden age of Irish glass making. To say that Irish cut glass begins like a Mozart opera and ends like a Margate concertina is, perhaps, an exaggeration. But when Ruskin pronounced from his sacerdotal chair that all cut glass was vulgar, he was thinking of that kind of cut glass which may be likened artistically to concertina music, just as its shapes, with their deep prismatic grooves, are distinctly reminiscent of what are expressively called "accordion pleats."

No lover of Irish glass—or, indeed, any glass—will be without Mr. Westropp's authoritative work, and for a sample of what has done so much to confirm Ruskin's attitude towards cut glass among art-lovers let him turn to Plate V. Ruskin, who was nothing if not dogmatic, emphatically laid it down in the twelfth appendix of the "Stones of Venice" that cut glass is barbarous. He argued that the essential qualities of glass were its sticky softness when hot, which made it easy to twist or blow into any shape, and its transparency; he took the soap-bubble as the ideal of the glass-blower. But it is quite possible to subscribe fully to all Ruskin's views as a critic without accepting this particular verdict. Ruskin was on the right lines: he merely used glass as an instance to prove that artistic materials must be so used as to enhance the effect of their natural beauties. Unfortunately, in this instance he was not so well acquainted with the nature of the material as were the glass-blowers and cutters whom he criticised. I say the glass-cutters he criticised, but, perhaps, that gives a false impression. not what we now Waterford glass," but



4.—A LUSTRE, SEEN SIDEWAYS.  
Probably late eighteenth century.

Ruskin, no doubt, was criticising generically and inaccurately call "old the kind of spiky monstrosities which brought so much credit to George Vatchell of Waterford at the Exhibition of 1851. No one would dispute the vulgarity of the table-centre which Mr. Westropp reproduces (Plate V of his "Irish Glass"); its air of undisguised and complacent ostentation, its hints of prickly things like thistles and pineapples, suggest the self-assertion and stand-offishness combined which were often expressed on the features of the diners who over-fed themselves in its formidable vicinity: English manners, English taste at their worst are here embodied.

Ruskin compared this kind of thing, naturally, with the art of the people he loved, the Venetians of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Their glass, simple, graceful and finely shaped, as it were out of durable soap-bubbles, was as evidently aristocratic as George Vatchell's glass was bourgeois. But he was unaware of the immense difference in the nature of the two materials, and the English material he had never seen used to its best advantage. Venetian glass remains in a half fluid state for some time after it has been heated; it cools slowly, giving the worker time to shape it and refine its form at his leisure. English glass cools quickly, is more viscous, and therefore lends itself



5.—A PAIR OF BUTTER-COOLERS, WITH LIDS. IRISH.  
With a later covered cup of English work (1830).

to lumpy effects, to solidity and weight of design. It is, indeed, much heavier in actual avoirdupois than Venetian glass. To treat it like a soap-bubble may be possible, but to twist it and to make it assume the graceful and fanciful shapes of the foreign "metal" is to make an Englishman dance a tarantella. It is, in effect, very like crystal; its power of dispersing light approaches much nearer to that of rock crystal and the diamond than any other known substance, and the proper way to treat it is by methods analogous to those used in the treatment of rock crystal (which, by the way, no one ever carves into prickly facets).

The magnificent jug in our illustration (Fig. 1) is designed in a manner which, though totally different in spirit, may be compared in intensity of artistic effect to the best Byzantine rock crystal carving. The shape is a noble one familiar in metal-work, in Rouen faience of the Louis Quatorze period, and in Chinese porcelain imitated from these models. But the form is modified, especially that of the handle, to the nature of the material. The Rouen jug would have a more angular elbow.

The butter-coolers next it are probably of Dublin or Cork make. They were bought more than fifteen years ago in the North of Ireland, at Portrush. Their particular beauty is lost in a photograph. They have, of course, been cast in moulds (you cannot blow an oval glass-bubble any more than an oval soap-bubble), and the rough, uneven surface left by the contact of the hot glass with the metal mould is comparable in the richness of the effect it produces to that produced in old coloured stained glass by accidental unevenness. These pieces are strongly coloured. Perhaps the most interesting specimens are the two candlesticks, which have tops surmounted by urn-like forms; but these tops are movable and can be reversed; on the other side is a glass candle socket. There is nothing so ugly as an empty candlestick, and this is certainly a good way of avoiding the unsightliness. Whether there was any other purpose in the arrangement I cannot guess.

The group of two candlesticks and an oval bowl form an interesting contrast. The bowl, which one would suggest might be Cork, is strongly coloured: the candlesticks are clear and are exceptionally well finished. Perhaps they may be of Waterford make, but, no doubt, it would be hard to distinguish them from



6.—A MOST ELEGANT JUG, WITH A WORKED FESTOON, BETWEEN A PAIR OF EARLY ENGLISH DECANTERS.



English-made specimens of the same date. As in most old candlesticks, the nozzles are movable.

Decanters are among the most frequent survivors of the dangers which threaten old glass. The three illustrated are interesting. The two outside ones are certainly of early date as cut glass goes, and, therefore, probably English—for there can have been very little good cut glass made in Ireland before 1780. The middle one is a ship's decanter. Its broad base has, no doubt, saved its neck on many a stormy voyage. The stopper is flat, as on all early decanters. As all the Irish glass factories were also seaports, this piece is very likely to be Irish.

The lustre illustrated is a very fine solid type. It is shown sideways. The rough mould marks on the movable candle sockets proclaim its age, and the old brass mount for the centre

prism is well turned. Another plate shows two more early decanters, probably English, and a jug of unusually elegant form. The festoon, ground out on the wheel, emphasises the shoulder line. The handle, it should be noted, is thicker at the top where it joins the rim and tapers to the join on the shoulder, the exact opposite of the modern fashion, which is less practical.

The butter-coolers, with lids, on another plate, make an interesting contrast with the piece in the middle, which is probably English, perhaps about 1830; while the butter-coolers are of earlier date and show signs of Irish manufacture.

For permission to reproduce these photographs of samples from his collection of old glass I am indebted to my father, S. D. Winkworth, who has long been a lover of old cut glass. W. W. W.

## SALOPIAN CHINA



MUG, GILT AND BLUE.  
With owner's initial and crest.



BLUE PRINTED MUG.



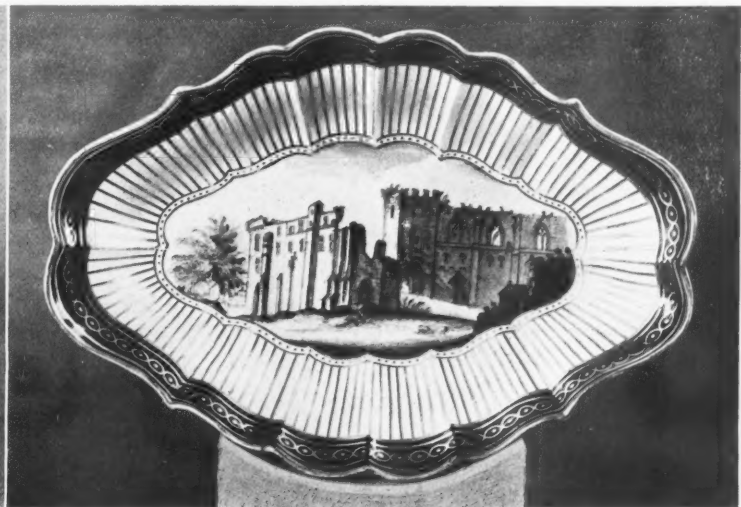
MUG, BLUE PRINTED WITH CHINOISERIE.  
Made for R. Parr, 1776.

THE name "Salopian china" is commonly given to the porcelain made at the close of the eighteenth century at Caughley, on the right bank of the Severn, a few miles above Bridgnorth. The history of this factory can be told in a few words. It appears to have been founded about 1772, on the site of an earlier pottery, by Thomas Turner, an engraver from the Worcester porcelain factory. Turner sold his interest in 1799 to John Rose of Coalport, and after this year the Caughley output grew less and less; it was carried on as subsidiary to Coalport until 1814, when it was finally closed down. The pieces that we associate with the term Salopian can be generally ascribed to the period between 1772 and 1799, and although the names of various workmen are recorded, little has as yet been done to distinguish the work of

different artists or to arrange the productions of the factory in any kind of sequence. The earliest form of decoration appears to have consisted of transfer-printing in underglaze blue, a process which this factory carried to a peculiarly high pitch of perfection by reason of the depth of colour in the blue and the sharpness of the engraving. It is said that Turner made a journey to France in 1780, from which he returned with a number of French artists; from this is believed to date the introduction of gilding and of painting in colours. Turner's earlier history is doubtless responsible for the close resemblance to Worcester porcelain of the earlier productions, a resemblance heightened by the use of the printed mark C, which may or may not stand for Caughley, but which is sometimes exceedingly difficult to distinguish from the crescent mark of Worcester. Other marks used at the factory



PLATE, WITH PRINTED BLUE FIGURES STANDING  
AMONG RUINS.



BLUE AND GILT TRAY WITH A RUINED CASTLE.  
Marked "Salopian."



JUG, BLUE AND GOLD.  
With coloured view of "Sherborne Castle."



TEAPOT, BLUE HEIGHTENED WITH GOLD.



BLUE PRINTED JUG, DATED 1793.  
With view of Iron Bridge near Coalport.

are the letter S for Salopian, printed or painted in blue, the word "Salopian" impressed, and a curious series of blue-printed Arabic numerals, disguised often to the point of illegibility by the scrolled enrichments with which they are overlaid.

The pieces here illustrated are all to be found in the collection presented in 1921 to the Victoria and Albert Museum by Mr. Alfred Darby. Comprising as it does over a hundred and fifty specimens, it may be taken as a thoroughly representative series of this class of porcelain. A particularly elaborate example of printed blue decoration is the plate with classical figures standing among ruins, in the taste of the time; while the graceful coffee-pot shows with what equal success the same technique could be adapted to the simpler requirements of domestic life. These two pieces are marked with disguised numerals in the manner described above. The other blue-printed specimens bear dates: one the mug with a *chinoiserie* subject made for R. Parr in 1776, the other the jug with a view of the Iron Bridge near Coalport made as a Christmas present for Hannah Hacket in 1793; the former of these is marked with a C, the latter has no mark at all. Its shape, with cabbage-leaf moulding and lip in the form of a bearded mask, is characteristic of the factory. Another blue-printed piece, bearing the S mark, is the little mug commemorating the aspirations of Sarah Wenlock, evidently a careful housewife in her day. Blue-printing is heightened with gold on the teapot, whose pattern, repeated on the stand, is typical of the transformation that Chinese design underwent in the process of translation into English; both teapot and stand are marked with a disguised numeral. The tray with a ruined landscape is marked "Salopian" and is a most pleasing example of painting in blue combined with gilding. The two remaining specimens are unmarked; one is a mug, painted in blue and gold and bearing the owner's crest, a portcullis, and his initial P; the other, a jug, has blue and gold decoration combined with a landscape in colours, and is lettered underneath the base "Sherborne [sic] Castle, Oxfordshire."

It was at Caughley, about 1780, that there is said to have originated perhaps the most famous of all ceramic designs, the celebrated willow pattern, so widely disseminated later on the earthenwares of Staffordshire and other centres. The fanciful stories that nineteenth century sentimentalism has embroidered around this pattern were unknown to its beggeters, who intended

it as an English translation of the conventional landscapes familiar on Chinese "blue and white" porcelain, in the same way that the decoration on the teapot here illustrated is an Anglicisation of the Chinese design of flowers on a terrace. The great merit, indeed, of Salopian china is its intensely national character. Alike in its technique and the manner of its ornament it is essentially English, and where it borrows it infuses so much of its own that the loan becomes unrecognisable. If the story that Turner imported a number of French artists is true, it is surprising how swiftly and thoroughly they must have become assimilated to the national consciousness. English craftsmen of to-day might well take worse models than the old Salopian china.



COFFEE POT, WITH SIMPLE BLUE PRINTING.





Painted by G. Moreland.

Engraved by W. Wood.

*Crowded scenes or lonely groves  
May fickle mind by turns approve*

## VARIETY.

*Comest then may Variety's followers  
The charm of life's variety*